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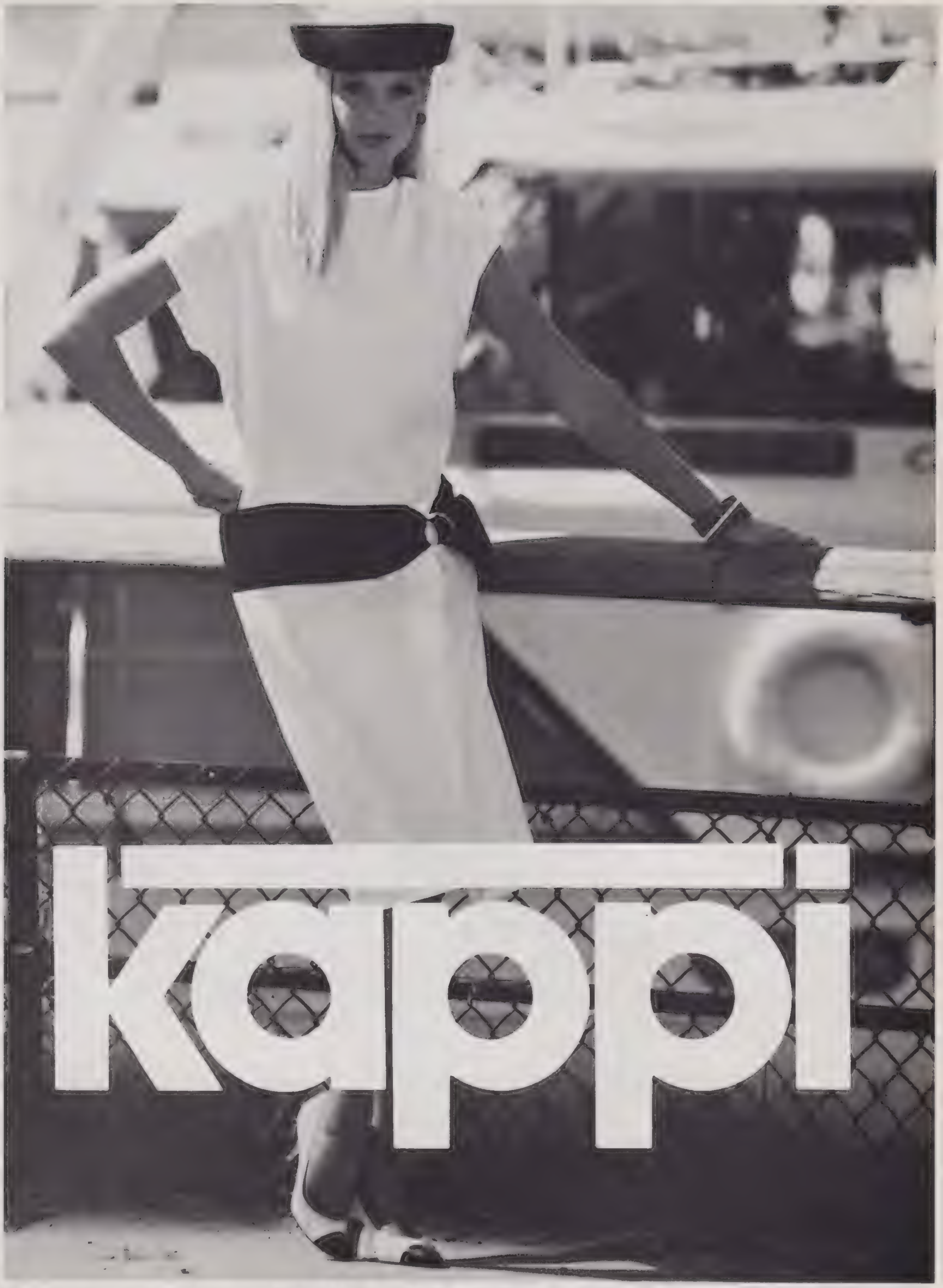
PERRY ELLIS SHOES



The contrasting hip band transforms this Kappi chemise into an excitingly current fashion statement. Linen textured blend in white with navy or green with navy. Sizes 4 to 14, about $120. Kappi, a division of Nat Kaplan, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 10018.

My new list of what I like and don't like so much in a woman.

My dislikes

1. A woman who talks about money all the time.

2. Who won't even answer the telephone without makeup.

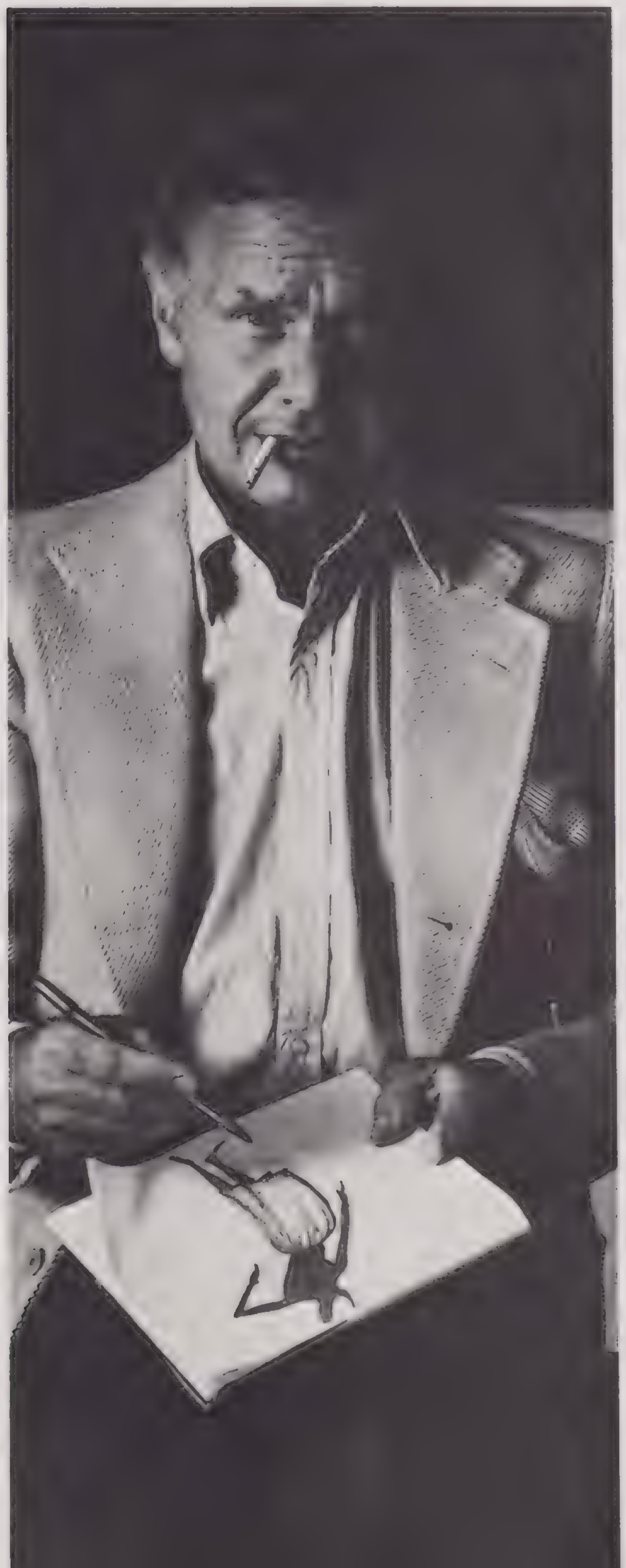
3. Who lies about her age.

4. Who expects help from self-help books.

5. Who's a sore loser.

6. A woman who talks about old lovers. In front of new lovers.

7. Who won't spend her last few bucks on perfume.



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My likes

1. A woman who still likes older men.

2. A woman in a little red dress.

3. Who lives on something besides salads.

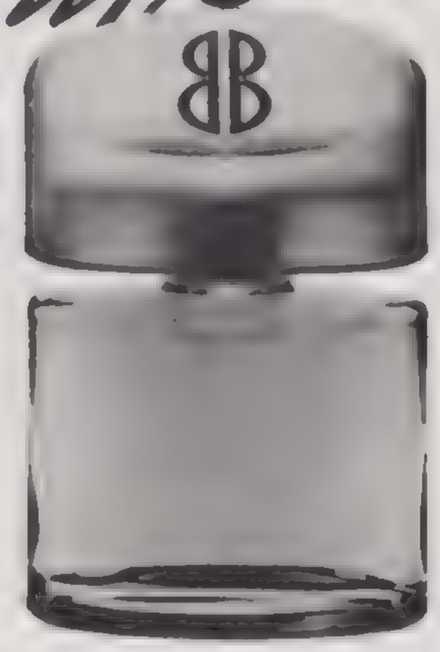
4. Who can whistle for a cab.

5. Who wears perfume when nobody's around.

6. A woman who refuses to have her prominent nose fixed.

7. Who will spend her last few bucks on perfume. Mine, I hope.

Bill Blass



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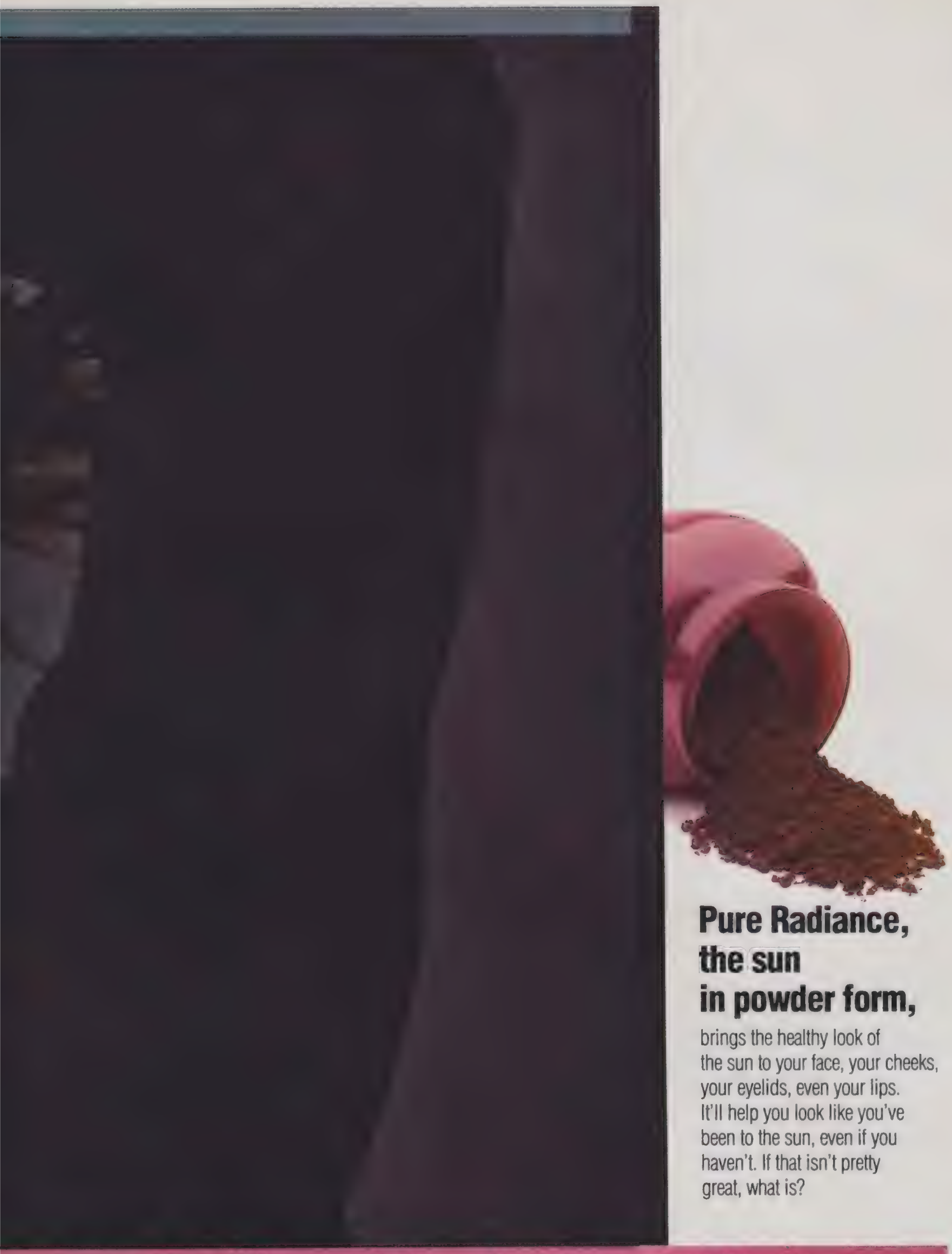
Jewelry by Tone Viegland. Clothes by Judyth vanAmringe · 1984 Revlon, Inc



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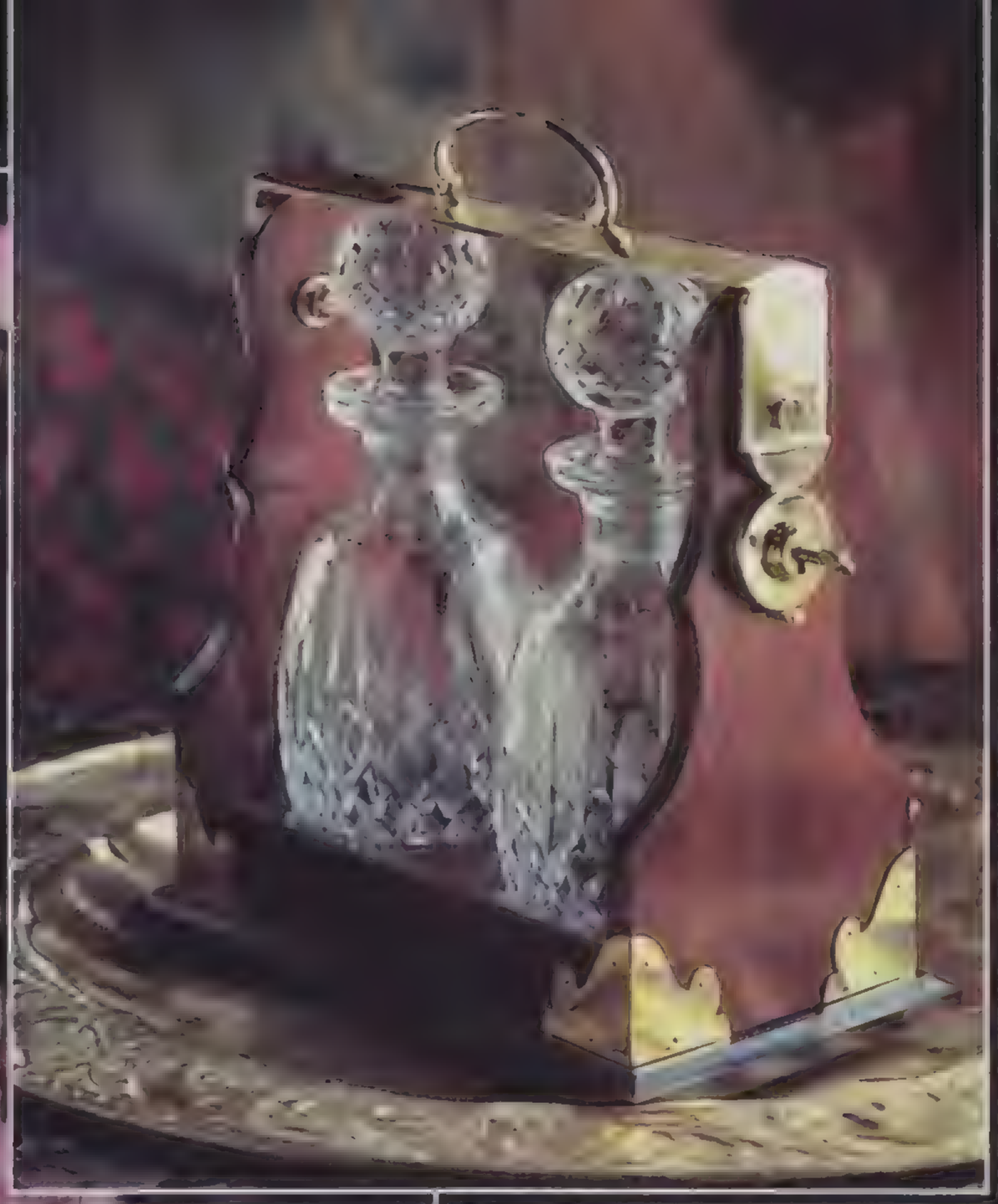

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holiday mood

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the luxe of skin care...
the P.M. impact of color

COVER LOOK

The appeal of the unexpected at night: the charm of a wig that is frankly a wig, seen *right* and on our cover on model Renée Simonsen. Worn for surprise, for wit, it's a high-impact, look-stopping change that goes on—and off—in an instant. What makes a wig like this "work" and underscores the ease of evening glamour now: makeup that is daytime-subtle, almost sheer. The elements here, from Orlane: eyes lined with Métal Perlé on upper lids, Noir and Lavande under lower lashes, Rouge Ancien blush, and Mauve Surréel lipstick glossed with Blanc Brillant. Makeup, Ariella; hair, Suga of Suga Salon, NYC. Wig by Robert Molnar. Earrings, Janis Savitt for M&J Savitt. Necklace on shoulder, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Details, last pages. Photographed by Avedon.

"When to make a makeup change . . . It's a question many women ask. While a woman needn't change her look each season, she might add a new color, or a new way of applying it. What is certain: If your makeup is exactly the same as it was two years ago, your look is outdated."

Glenn Roberts, director, creative beauty, Elizabeth Arden

"SKIN RENEWAL"

It's the buzz-phrase that captures the idea behind a new generation of skin creams and treatments that are said to go beyond moisturizing to literally "rev up" a woman's complexion. And it's a concept that's especially welcome at this time of year, when air is colder and drier, and women's skin generally holds less moisture, looks somewhat duller, flakier than usual. The best of these new super-creams focus on specific skin areas, such as Elizabeth Arden's Millenium Throat Renewal Creme . . . or the day and night eye creams that are part of the Arval Concentrated Collagen Program, available exclusively from the La Costa Spa catalogue. The modern twist: these products work fast, provide lasting benefits. Aida Thibiant's skin-hydrating Masque Active, for example, perks up skin—and spirits!—in twenty minutes flat, while Trish McEvoy's Body Buffing treatment smooths and "renews" skin from shoulders to toes, is boosted by a gentle, de-tensing massage, all in forty-five minutes.

P.M. DRAMA

At night, a time for special effects...a time, too, to go for a bit more makeup. Where much of the evening focus is now: on the eyes. The change is as simple, as streamlined as adding a bright mascara—vivid red/blue/green...even worn together! ● A three-minute evening look from NYC makeup artist Roberto Bezjon: Using a wet brush, apply stronger/deeper evening eyeshadow *over* your daytime color. For "more" mouth, apply foundation over lips, then translucent powder, then lipcolor. Finish with translucent powder brushed over face—and go! ● Fastest change of all: A sweep of iced gold powder from brow to cheeks.

Fragrance: A New Spirit

In a time when many women's fashion silhouettes are being "borrowed" from menswear, the line between men's and women's fragrances is also blurring. "Men are beginning to feel more comfortable with fragrance. The latest men's scents are more assertive, as likely to be worn by women as men," says Riccardo Sanguinetti of Krizia Fragrances—whose new Krizia Uomo has an "androgynous" appeal.... Fresh ideas for women: a fragrance "collection" to layer/wear alone—the trio of Les Grains scents... and, a new Revillon classic: Turbulences, a spicy floral with a "kick" of amber. Fragrant luxe for holiday giving: Nina Ricci's refillable atomizers... and the Vanderbilt bath line. Special this month only: a Niki de Saint Phalle "original"—a silk scarf packaged with her eau de toilette... Caron's Bellodgia candle in a Baccarat jar...and, a gift with her 7e Sens perfume: Sonia Rykiel's makeup colors.

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HAIR NOW

P.M. dazzle

Now, the difference at night—
glittering ornaments…
bold haircolor…amusing wigs

Most appealing at night: ornaments for hair. Among the best P.M. accessories around: stone-and-pearl barrettes, satin-and-velvet bows covered with rhinestones…All are meant only for night and for the easiest sort of evenings. Elaborate ornaments look newest with simple clothes, less jewelry, unfussy hair…Best news: these ornaments work on any hair type—any length, any texture—and are ideal for growing-out hair, to tie up the back, lift uneven layers. Most whimsical: little black evening hats, such as the one at *right*…Most amusing: a wig at night (see "Cover Look," page 28).

Two looks of modern-at-night… Above, a rhinestone-veiled hat, with simple hair, easy clothes—the only way a hat "works" now. Below, a look that's more "done"—hair smoothed into a tail, wrapped and tied with a ribbon-and-rhinestone clip (Styled by Antonio Da Costa Rocha, La Coupe, NYC).

What's most modern now, what really dazzles at night: oversize bows with large feathers, or studded with fake diamonds… veiled hats—and always on hair that's simple, easy, "undone"

P.M. HAIRCOLOR

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Instant evening… stunning hair accessories also mean easier day-to-night transitions… For example, hair that's shorter, blunter with some layering can be brushed forward or up, *far left*, then topped with a bright-colored postiche, the way Gad Cohen of La Coupe, NYC, added the yellow one, *left*.

Extra lift before special nights: a luxurious treatment to add shine via attention to scalp as well as hair…At the Georgette Klinger salons, a new treatment of gentle massage, scalp pack (different ones for different hair types), plus shampoo and deep conditioning…Or, an herbs/minerals-loaded seaweed pack, which can even have nonperoxide color added, at NYC's Pierre Michel Salon.

Photo, top, ERIC BOMAN. Hair, Sam McKnight; makeup, Leverté for Garren, NYC. Hat by Whitnal & Jarvis, Earrings, by Leo Wills. Details, last pages

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Your Letters

September love
I should be sending this on "thank you" note paper, because that's just what this is: a thank you note.

I love Vogue, no matter the cost, and I am never disappointed in any issue. I just spent many hours of a cold, gloomy Labor Day getting lost in the September issue's eight hundred plus pages and was still reading fascinating articles up until the end. Book reviews, articles on health, money matters, Washington power plays, a Scottish hotel, Mike Wallace, Geraldine Ferraro.

Like a good book you never want to finish, a bottle of wine you never want to empty or a movie for which you never want to see the closing credits roll by, there is a magazine I never like to turn the last page on—and that's Vogue.

Yum, yum. Bring on the next smorgasbord!

Diane Berendt
Barrington IL

I really appreciated the 1984 fall fashion issue. It is so complete and gives a terrific amount of information about new trends, styles, colors, etc. It was all I hoped for and more. Thanks so much for all your time and effort. I'll look forward to another great issue next year.

Mrs. Jerome Vates
Highland IN

The Ferraro formula
Congratulations on your editorial decision to include the Geraldine Ferraro article in the September issue.

Now that politics has become a competition between images rather than a contest between beliefs or ideals, it is refreshing to read about a woman who doesn't feel compelled to synthesize a personality or hide her intellect in order to succeed.

You've won my gratitude and support.

Lynn M. Osen
Newport Beach CA

Etiquette of friendship
Kudos to September Vogue for "Limits of Trust" by Susan Jacoby.

"Memory Loss" by Carol E. Rinzler in the August issue was another goodie. The fashions are fabulous, but the articles forceful and informative.

We howled at "Memory Loss"—apropos for us.

Limits of trust really spelled out the etiquette of friendship—that we often bend, but must be very careful not to break.

Sternie Kissin-Rosen
St. Paul MN

Memory loss—the serious side
That Carol E. Rinzler would write, [Memory Loss:] "Do I Know You?" (August issue), an article which totally trivializes Alzheimer's Disease, is insipid and irresponsible. . . .

As a health care professional, I am dedicated to informing others about Alzheimer's Disease and how best to cope with the helplessness and devastation it brings. . . It is now the fourth leading cause of death in this country, affecting 2.5 million people nationwide. It slowly, insidiously destroys memories, making strangers of loved ones. . . .

Memory loss is not funny to those so afflicted. Those unfortunate people start out, yes, by misplacing their everyday belongings, or forgetting names or appointments. But then, often several years later, they become completely disoriented in time and space, not recognizing their spouses or children.

Alzheimer's Disease is no joke, Ms. Rinzler. It is an all too real catastrophic illness, the heartbreak of which I fervently hope you never experience. You would not find it cute.

Susan S. Lukin, President
Susan S. Lukin Institutes, Inc.
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On the defense: Cagney & Lacey
As an avid watcher of *Cagney & Lacey*, I heartily dispute Cathleen Schine's August review. Her flippant attitude in which the actresses were dismissed was unacceptable. I was wondering if it was the first time your critic had viewed the show.

Tyne Daly and Sharon Gless do a wonderful job with their characters. Schine's negative description of Cagney and Lacey was extreme. Perhaps if they jiggled and their hair was teased she'd like them. ("Not so dumpy.")

The show as a whole is very strongly written. The crime fought does not relate only to women. And sure their personal crises should somehow be relevant to the cases they work on. The show has been on two years and this fall's was the first time in which Lacey thought of adoption—not "always trying to adopt abandoned babies." As for the part with Lacey being disgusted with pornography and telling Harvey to leave her alone, maybe after dealing with it all day, it would turn you off, too. I take my work home with me, don't you?

Not only my female, but male friends as well enjoy this show. . . .I'll be waiting for Cathleen Schine's review of the new Loni Anderson and Lynda Carter show. Maybe they're more her cup of tea.

Terry T. Goclon
Vernon NY

Voltaire—la verité?
Congratulations on your September 1984 special issue, which contained a wealth of interesting articles as well as fashion information.

I would, however, like to point out a very misleading and incorrect statement in "What's Good about Feeling Bad," by Lesley Hazleton. She says: "Voltaire looms large over the horizon with his Panglossian 'all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.' There is no real world in such a system of thought; all you have to do is see things right."

Attributing this philosophy to Voltaire is a complete misinterpretation of the Frenchman's work, writing, and life. *Candide*, in its entirety, is a scathing satire and condemnation of Leibniz' theory that "all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds." Voltaire opposed this theory with every fiber of his being, in many of his writings and in most of his actions, as a ridiculous and oversimplified philosophy which could lead only to disaster. The theory should *not* be attributed to him. He scorns it and satirizes it, and *under no circumstances* should he be identified as the author of, or an adherent of, the German philosopher's thought. I am appalled that anyone publishing a book could make such a misstatement. Certainly, no one who has ever *read* Voltaire could make such a mistake.

Beverly Branch, Ph.D.
Associate professor of French
Kent State University
Kent OH

Sophisticated "May Days"
Cynthia Heimel's fabulous article in your September issue on "The Perils of Sophistication" was very much appreciated. Especially I would think by the younger readers like myself. It gave me wonderful insight on how foolish we can really look when trying to impress another. As I travel off to school this fall, Vogue certainly travels with me. Praise you!

Anne Breckenridge
Traverse City MI

Van Gogh by any other name
I'm sure I'm not the only one who has noticed this, but the Van Gogh painting on page 724 of your September issue is *not* "The Night Café." I am rather surprised at this mistake; "The Night Café" is one of Van Gogh's most famous pieces.

Kristin Jones
Kansas City MO

Editor's reply: *Regrettably, a switch in illustrations left an incorrect caption. The painting shown was Vincent Van Gogh's "The Dance Hall," 1888, oil on canvas; Musée d'Orsay, Galerie du Jeu de Paume, Paris.*

Correction: *An article by Holly Brubach in our October issue seemed to suggest the locations of the following shops to be Copley Place in Boston. The address of Fancies and of Fleur Jardin is 1 Post Office Square, in Hotel Meridien; London Lace is at 167 Newberry Street; all in Boston.*

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Hungarian director Márta Mészáros reaches out to her younger self in "A Diary for My Children"

MOVIES...MOVIES

MEMORIES: BEAUTIFUL AND NYET

A teenage girl looks at her foster mother with stubborn, unloving eyes. When the woman reaches out to her, she recoils. There is no way the girl, Juli, can respond to the woman, Magda, no way she can endure her harsh discipline or fulfill Magda's hopes for the child she never had. In *Diary for My Children*, Márta Mészáros' magnificent, partly autobiographical new film, this anguished relationship takes on political overtones, turning a young person's coming-of-age story into one of the most important historical testaments of our time.

The year is 1946, the place Hungary. The ravages of war are still fresh; revolutionaries who fled Hungary for Russia have either disappeared into prisons, like Juli's sculptor-father (and like Mészáros' *own* sculptor-father) or returned, like Magda, to toe the Party line. The tug-of-war between the girl and her adopted mother becomes Juli's act of defiance against the state, yet in this intensely moving "diary" the political is never allowed to distort the personal or reduce it to allegory. Nor does Magda ever become a mere caricature.

Mészáros, second only to her ex-husband Miklós Jancsó in renown among Hungarian directors, is responsible for such strong and memorable films as *Women* and *Adoption*, but *Diary* is her masterpiece. If there is such a thing as a perfect film, this is it.

Simply, majestically, interspersing newsreel footage with dramatized events, she shows us the effects of the purge trials, the way the state bears down and erases people. But here too are the normal events in an adolescent's life: Juli going to the movies, rapt over Garbo; trying on makeup; forming an idolatrous attachment to a man who resembles her father; remembering her parents; and growing into a lonely but fiercely won wholeness.

As an example of Mészáros' complex fusion of the elements in Juli's political and moral awakening, there's a grimly funny scene of a birthday party given for the son of a party bigwig. After having been frisked at the entrance, some fifteen teenagers wander aimlessly and forlornly through a palatial banquet hall set with a spread that could feed hundreds. It's an atmosphere that seems to overwhelm all the children except the unintimidatable Juli.

Budapest, in the stunning black and white cinematography of Miklós Jancsó Jr., has never looked more beautiful...or more chilling. Jancsó is Mészáros' son, and there's a family feeling about the film, not least in the almost palpable tenderness with which Mészáros reaches out to her own younger self. Zsuzsa Czinkócz, as Juli, is astonishing. She looks the way adolescents used to look—lumpy one minute, svelte the next, fourteen by day, twenty by night. Her face seems to be changing shape, from baby-round to young-woman-oval, even as we watch, reflecting the inner life Mészáros has given her, a child already radiant with the intensity of lived experience. —MOLLY HASKELL

SYLVIA PLACHY

Taking a walk on the "Dark Side": Gunilla Nyroos and Thommy Berggren

PROFESSORS OF DESIRE

If there are not many novels that deal with plain but passionate women, there are even fewer films, sex appeal being considered an axiom of movie heroines. That's what makes *A Hill on the Dark Side of the Moon*, with its serenely unbeautiful mathematician heroine, so exhilarating. And her ultimate fate so depressing. If *Diary for My Children* is about a girl moving upward into wise and self-assured womanhood, this new Scandinavian film is about the opposite: the descent of a proud and brilliant woman through—what else?—the love of a man.

In the 1880s, Sonya Kovalevsky, a Russian, was the first woman professor of mathematics at Stockholm University, and this shattering, true-life story tells of her meeting with the compatriot who would become—literally—the death of her.

Thommy Berggren (of *Elvira Madigan* fame) plays the historian with charm and a confidence that stops just short of smugness. Maxim is a radical with a fully articulated ideal of the liberated woman, which the professor with the unruly red hair, the long nose, the jutting chin, and the daunting IQ seems to fulfill. As Sonya, Gunilla Nyroos is one of those extraordinary presences—the homely but interesting woman whose beauty becomes apparent when she talks of the subject she loves. To see her, when declaiming on differential equations, flush with excitement, or brusquely banishing interlopers from her class, and then, only a few months later, prostrating herself in a hotel room over the man she loves is to feel a spasm of gut mortification at the collective vulnerability of women, and the ease with which longing for a barely adequate man can fill a woman's heart and mind to the exclusion of all else.

Perhaps a woman like Sonya who has never loved or been loved, and is "ugly" in the world's eyes, is more susceptible than other women, but her capitulation is all the more harrowing for that.

The screenplay by Agneta Pleijel is short on incident but beautifully captures the atmosphere of the period in classroom and parlors, and Bibi Andersson adds a resonant note to Sonya's more sybaritically feminine novelist friend. Lennart Hjulström, a director from the Swedish theater (and Ms. Nyroos' husband) is at his best in the evenhanded sympathy with which he directs the two leads. Theirs is the classic clash of two strong-minded people, one wanting a loose companionship of equals, the other an all-forgiving, all-embracing love. No need to say which is which! If only this tragic impasse were as out of date as the clothes that Sonya and Maxim wear and the books they read! —M.H.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

STALKING HEADS

Stranger in a strange suit: Heads honcho David Byrne

Rock and roll will never die, but occasionally it limps. Back in the dog days of the mid-'seventies, the rude boys of punk seemed determined to alienate the very people who had made rock their own. Aging gracefully is one thing; losing your rhythm is another. Fortunately, at around the same time, a band that included three former students from the Rhode Island School of Design was concocting an intelligent response. And kicking out the jams at Lower Manhattan venues like CBGB's on the Bowery.

David Byrne, Chris Frantz, Tina Weymouth, and Jerry Harrison called themselves the "Talking Heads," a wry nod to the TV-infatuated Post-Modern counterculture. Dressed in preppy hand-me-downs, they used the crudest rock formulae to put across oblique cracks at the American Dream and odd, to-the-point love songs that anticipated the pop literacy of Laurie Anderson. ("In the future, love will be taught on television and by listening to pop songs.") Despite their decidedly undemonic presence, the Talking Heads provided enough menace—particularly in FM favorites like "Psycho Killer"—to earn the respect of hard-core rock fans. They could have called themselves "Revenge of the Nerds."

With the aid of wizard producer Brian Eno, the band incorporated various synthesizers and ethnic elements in increasingly sophisticated albums. Jerry Harrison made the first rock LP named after a Stendhal novel, *The Red and the Black*. Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz formed the Tom Tom Club and released two wildly successful disco-goes-Caribbean albums. David Byrne, the band's lead vocalist, songwriter, and clearly the resident genius, produced a couple of albums and composed the music for Twyla Tharp's *The Catherine Wheel*. It was only a matter of time before they captured the attention of a filmmaker.

The filmmaker turned out to be Jonathan Demme (*Melvin and Howard*) who was knocked out by the band's cinematic potential and contacted Byrne, who in turn was impressed by Demme's low-key approach.

There's no talking in *Stop Making Sense*. None of the glib patter of *A Hard Day's Night*, which a friend of mine *memorized* long before it was fashionable to see midnight movies a dozen times. None of the leaden moralizing of *Purple Rain*. No nudity. No drama. The film is very different even from the Talking Heads' clever videos, and the pre-school S & M of MTV. What it is is a very good look at a very good band.

As gaunt and haunted-looking as Tony Perkins in his salad days, David Byrne can transform himself from lounge lizard to killer nerd just by changing the way he parts his hair—from Elvis Costello, wearing black-rimmed glasses, to Japanese actor, by donning a huge white suit. And his dancing—it's evident that he learned a few things from Twyla Tharp—is the kind of discombobulated frenzy that's the apotheosis of white-boy funk.

If you've never heard the Talking Heads, *Stop Making Sense* is as good an introduction as any. Better, even, with a bigger band—including the great keyboardist Bernie Worrell, percussionist Steve Scales, and two backup nightingales—and the souped-up sound system. (They drove critic John Simon right out of the screening room, so they can't be all bad.)

While rock fumbles along between the regressive sentimentality of girl-group types like Cyndi Lauper and the media's desperate attempt to decide whether Michael Jackson or Prince is the great white hope, the Talking Heads are keeping rock alive, and *Stop Making Sense* is bringing it all back home to a theater near you.

—TRACY YOUNG

MOVIES...

Total goofballs: Richard Edson, Eszter Balint, John Lurie

PARADISE TOSSED Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise* has a kind of oddball integrity. It is very short—only ninety minutes, which in itself is a graceful gesture. And it's very stark. Willie, a young Hungarian-American, Eva, his teenage cousin recently arrived from Budapest, and Eddie, his goofy sidekick, careen from the slums of New York to desolate vacant lots in the Midwest to a seedy motel in Florida. They hang out. They squabble. They engage in petty crime with an offhand amorality that has more to do with deadpan humor—the '80s version of '50s cool—than outrage. They love each other in a casual way. This is existentialism without a cause.

Stranger Than Paradise is also wonderful to look at—shot in washed-out black and white and presented in quirky black-out sketches. And John Lurie (Willie) has the mobile face of an even uglier Belmondo. —T.Y.

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WHIRLED WITHOUT END

A trove of Italian illuminations in New York City . . . a Lone Star Michelangelo in Dallas

Visions: James Surls, 1974-1984; Dallas Museum of Art; December 2–January 13, 1985 The terrifying power of trees: we know from *The Golden Bough* that our ancestors attributed personas to the rooted creatures of the forest. Now, Texas sculptor James Surls—one of the most forceful, original, and disconcerting artists to have emerged in the last decade—persuades us that our Druidish forebears knew what they were balking about. Like a Lone Star Michelangelo, he whittles away at scrap wood to release the eerie spirits contained within.

Rude and primitivistic, Surls's wooden sculptures are both carved and constructed—and sometimes chopped, peeled, rasped, gouged, scored, and burned. The often eccentric titles, the seemingly rustic carving, the fanciful imagery, and folkloric overtones might suggest that he is a self-taught or "naïve" artist. In fact, he was academically trained at Michigan's Cranbrook Academy of Art, where he took his M.F.A.

Many of Surls's sculptures represent amalgamations of trees and human figures. "Working in the Garden" suggests a tree committing harakiri—a twisting column with spoon-shaped, axe-wielding limbs rising from a multirooted trunk. "Night Vision" presents the hallucinatory vision of a dark ghostly figure with flowerlike ears and hands arising like a colossal genie through the roof of a house. One of the most arresting works is "Needle Man" (*right*), a slender, spiraling figure that hangs from the ceiling, his head inexplicably pierced by large needles. Like so many of Surls's bizarre sculptures, it is not an image that is easy to forget.

The exhibition—the first extensive survey of Surls's work—travels to the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art in May and then to the Seattle Art Museum. —DAVID BOURDON

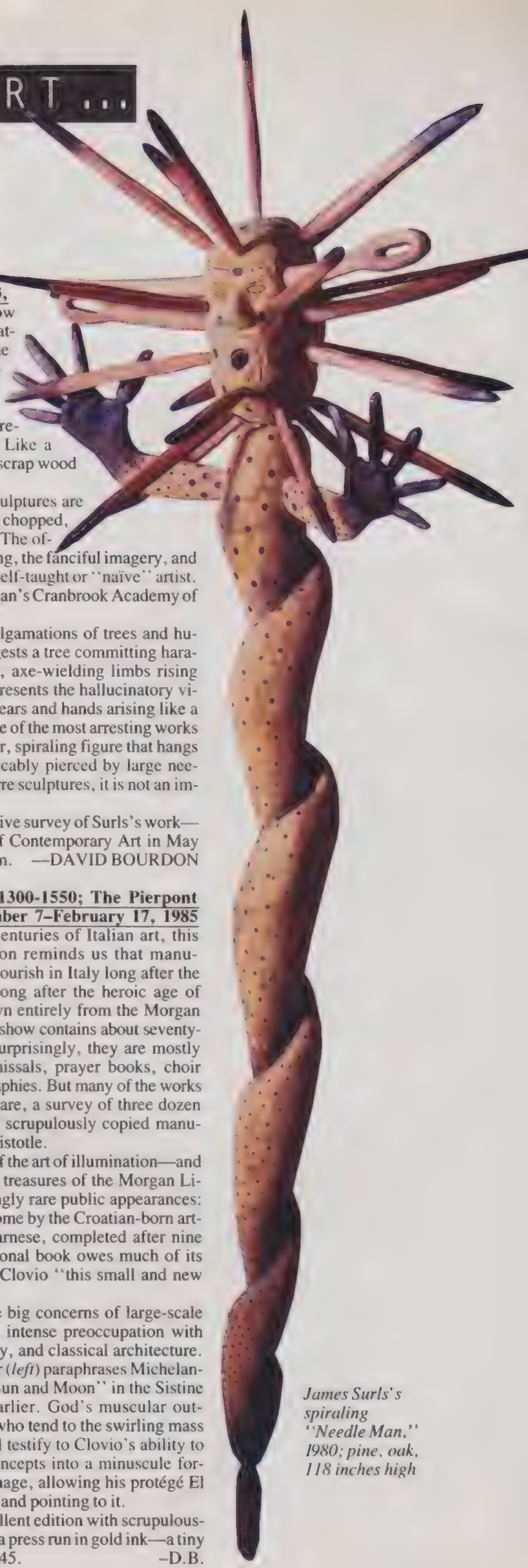
Italian Manuscript Painting: 1300-1550; The Pierpont Morgan Library, NYC; December 7–February 17, 1985 Spanning the most triumphant centuries of Italian art, this diminutive, jewel-like exhibition reminds us that manuscript illumination continued to flourish in Italy long after the invention of movable type and long after the heroic age of Michelangelo and Raphael. Drawn entirely from the Morgan Library's permanent holdings, the show contains about seventy-five precious manuscripts. Not surprisingly, they are mostly of a religious nature—Bibles, missals, prayer books, choir books, papal decrees, and hagiographies. But many of the works are secular—a treatise on horse care, a survey of three dozen medicinal baths, tarot cards, and scrupulously copied manuscripts of Dante, Petrarch, and Aristotle.

One of the last great examples of the art of illumination—and certainly one of the most famous treasures of the Morgan Library—makes one of its increasingly rare public appearances: *The Farnese Hours*, painted in Rome by the Croatian-born artist Giulio Clovio for Cardinal Farnese, completed after nine years' labor in 1546. The devotional book owes much of its celebrity to Vasari, who termed Clovio "this small and new Michelangelo."

Clovio's miniatures reflect the big concerns of large-scale High Renaissance paintings—its intense preoccupation with perspective, nude human anatomy, and classical architecture. Clovio's figure of God the Creator (*left*) paraphrases Michelangelo's ceiling fresco of "God Creating the Sun and Moon" in the Sistine Chapel, painted more than thirty years earlier. God's muscular outstretched arms, the platoon of helpful *putti* who tend to the swirling mass of drapery, the air of impending drama—all testify to Clovio's ability to distill and compress Michelangeloesque concepts into a minuscule format. Clovio was justifiably proud of this image, allowing his protégé El Greco to portray him holding the open book and pointing to it.

The Farnese Hours is available in an excellent edition with scrupulously reproduced illustrations, requiring an extra press run in gold ink—a tiny taste of the Renaissance from Braziller for $45. –D.B.

God creates Heaven and Earth—in miniature—in "The Farnese Hours," 1546, Clovio's Renaissance masterpiece



James Surls's spiraling "Needle Man," 1980; pine, oak, 118 inches high

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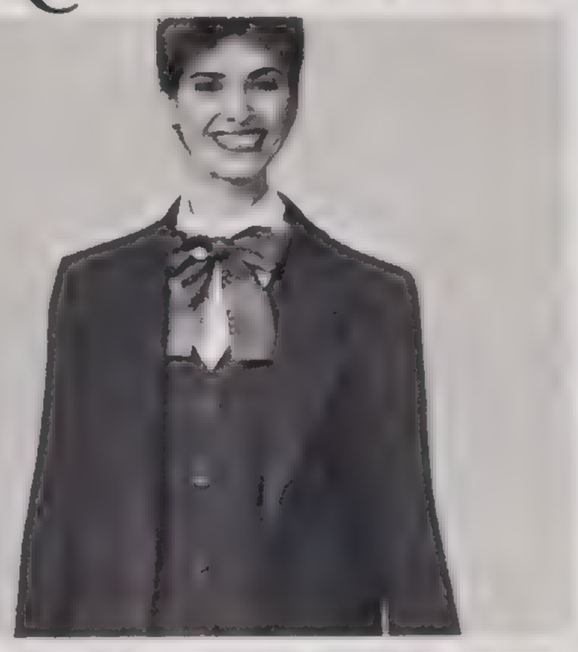

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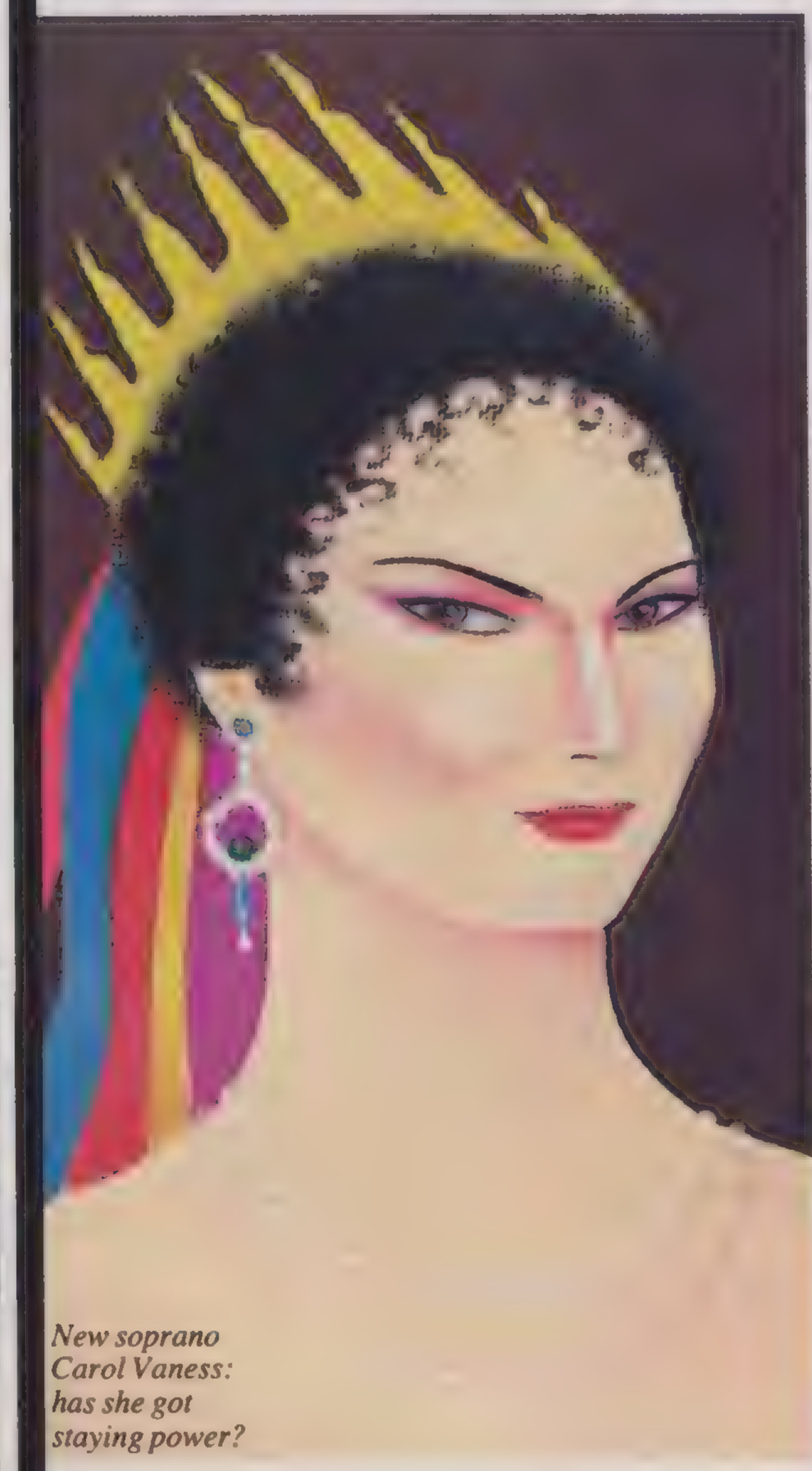

New soprano Carol Vaness: has she got staying power?

Every year, opera people rush to proclaim a new Nilsson, a new Callas. And these instant titles are as hastily withdrawn when the poor incumbent fails to fulfill such awesome expectations.

American soprano Carol Vaness, a principal artist for only three years, appears to be a stunning exception for one reason and one reason only: her voice. It is not a nice, small voice that may become larger, nor a strong voice that needs work on the top or bottom, nor even an interesting voice that shows signs of profundity to come. Vaness' voice is already large, secure, and flexible, with power all the way through the register and a thrilling, gleaming top.

A native of California, Vaness sang her first lead, as Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*, in 1981 with the San Francisco Opera. Since then she has made debuts at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, the Royal Opera House in London, and the Paris Opera. She has come very far, very soon.

The powerful quality of her voice inevitably leads people to think of the heavy *verismo* and Wagner roles—indeed she has already been offered Senta and Isolde. But Vaness is guarding her voice superbly so far.

If she has any doubters, let them listen to her first full-length recording as Donna Anna in the Glyndebourne production of *Don Giovanni* (EMI) conducted by Bernard Haitink. Brilliant in tone, technically superb, theatrically compelling, her performance may not surpass that of the great Frida Leider, but very few sopranos since then have done better.

Meanwhile, Vaness is still working on her Donna Anna. "Two things I always do before a performance," she once told a reporter. "I sing through the final duet from *Don Giovanni* and I eat pasta. Always." Now there speaks a true diva. —CAROLINE SEEBOHM

Zulu Funk Overlord and Godfather of Soul, a.k.a. Afrika Bambaataa and James Brown

SOUL MATES

Influence to just about anyone who plays music with rhythm, James Brown is a legend, plain and simple. In the mid-'seventies, twenty years after his first hit, Brown's career took a dive, victim of the tax man and a youth-oriented market. But as anyone knows who's ever seen "The Godfather of Soul"—alias "Mr. Sex Machine"—perform, when he goes down in a split, he *always* gets up.

Meanwhile, the rap explosion was making itself felt, led by Zulu Funk Overlord Afrika Bambaataa, creative strongman behind several rap masterpieces. Gone, not forgotten, Brown held quiet sway over rap: not only had his "message" songs ("Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud") been a source of pride in black communities, but his raw, chanting style helped pave the way for rap's verbal fleet-footedness. *(Continued on page 82)*

Sketch, PATTY DRYDEN; photo, ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... DANCE...

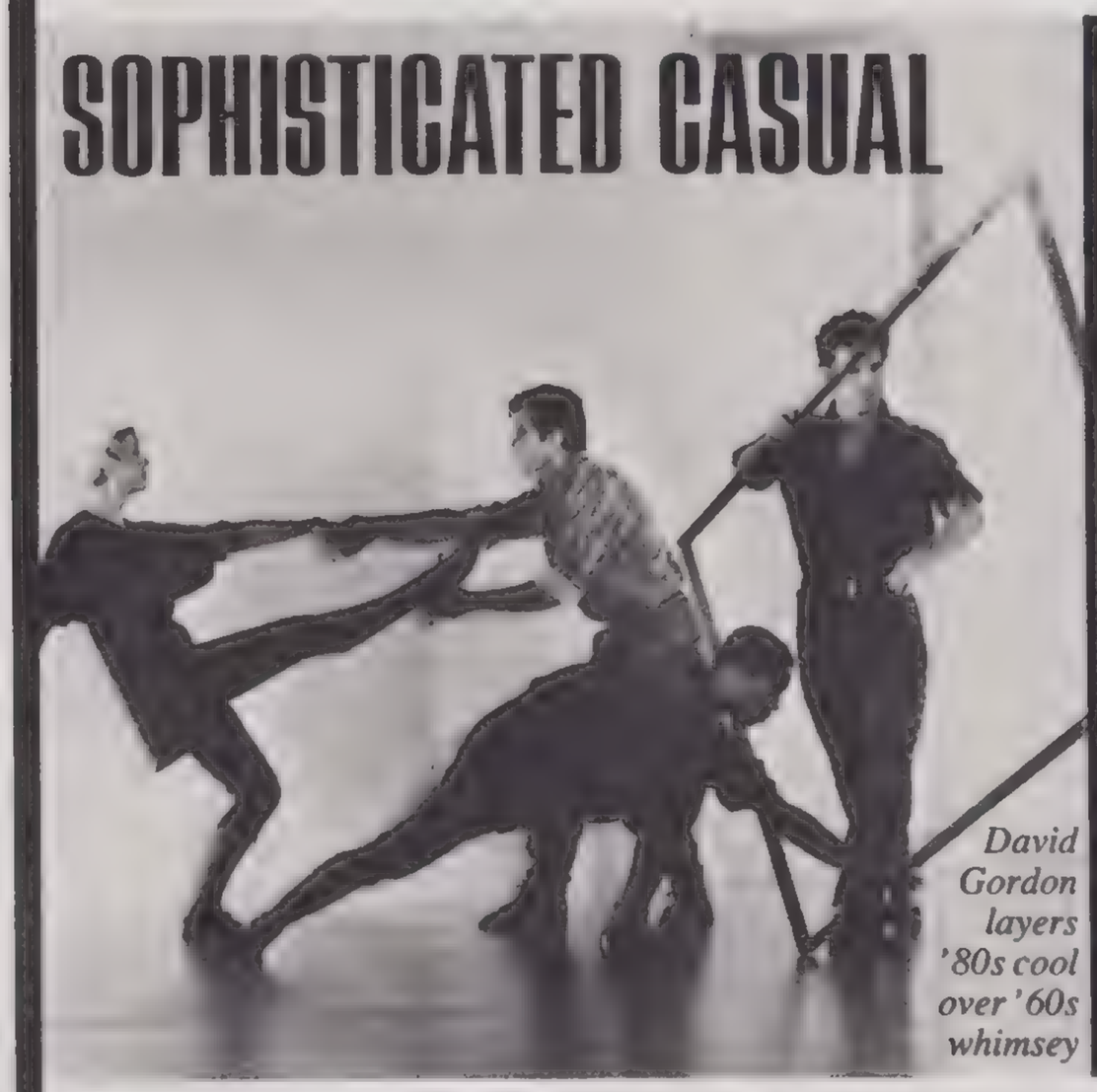
(Continued from page 80)

Brown's newest record, *Unity* (Tommy Boy), teams up disciple Bambaataa with the master. It's an inspired meeting. On it, some of the best of the new funk musicians tear up the rhythmic background—full of James Brown licks—while JB and Bambaataa chant their way through the lyrics: "Peace, unity, love, and having fun" is one slightly wide-eyed theme, but they also shout their way through an anti-nuke song, and a paean to education. Collaborations like this are made in heaven: on earth they make window-rattling dance records.

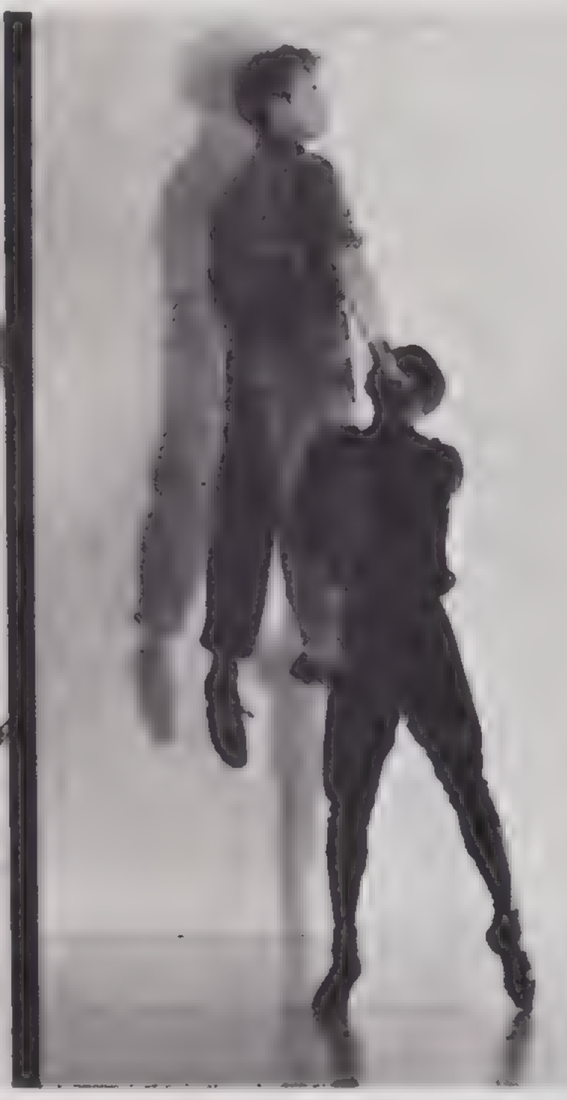
Another windfall of the Brown renaissance is the reissue of his earlier, often brilliant material. *The Federal Years, Parts 1 & 2* (Solid Smoke) collects his pre-funk sides, revealing his roots in gospel and blues. *The James Brown Story,* Volumes 1 & 2 (PolyGram) takes him to the mid-'seventies, through music that was borrowed by everyone from Talking Heads to Nigerian renegade musician Fela, music that has set a standard rarely equaled, never surpassed.

—PETER WATROUS

SOPHISTICATED CASUAL



David Gordon layers '80s cool over '60s whimsey



It still seems like a wild idea for both the American Ballet Theater and the Dance Theater of Harlem to have invited choreographer David Gordon to make new pieces for them this winter, even with so many of Gordon's fellow avant-gardists now creating for ballet companies (Twyla Tharp for the New York City Ballet, Laura Dean for the Joffrey, Lucinda Childs for the Pacific Northwest Ballet). Gordon, forty-eight, is more associated than any of his colleagues with the exaggerated casualness of the great 'sixties dance revolution—the idea that raw and whimsical life can be transmuted instantly into art. He was a key member of that glamorous, improvisatory collective, the Grand Union, and his own work reproduces its vision of a seemingly random combination of dancing, clowning, recitation, and real-life "scenes" played out in deadpan. How, even his loyal audience wonders, will he be able to convert his nonchalant chamber style into opera-house scale work for ballet dancers?

The answer lies in Gordon's most recent pieces, which open up to show what may be going on beneath the casual surface. Gordon's evening-length *Framework* (done in 1983) ostensibly described a dance company's chaotic and intimate rehearsal life. There were phones ringing and dancers traipsing through what was clearly supposed to be the home of the choreographer and his wife. But the imaginary life of the company was also given its due. In Gordon's duet with his wry dancer Margaret Hoeffel, the two manipulated a life-sized frame and a sliding panel in a thousand ingenious ways, generating clear, troubling images: a man waiting in a doorway; a woman closing herself inside—figures in a half-suggested story. And this duet was echoed in another longer one for Gordon and his elegant wife and partner, Valda Setterfield, in which the empty frame, held and twirled by Gordon, was articulated by Setterfield's classical poses within it. Gordon has invented a style that layers a seemingly spontaneous surface over a more controlled subtext, reaching into what T.S. Eliot called "the logic of the imagination."

In a sense, Gordon's choreographic career has proceeded backwards. He hasn't built his pieces on dance steps. Instead, he has used shifting theatrical color or mood as his organizing principle. But that principle requires the authority of a choreographer, the single most difficult thing for Gordon's anti-formalist, anti-hierarchical generation to accept about making dances. Gordon has used his suave and mournful-looking self onstage to thoroughly examine the role of the choreographer *vis à vis* his dancers. In his wry, ironic acceptance of this role, he has brought himself back, with his avant-garde idiom intact, to the classical enterprise of a Balanchine or a Martha Graham. Having got his onstage human equations straight, now he can go on to make dancing—for any-sized company, for any kind of dancer.

—ELIZABETH KENDALL.

CHRIS CALLIS

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PERFORMANCE ART...

BONDAGE AND DISCIPLINE AND SOLIPSISM

Tie yourself up, sit in a cage, lie on a bed of nails: you may see God, but are you art?

Hypnotized woman suspended between two chairs (circa 1890)

This Fourth of July marked the end of *Art/Life One Year Performance 1983-84*, an orgy of humdrum existence carried out in tandem by Linda Montano and Tehching Hsieh, two otherwise disparate artists who had spent 366 uninterrupted days and nights tied to one another by an eight-foot rope. The rope rested slack between twin beds; it went to jobs; it was noticed regularly on the streets of Lower Manhattan doing errands, including walking a dog on a leash. The two people attached by it were never to touch each other; and while they had no round-the-clock witnesses to vouch for them, the singleness of will that attends this sort of thing pretty much removes the likelihood that they may have pulled a Rosie Ruiz. Accidental contact was documented, along with the daily progress of the hair on their heads, shaved on Independence Day '83, the birthday of their bondage.

The couple's varying habits and tastes, their *m.o.* in public toilets, and all the other *adjustments* they had to make are the natural questions to consider, but are natural affronts to the critic's conceits. These questions, in any case, are best handled by the tabloids' ever-ready "how did it feel?" Montano and Hsieh did not know each other before starting this project, nor was their introduction marked by any *coup de foudre* of mutual recognition, nor, evidently, do they now agree in the slightest about the nature of their accomplishment. Montano seems to regard it as an experiment in transactional socio-psychology, while Hsieh—whose fourth, nearly consecutive year-long venture this was—views it in strictly factual, existential terms.

Earlier, Hsieh had spent a year in a cage within his loft, where he allowed himself food and sleep but no other form of sustenance, another during which he punched a time clock on the hour, twenty-four times a day, and, more recently, in 1981-82, a year lived entirely out of doors on the streets. He put word out that he would welcome company on his next excursion. Montano began her adult life in the Roman Catholic novitiate. Since then, in California, through the 1970s, she has flavored her narratives with a pinch of ordeal. At a performance festival in New York a few years ago, she presented a videotape based on her reactions to the death of her ex-husband, and a series of live monologues in which shaman-like, or Lily Tomlin-like, she assumed the personas of five different women. She has gone off into the desert to perform in isolation, lived in a gallery for days on end, and, foreshadowing her work with Hsieh, once handcuffed herself for a while to a male artist.

It may seem loony to apply standards of connoisseurship to their most recent joyride, but *Art/Life* aspires to a kind of primacy, to the distilled experience. Since Baudelaire's *luxe, calme et volupté*, and Rimbaud's call to complete derailment *(O que ma quille éclate! O que j'aille à la mer!)*, deprivation and excess, ritual—out-of-body travel as it were—have sallied forth out of the temples to become sacrosanct in studios and saloons. From Jarry's *Ubu Roi* to *Hair*—"The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical"—from Cubist Africanisms to Keith Haring, tattoo crazes, and certain voguish hairdos, we have been wild for any echo of some earlier oomph. Even today's motley marathoners are, if you will, running backwards.

In the rich and famously "anti-materialist" 'sixties, the art object was often eclipsed by Body Art and Performance Art, by theater groups urging one to disregard the fourth wall and most of one's proprieties along with it. Hermann Nitsch's Orgies Mysteries theater, in Europe, enacted liturgical rituals using animal blood while in America, Vito Acconci masturbated underneath the floorboards of a prominent New York art gallery, invisible but audible, and Chris Burden had himself shot in the arm, and crucified to the top of a Volkswagen. Yves Klein leapt into the void and Michael Heizer bored a spiral into the desert with his motorcycle treads. Feminist artists celebrated the "Great Goddess," reformed decoration and the crafts, and reanimated the old incantatory powers of narrative. Sometimes an overly literal political atmosphere, or a dose of psychobabble, got in the way.

Performance, however, continues its half-life. Only a few months ago, an artist who calls himself Stelarc (but refers to himself as "the body") brought his program of mortification and elevation to the sidewalks of New York where he was suspended on his customary metal hooks. The idea here is to free the spirit by transcending pain, or boredom, or reality—in other words to escape the plight of cosmic anonymity.

Yet the modern city itself outshines the stars, and the biggest ones are believable surrogates for the cosmos: "cosmopolitan" is not meant as a euphemism. Transcendent identity is easily confused with getting one's name in the papers, and two solipsists on a string stand somewhat less of a chance of tapping into Karnak than two children playing telephone with paper cups.

The gods prefer a more shapely ordeal, something in harmony perhaps. Marina Abromovic and Ulay, who have been together since 1976 performing "Relation Works," engage in marathon performances concerning the yin and yang and concentration. Their visual style is allegorical, often neo-classical. In one piece, for instance, Abromovic leans back pulling a bow as Ulay holds the string and arrow tensed at her. A more ambitious plan would have each embarking on a long walk, starting from opposite ends of the Great Wall of China, their topographical progress recorded, possibly by satellite. Abramovic and Ulay—who look a lot alike—were once hit by a *coup de foudre*. Lightning rarely strikes twice. Montano and Hsieh's *Art/Life* year had too much to do with life. (Montano has begun a seven-year, once-a-month residency in the window of New York City's New Museum where she will be available for counseling.)

—LISA LIEBMANN

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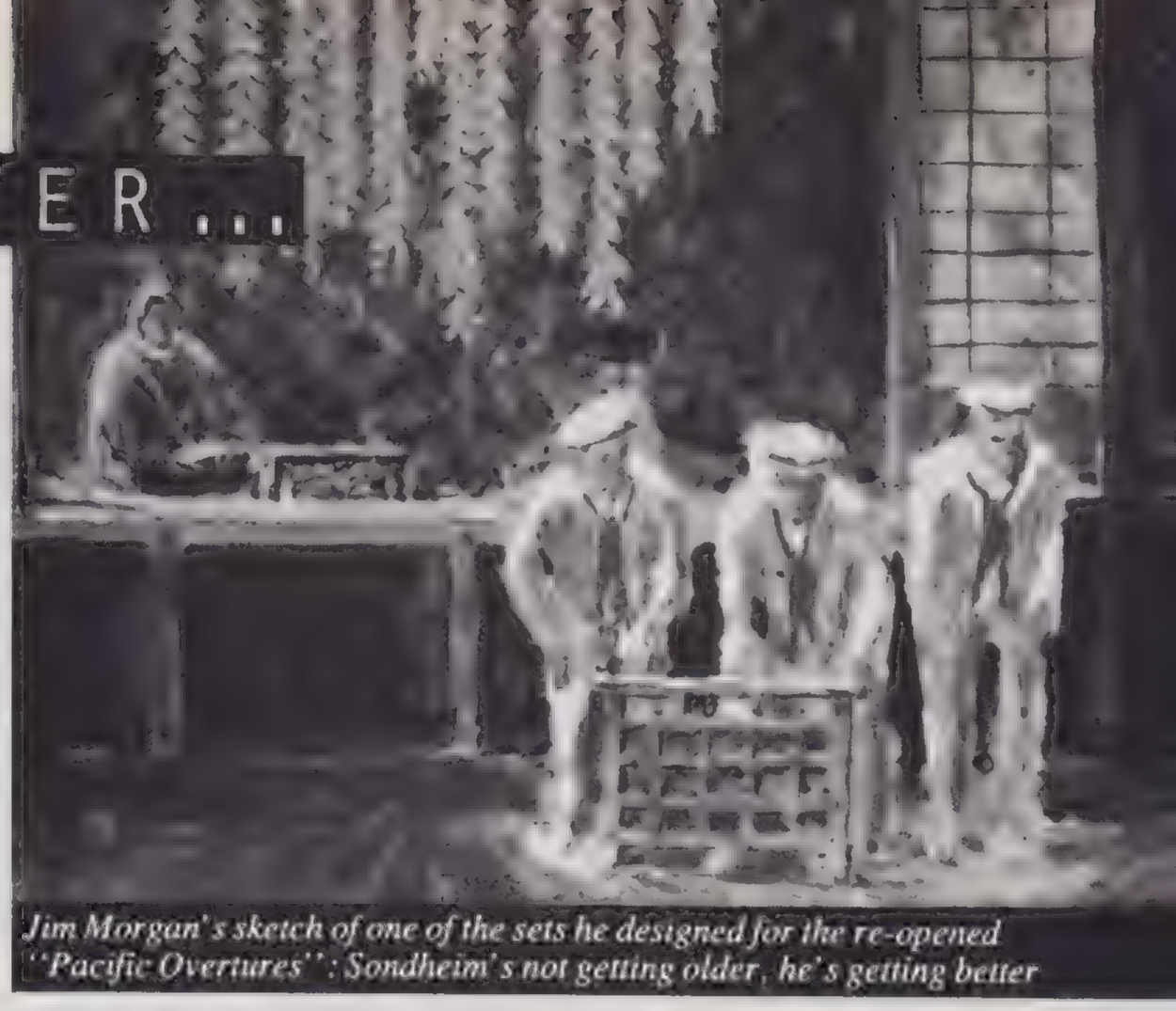

Jim Morgan's sketch of one of the sets he designed for the re-opened "Pacific Overtures": Sondheim's not getting older, he's getting better

BRINGING HOME "THE WAR AT HOME"

It seemed pretty unlikely that a play about Vietnam set in Texas on Thanksgiving was just what the English wanted," says playwright James Duff. "But British critics and audiences loved us." It took Duff two and one-half years, nine false starts, and, finally, as a last resort, a run in London before he and his producer found the backers to bring *The War at Home* to Broadway this month. Apparently, America still wants to avoid the memory of Vietnam—and that is the theme of Duff's play.

It's 1973 and the Collier family is gathered for what is meant to be a festive occasion. Mom (Frances Sternhagen) is preparing the holiday meal, while Dad (Carroll O'Connor) attempts to rally his two children's enthusiasm for togetherness. All daughter Karen (Lynda Cook) wants is an apartment of her own; son Jeremy, a Vietnam veteran (Christopher Fields), has more elusive needs. The war has left him in a psychic coma which the Colliers interpret as the sort of post-adolescent rebellion that a stern talking-to will correct. For most of the play, there is a comic edge to this failure in perception. But when Mr. Collier insists that his son get dressed up before the relatives arrive, Jeremy at last explodes. This is no longer an amusing domestic squabble but a blast with both barrels at this country's incomprehension of what was lost in Vietnam.

"The idea for the play first occurred to me when I saw the Iranian hostages return," says Duff. "They were hailed as heroes, in contrast to Vietnam vets, who'd lost their friends, their sanity, their normal life and were just ignored." A native of the Dallas-Forth Worth area, Duff, at twenty-nine, is just young enough to have missed the draft. He acknowledges that he too was tired of hearing about Vietnam. "I had to examine my own feelings about those years. The play is really about Americans trying to recover from an attack on their values."

Duff is still amazed that "the English didn't ask any of the questions I'd heard here. 'Hasn't someone already written a play about Vietnam?' or 'Who'll pay to see this?' Americans are always so desperate to feel good about something."

It seems appropriate and more than a touch ironic that *The War at Home* marks the first time in two seasons that an American writer has debuted on Broadway. —M.A.T.

THE SUN RISES AGAIN ON "PACIFIC OVERTURES"

When a Stephen Sondheim play opens, theatergoers often grumble that his music is atonal; his lyrics, cold; his themes, esoteric. And then a curious phenomenon occurs. The show dies, but the cast album lives on successfully. Sondheim's most challenging plays keep being discovered after they have closed.

"I saw *Pacific Overtures* in 1976 in its original production in NYC's Winter Garden. In that huge theater, there were only about one hundred people. I don't think audiences were ready to listen to the extent that this musical requires." Director Fran Soeder, the man responsible for a new production of *Pacific Overtures* now playing to full houses off-Broadway, does not understate the play's complexity. It reconstructs the story of Japan's opening to the West when Admiral Perry arrived in 1853 and is told from the vantage point of a fisherman and a samurai. Sondheim combines Kabuki, Bunraku, and Nōh theater with American musical comedy devices.

A Sondheim fan since his Cleveland childhood, Soeder, thirty-four, came to know the composer's work intimately by staging revivals of his shows with Manhattan's York Theater Company, which mounts its plays in a school gym.

Still, Soeder was not prepared for what happened when he revived *Overtures*. His budget had forced him to miniaturize the play, and the result was like a Fabergé box—tiny but exquisite. "Our production cost $33,000; the actors were getting $250 each for eight weeks work. We were just hoping to get noticed, but the reviews were staggering. In a week, I'd been signed by a big agent and major producers were wanting to move it to a bigger house. It was a little scary."

With the reduction in scale came a new appreciation of Sondheim's score. "The proximity to the audience enables the actor to focus his energy or, as Stanislavsky would say, 'to infect his soul into the audience,'" says Soeder. "The intimacy makes it easier to hear; everything is closer, clearer."

Soeder reveres Sondheim the revolutionary: "Musical comedy is a pat formula, but musical theater is just beginning. Steve is at the frontier always stretching and developing the form. You've got to be able to meet him halfway."

—MARY ANN TIGHE

Jonathan Pryce: comic anarchy in the U.S.

THIS PRYCE AIN'T RIGHT

In the play's list of characters, he is simply called "Fool." Beware: the man's a live bombshell, a compulsive quick-change artist with cosmic pretensions—his *tour de force* is Jesus Christ. He also does a mean high-court judge who, by the end of the play, makes mincemeat of the governmental establishment. With Dario Fo's *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, Broadway has, at last, a full-blooded political farce—a combustible mixture of Marx Brothers pratfalls and pointed references to our current administration that may help to shake America out of its antediluvian slumber.

British actor Jonathan Pryce, who won a Tony for *Comedians* and will star in Terry (Monty Python) Gilliam's film *Brazil* early next year, plays the screwball Everyman-saboteur. *Anarchist* is based on an incident in Milan in 1970 in which a leftist was accused of terrorism and taken into custody, then allegedly pushed to his death from the window of the police station. "Fo wrote and performed the play within twenty-four hours of the event, updating it daily as fresh evidence came in," says Pryce. "Now it's performed throughout the world and has become a metaphor for government 'methods' and corruption."

The Broadway production also updates its political references daily, but any consultation with Fo is done by phone from Italy: the U.S. rejected his visa request, judging his ideas too rich for its bland political diet. Pryce smiles. "I see it as an acknowledgement by the Reagan administration that theater can be *that* powerful. Besides, if we subvert a thousand people a night on Broadway, we're doing well." —DEBORAH MASON

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"The Jewel in the Crown" is a subtle, often brutal, and often disturbing series. It is magnificent television

"Crown's" jewels, India's secrets: (1) Soon-to-be lovers Hari Kumar (Art Malik) and Daphne Manners (Susan Wooldridge) at their first meeting in Mayapore; (2) Geraldine James as tough heroine Sarah Layton at Lake Nageen, Kashmir; (3) Dame Peggy Ashcroft as gritty Brit Barbie Batchelor at Rose Cottage outside Simla. And, above right and left, a taste of the India they left behind.

TEA AND EMPATHY

The Jewel in the Crown, a superb fourteen-part adaptation on *Masterpiece Theater* of Paul Scott's novels, *The Raj Quartet,* is subtle, often brutal, and often disturbing: it resorts to neither nostalgia and flag-waving for the glory that was Imperial Britain, nor enlightened homage to the nobility of the dark, misunderstood Indian masses. *The Jewel in the Crown* is a sad, hauntingly dramatic, and exquisitely filmed description of the vast uneasiness of World War II India.

Daphne Manners, played by terrifically appealing Susan Wooldridge, is an awkward English girl with big, swimmy eyes who comes to India a marvelous jumble of headlong innocence and shrewd moral judgment. To the disgust of her countrymen, she stays with an old family friend, a rich and cultivated Indian, Lady Chatterjee. "I like the smell of India," Daphne sighs. "Eet's dung, the smell of India!" cries the jolly Lady Chatterjee, and off they go to dinner among the potted palms, flowered draperies, and chiming clocks.

At Lady Chatterjee's parties, liberal English gather among the knickknacks to socialize with prominent Indians. One of the parties is attended by Hari Kumar, an attractive Indian raised in England. Art Malik plays Kumar as boyish and stunned, a bitter foreigner in India with his public-school manners and accent, yet just a black Indian boy to the English there.

The Jewel in the Crown is about the love affair between Daphne Manners and Hari Kumar, the violence it reflected and the violence it created. Daphne, says Lady Chatterjee, is "like Pandora who dashed off to the attic and opened her blasted box." The couple's friendship is often an uncomfortable one, and an irritant to the residents of the town of both races. When (on August 9, 1942, the day Gandhi is imprisoned) Daphne Manners is raped by a gang of Indians, the racial hatred so carefully but feebly held in check explodes.

It is one of the strengths of the series that it is both emblematic and deeply personal at the same time. Through its characters, one begins to understand a shameful moment in British history, but never at the expense of those characters. The insufferable English ladies in their print dresses and straw hats chirp and condescend; their dismaying pettiness is delicately, meticulously portrayed, but so is their bewildered sense of loss. The good English, the enlightened civil servants and dedicated missionaries, carry on, but their growing, aching sense of ineffectiveness torments them and saddens us.

Throughout, the acting is intelligent and extremely moving. As Ronald Merrick, the police superintendent who winds his way through the story like a malevolent snake, Tim Pigott-Smith lifts his soft, slightly puffy lips in a desperate, needy sneer that makes one's flesh creep. Lower-middle-class Merrick is tortured by his feelings of social inferiority to the ruling upper class. At the same time, he revels in the legal inferiority of the Indians and treats them with sadistic contempt. Supercilious and vulnerable, Ronald Merrick is a brilliant villain, one you must pity and must truly hate. Zohra Segal's Lady Chatterjee is regal and witty. Eric Porter plays a political advisor to a Nawab, and he is full of mischief, suavely needling friends and enemies alike. Peggy Ashcroft is heartbreaking as the dotty, retired missionary, always fussing and trying to set things right, always failing. Judy Parfitt plays her grandly stubborn patroness, who does exactly as she pleases while her snobby relatives sniff in distaste. The two old ladies, with their pink faces, grey curls, and utterly different stations in life, make friendship seem a rare and precious gift.

The India of *The Jewel in the Crown* basks in glorious, clean white light and deep, comforting blue shadows—the loveliness of the country seems almost to mock the distrust, betrayal and violence occurring all around. The series is wonderful looking, full of sweep and detail, mountain vistas and cabbage-rose slipcovers, without ever being showy. Serious, thoughtful, and intensely exciting, *The Jewel in the Crown* is something special. —CATHLEEN SCHINE

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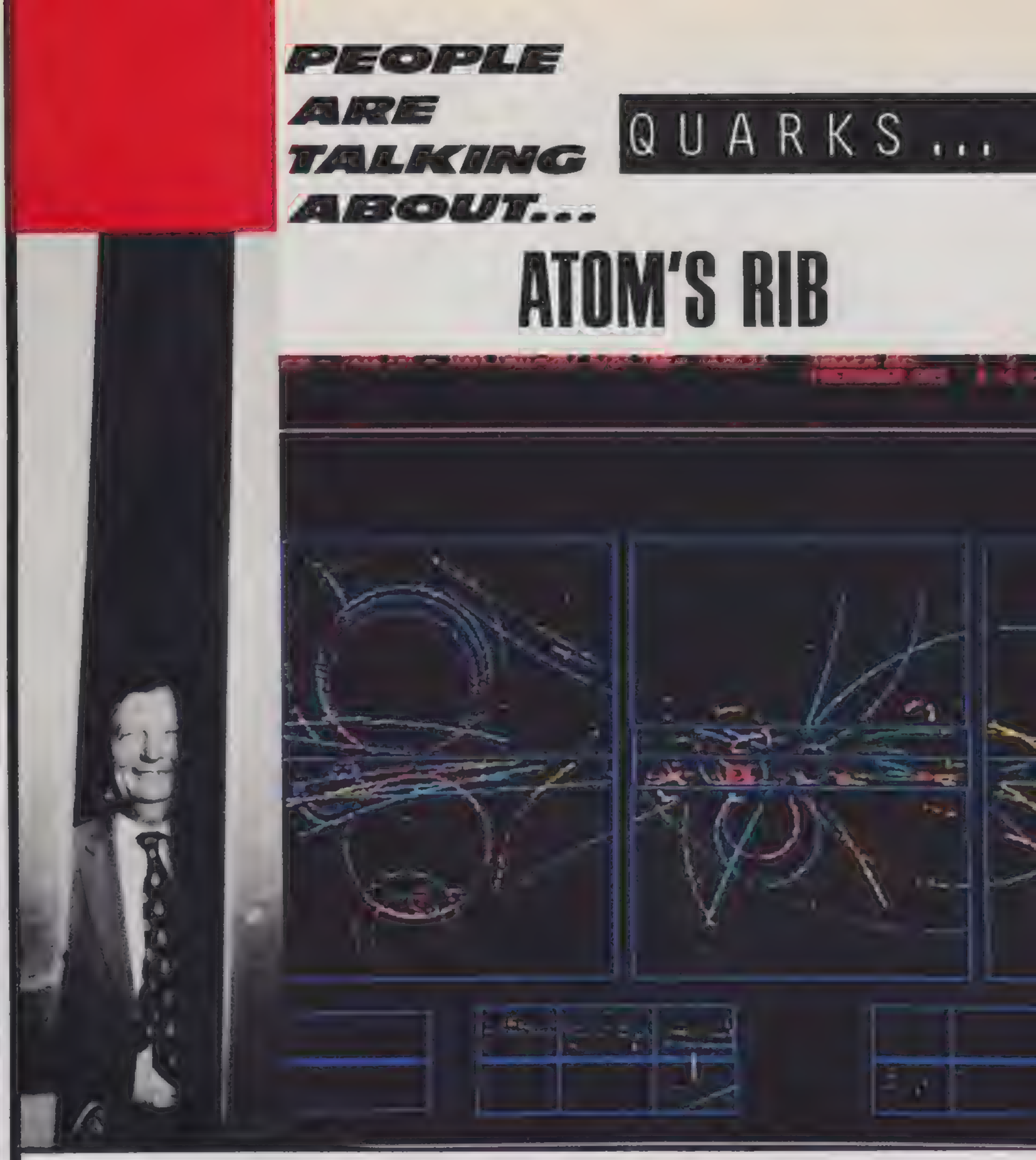

Subatomic sleuth: Dr. Carlo Rubbia peers into the heart of matter. His clues, the swirling tracks of colliding protons (above right)

The somewhat cherubic gentleman looking out above is Carlo Rubbia, an Italian physicist who has discovered the "top," or "truth" quark, one of the basic particles from which all matter is formed. (Dr. Rubbia's previous work in high-energy physics, tracing what are known as "w" and "z" particles, has won him and Simon van der Meer—a Dutch member of Rubbia's international research team—this year's Nobel Prize in physics.)

People used to say that each atom—and therefore, everything—was made of protons, neutrons, and electrons, and that was all you had to know. No more. Since 1963, when American physicist Murray Gell-Mann of the California Institute of Technology came out with his quark theory, we've learned that protons, neutrons, and several more exotic particles that exist only in the chambers of atom-smashing machines are all made of combinations of quarks. (Electrons belong to another family of particles, called leptons, which are quarkless.)

Most likely, quarks are essential, indivisible—and when describing the nature of these seemingly ultimate bits of stuff, physics becomes both poetic and whimsical. Their name comes from James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, where the word refers to children. Quarks come in "flavors" with different properties, and are grouped in pairs: the "up" and "down" flavored quarks combine in threes to form our everyday protons and neutrons; "charmed" and "strange" quarks, and "top" and "bottom" (a.k.a. "truth" and "beauty") quarks are present in the heavier, unstable subatomic particles created in the laboratory.

Dr. Rubbia's laboratory—though he is a Harvard professor—is the Center for European Nuclear Research (CERN) near Geneva, Switzerland, whose atom-smashing equipment ranks among the world's best. To find his quark, Rubbia rushed beams of protons through CERN's accelerator at speeds just a hair under that of light, and then steered them into head-on collisions with beams of anti-protons traveling at the same velocity—releasing enough energy at the moment of impact to tear the protons apart and produce new particles, whose tracks and interactions were recorded and analyzed. By sifting through the amazingly complex data produced in these experiments (with the help of many tons of machinery), Rubbia was able to verify the existence of the top quark—the last of the six theoretical quarks to be seen for real—early this year.

Once we contemplated the music of the spheres; now we know the universe as a far more chaotic and violent place—with particles that jump and spin and crash, Big Bangs, bottomless black holes. When scouting for quarks, Dr. Rubbia and his fellow physicists generate controlled explosions in their accelerators that essentially reproduce (we think) the high-energy conditions in the universe during the first few moments after the Big Bang. In this way, the very, very small informs us of the grandest processes and gives the cosmos a new, electrifying unity.

—MARION ASNES

KATHLEEN BLUMENFELD

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KERTÉSZ: THE NATURE OF DISORDER

"Bocskay-ter, Budapest, 1914"

"The Blind Musician" (1921)

The greatness of André Kertész resides in his appetite for the unexpected and his trust in the pictorial properties of what most of us experience as disorder. "Have confidence in the transformation and invention of chance," he once said, revealing his own certainty about turning accident into art. No other photographer has created so varied an oeuvre, nor has seemed so responsive to what Cartier-Bresson would call "the decisive moment." As a result, his photographs have an extraordinary rightness about them. Whatever it is—a pigeon, a shadow, an odd gesture—it falls effortlessly in place.

Roland Barthes pointed out in relation to Kertész that the photograph transcends itself, "annihilates itself as medium, to be no longer a sign, but the thing itself." This is certainly true of "The Blind Musician" (1921), *below left*. It is a photograph that has a void at its center. Only the musician faces the photographer, but of course does not see him. And the boy leading the musician and the small child in the middle ground seem equally oblivious.

In "Bocskay-ter, Budapest, 1914," *(top left)* Kertész somewhat alters the terms of photographic transcendence. A man, preceded by his shadow, walks in front of the lit-up wall of a house. Hunched over, he appears intensely self-preoccupied—his only company, his shadow. It is a moment of privacy, a scene in which the subject seems unaware of his sudden exposure. The word "somewhat" is important because the scene was planned. Kertész, using his brother as a model, creates the illusion, not only of the man's unawareness but of his own hiddenness.

A photographer "unseen" by his subjects could be said to have erased himself. Kertész's famous assertion that "nature is the real artist" suggests that the artist might very well leave the scene. In this photograph, and others like it, Kertész does just that, he leaves; and we are in the presence of what the photo is of—not in the presence of a photo. Such images, despite their subtlety, produce a powerful effect. They are so imbued with notions of passage, so saturated with hints of ephemerality, that we feel compelled to hold onto them. They become precious moments that we appropriate from another past.

In his portrait of Marc and Bella Chagall (1933), Kertész provides us with an overwhelming sense of their presence. It is not that we know them in any conventional way, but we do know them. At first, both seem to stare into the camera—Chagall standing and Bella seated beside him. Simple enough. Except that as we continue to look at them, we notice their legs. Both have crossed their right leg over their left, creating the feeling of being caught mid-dance. Both are still, and oddly carrying out a series of gestures that are at once rhythmical and binding. Kertész has connected us with the ongoingness of life and the particular mortality of the Chagalls. When we look into their faces again, we realize they are staring far beyond the present, far beyond Kertész and his camera into a future where, perhaps, we will take them in. Once again, Kertész has erased himself and let nature be the artist. It is this unrehearsed, unrehearsable intimacy with nature that is Kertész's genius.

A small man with intense, questioning eyes, Kertész, now ninety, stays mainly within the confines of his twelfth-floor apartment overlooking Washington Square Park, NYC. Years of neglect and misunderstanding have embittered him. The many shows, the recent string of books devoted to him have not altered his feelings about America. "Everything bad that has happened to me, happened here," he says in a heavy Hungarian accent. "The good things happened in Paris."

By the same token, it could be argued that the best of Kertész's photographs were done before he came to New York, that his dislike of America is reflected by his absorption with glass objects set against a steamy window that blurs the city beyond it, and by his remote bird's-eye views of a snowy Washington Square Park that emphasize not the life there—such as it is—but its formal dimension, the delicate interlacing of curved walks and benches, tire tracks and fences.

These, and corresponding photographs, in their self-sufficiency, announce themselves as ornamental. We look at them and are not engaged. We move from one to the other, accepting their virtues of unity and harmony—which are present to an exquisite degree—but such a response, to paraphrase Barthes again, has to do with seeing, not with being there.

It is a mark of Kertész's immense gifts that he is able to make so many kinds of photographs, that he continues, despite his age, to experiment, extending our notions of what is yet possible in photography. In the hands of others, so much of what was begun by him has turned into a cliché. He is the consummate original.

—MARK STRAND

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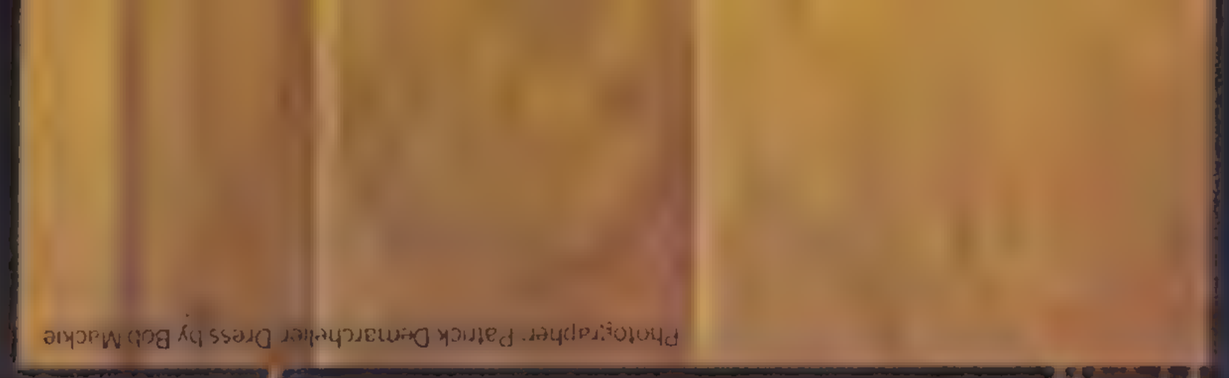

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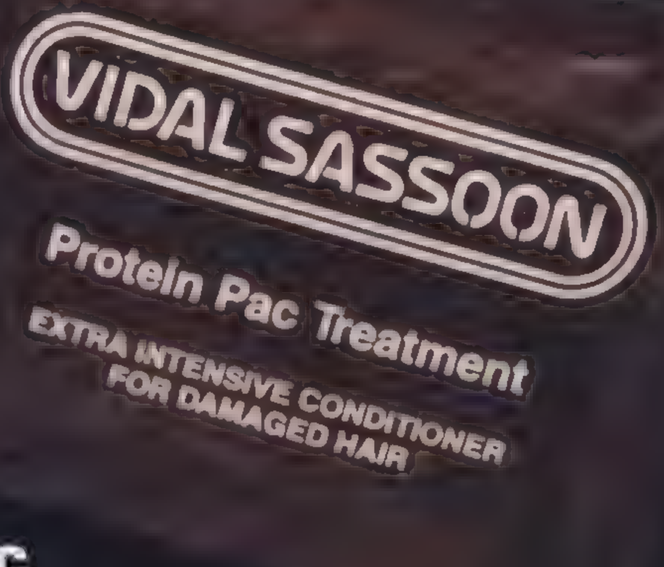

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Fashions: Georges Rech

horoscope

by Rockie Gardiner

December Outlook

Because the Sagittarian spirit of the holiday season is so high, the usual hassles of a retrograde Mercury—traveling, shopping, making a decision—may not drag you down. Adapting to whatever pops up is easy, especially if it's an old friend. By the full moon on the 8th, everyone will grow more interested in air signs (Gemini, Libra, Aquarius). This stimulating mind-body contact—both Mars and Venus are in Aquarius—will liven up social events until Christmas Eve, when winged Mercury goes direct and passionate Mars cools off in Piscean waters for the next six weeks. That's the time to make your island getaway.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21
The sage knows there's more in store than another combination birthday/Christmas present: around the 5th, a good-looking reason to discard what no longer suits your image, or your idea of a working relationship, may appear. Considering the pros and cons could take all month as Mercury wanders, but your need for visible signs of progress won't change. Be patient. In January, money from Jupiter confirms your feeling that the New Year will be even happier than the last.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19
You're still on a lucky streak, so if you want to share the wealth with your favorite charity case, it'll be fine anytime other than on the 15th. Then, an Aquarian acquaintance may come around to split mutual financial and social benefits with you, but after a somewhat mystifying personal experience the weekend of the 22nd, you'll find yourself drifting towards a more fanciful relationship—the kind a playful Pisces can provide if you go along with his romantic whims.

Aquarius JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18 Another big break may come your way during the first week, which you should seize. Mulling it over for a month won't change a thing; besides, with both Mars and Venus emphasizing your sex appeal, you'll be too busy gathering the joys of the season. You're particularly popular with earth signs bearing gifts on the 21st and very much at home on Christmas Eve, when an Aquarian moon has everyone catering to your emotional needs.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20 Because your Irish is up in the first week, news that you get at work during a confusing Mercury/Neptune conjunction could put you right in the middle of a high drama. You should wait for a revised version in January before using this information to your advantage. A peaceful new moon on the 22nd will completely change your mood anyway—so for Christmas you'll have plenty of good will towards men, especially a steady and ever-ready Capricorn willing to play Santa.

Aries MARCH 21–APRIL 19 In spite of, or even because of, the many Christmas parties, you can do a lot for your favorite cause and yourself just by mixing business and pleasure. On the 14th, however, insurance, investment, or tax matters may need your undivided attention. Your private affairs will be much more engrossing by the 24th, so you could suddenly decide to hide out at some secluded watering hole with a seductive water sign—and quietly toast each other and your plans for the coming year.

Taurus APRIL 20–MAY 20 A curious desire to discover what all your ex's—lovers, in-laws, employers—are saying about the success of you or your current partner can't kill the cat in you; by the 12th, you'll be quietly tracking a Scorpio-like stranger. Your Capricorn and Sagittarius friends will try to tempt you with a few of your favorite things, but until New Year's Eve, the foreign will attract you more than the familiar—including the family's Christmas ritual. *(Continued on page 108)*

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horoscope

(Continued from page 107)

Gemini MAY 21–JUNE 21 Because Mercury, your ruler, is retrograde for most of December, whatever wildly imaginative course you and your partner decide to set out on during the first week will have to wait until mid-January to get underway. Meanwhile, a few new people vie for your attention around the Gemini full moon on the 8th, and a lot of scientifically sound ideas come your way between the 22nd and the 27th. You'll probably incorporate both in your future plans; New Year's Eve, however, is strictly sentimental—an irrepressible delight.

Cancer JUNE 22–JULY 22 In your pursuit of holiday pleasures, keep one ear cocked for a new trend at work and one eye out for an Aquarian who, all of a sudden, will be staring you up and down. This improbable attraction might have its romantic moment or two—if it could beat out stiff and solid competition from an old admirer. After the new moon, his long-standing emotional support could become financial as well; as 1984 draws to a close, you are drawn closer, both to each other and into each other's family circles.

Leo JULY 23–AUGUST 22 A brilliant conjunction of your ruler, the Sun, to Uranus, planet of progress, on the 5th, could be the final boost you and your special project need to get off the ground. With both Venus and Mars in your Aquarian house of partners offering you extra backing, you should ask for much more than friendly advice from people in your field, and from the Aries and Librans by your fire. Then, when the sun conjuncts Neptune on the 22nd, you can ask Santa for more romance and music, as well as a cruise to keep you happily humming along.

Virgo AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22 *Where?* and *when?* are the questions you'll ask yourself as the sun (on the 5th) and Mercury (on the 22nd and the 27th) conjoin Uranus, the planet that's been pushing for a new address, or at least a change of scenery. This urge will fade temporarily in early January, so make the most of your current compulsion. *Who?* is probably the earth sign left over from Thanksgiving and *what?* are the lot of Christmas visits making for much hamming it up with friends and the family.

Libra SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 22 Money that comes out of the blue around the 5th may fly right out the window by the 15th, but you'll have a nifty new item in the house or garage to show all the folks you seem destined to entertain until the 21st. Then you can be someone's special guest at candlelit dinners in romantic places; you may even have to fly to one for New Year's Eve. As Venus twirls gaily through Aquarius, your social circle grows wider—but these people, too, will treat you like family.

Scorpio OCTOBER 23–NOVEMBER 21 Since this is such a great month to make money, force yourself to make the rounds of Christmas parties. They'll be as good for business as they are for your ego, except on the 15th when too many people making too much small talk might put a strain on your nerves and a close friendship. By Christmas Eve, when Mars, your ruler, relaxes in Pisces, you can too: you'll feel like your old self, only richer—and happy to let bygones be bygones before the New Year begins.

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Between Us

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By Lorraine Davis

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"Thirty years ago, I was a very active woman, involved in my professional life; but, I still was demure and hid my light under a bushel. The Women's Movement has been a tremendous corroboration to me of something I always believed: that women should live to their intellectual potential and be involved in power positions along with men."—*Barbara Silverstone, D.S.W., executive director of the Lighthouse, The New York Association for the Blind*

"The people with whom I've worked in the government, whether they be career people or political appointees, worked much harder than I had appreciated in the years when I was outside the government....To do a good job, you have to really do a lot of hard work. Preparation is the key to it." *—Carol E. Dinkins, Deputy Attorney General of the United States, first woman in this office*

"Just being alive is play for me, and that is the truth. I really have a good time just getting up in the morning and facing the day. I started producing plays when my children were entering their teenage years. The hours are very good; one can work at night when one's kids are in bed. And you learn not to eat when you're working, except after midnight." *—Terry Allen Kramer, partner, Allen & Company, an investment banking firm; producer of Broadway plays and musical shows*

HAPPINESS IS...JOINT HOUSEWORK!

When wives work, the greatest marital bliss seems to ensue when the spouses most equally share not only financing but housework and child care. Catherine E. Ross and John Mirowsky, Ph.D.s and sociology professors at University of Illinois and at its College of Medicine at Urbana-Champaign, talked with 680 married couples and, by asking questions about twelve symptoms of depression, discovered some interesting correlations between sharing and cheer.

The couples surveyed seemed to divide roughly into four groups (percentages are approximate). Type I (43 percent): Wives do not work, and husbands feel threatened by the very idea. The men consider it OK for them to do some housework, but they don't volunteer. Wives in this group are a little more depressed than their husbands. Type II (19 percent): Women are working because of specific, supposedly temporary, financial binds. Men feel threatened, afraid wives may become too independent and threaten their authority. Depression is highest in this group, and husbands are the more depressed. Type III (27 percent): Husbands are adjusted, less depressed, but working wives feel a sense of inequity in distribution of household responsibilities. Wives are more depressed. Type IV (11 percent): Lowest depression quotient and the smallest difference between the sexes; in this group, responsibilities are shared equally, not only earning a living but cooking, cleaning, and child care. The rate of wifely dependency is the key to marital happiness, said Dr. Mirowsky: "Taking control of your own life, making your own decisions, feeling in your gut like a free and equal person seems to account for the difference in the rates of depression."

The report concludes with this thought: "For husbands, the central problem may be one of self-esteem—of getting over any embarrassment, guilt, or apprehension associated with their wives' employment. For the wives the central problem is *getting their husbands to share the housework....*" (Italics mine.)

CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS?

Often unconscious but still damaging discrimination against women in some college classes inspired a booklet written by Susan Henry, Ph.D., professor of journalism, and Eve Michaelson, Ph.D., professor of anthropology, at California State University, Northridge. Instructors of both sexes at their school have received the twelve-page booklet cautioning them against such traps as derogatory stereotypes of women; off-color jokes directed toward men and at women; professionals described as if all were male; masculine terms used as generics; calling on and listening to men more often, interrupting women more often; addressing the class as if no women were present ("When you were boys..."); treating women who ask questions as "troublemakers."

A mathematics professor at "Cal Poly" at Pomona who had read a newspaper story about the booklet wrote for one: "I hope I'm not doing anything that's in the booklet; but in case I am, please send me a copy so I can stop."

NEW (TRIBAL) WOMAN

"A different kind of woman." That's the way the first woman to sit as an equal among the tribal chiefs of the Cherokee nation, Wilma P. Mankiller, describes herself. Her rather too impressive name came from a male Cherokee chief several generations back in her father's family; her mother's people were Irish-English. The former director of Community Development for the tribe, at thirty-nine, Ms. Mankiller "campaigned long and hard" for election to her post as the deputy chief and president of the Tribal Council, in Tahlequah, Oklahoma. (The fifteen-member Council has three women.)

Mankiller said Ross Swimmer, a lawyer who is the principal chief of the fifty-five thousand member tribe, "has a good attitude about women." His wife is also a lawyer, and they have been helpful to Cherokee women.

Divorced and the mother of two children, Wilma Mankiller considers one great boon in her job to be the chance to "meet other women in executive positions, Indian and non-Indian. We face similar problems: budgets, programs, how to use time effectively..."

SITES AND INSIGHTS

A winter or spring holiday trip that combines health-spa snow sports and saunas plus city sight-seeing and nightlife with a woman's business or professional interests is offered by Lister Travel Service (30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 10112) in an eight-day tour to Finland. Arrangements made in advance will ensure the traveler's visiting with her Finnish business, cultural, educational, or government counterparts to discuss common interests—in English. Trips planned for December 7, February 15, March 22, and April 12; reserve very early. (Trips are planned for women, but husbands or partners can go along.)

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How do you know when your contact lenses need replacing? "Worn out soft lenses can become discolored, acquire permanent deposits, develop tiny tears, cause cloudy vision, and can even cause corneal abrasion," said Spencer E. Sherman, M.D., assistant clinical professor of ophthalmology at Mount Sinai School of Medicine, NYC. "The average soft contact has about a one-year life span." When yours are approaching the one-year mark, it's wise to have a replacement set either on hand or readily available from your eye doctor...Modern technology finally solves the problem of mixing up soft contacts: The Softmark Lens Identification Unit stamps a black initial "R" or "L" on the lens periphery so wearers can distinguish right from left. Unless contacts overlap into eye whites, the letters blend into the iris to become invisible. (Available at 10/10 Optics, New York City.)

Visions of the future: Disposable contact lenses! Experts predict that someday soon extended-wear lenses will be sold in packs of six or eight. Wear one pair for three months, throw them away, and replace with a fresh pair from the pack. Real convenience.

STYLE

Sunglasses are becoming an almost essential element on fashion runways. And many of those sunglasses appearing on runways today are created entirely or in collaboration by Alain Mikli. Mikli's fashion designer liaisons include Claude Montana (whose sunglasses, above left, perform as well on the ski slopes as they do on the street), Anne-Marie Beretta (whose dark, egg-shaped lenses are suspended in an angled, plastic frame, above right), as well as Chantal Thomass, Jean-Paul Gaultier. Milki's influenced an astonishing variety of styles—small squares, cat's eyes, wraparounds, under- and over-sized frames—and colors—metallics, brights, marbled neutrals—all with a consistent modern sleekness, wit. What's coming: glasses designed for Complice by Mikli, as well as a new Mikli jewelry collection using similar materials in his trademark bold, geometric shapes.

TOP PHOTO: TOSCANI Hair, Valentin for Jean Louis David NYC; makeup, Francois Nars. Jacket and hood, Eurohead Fiorucci/Metalflex sunglasses. Details, last pages. Photos, *left to right*: GRAZIANO FERRARI, PIERRE SCHERMAN, KEI OKATA

bull's-eye

Increasingly, treatment products are targeting advanced care for specific skin areas, skin stresses. For eye skin, that attention can mean less-visible lines, reduced puffing, greater resiliency against environmental drying/aging effects. Erno Laszlo's new eye ''rituals'' are typed to particular skin needs. Each includes a moisturizer, a gentle, effective makeup remover, and a tinted concealer cream that protects against sun damage.

focus

Reading glasses, *right*, start as full-sized half-glasses, then shrink to fit in their narrow, tiny case. Slimfold is available at Morgenthal Opticians, NYC....Glasses that hold their shape despite bumps and tumbles (not shown): UFO 3,001 by Safilo are lightweight, bendable frames ideal for joggers, aerobic dancers. When fitted with polycarbonate lenses, they protect during higher-impact sports.

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Mind Health

How fame affects creativity... the roots of self-destructiveness... psychology—the selfish science?

By Carol Tavris

IS PSYCHOLOGY EGOCENTRIC?

Does the very field of psychology, with its emphasis on the individual, promote selfishness? Two psychologists at Duke University argue that the answer is emphatically yes. Both clinical and academic psychology "sanction and legitimize selfishness," say Michael Wallach, Ph.D., and Lise Wallach, Ph.D. Psychological views of human nature are cynical: "Look carefully enough at the most altruistic behavior," researchers and pop books tell us, "and the self-interested motive will be found." Many behaviorists, Freudians, and clinicians alike assume that people care about others only if they satisfy egoistic needs. The existence of social values such as altruism, concern for friends and family, integrity, and devotion to others are understood to exist, say the Wallachs, only insofar as they serve the individual's best interests. Love, marriage, commitment are all "bargains," trade-offs, an exchange of assets.

The Wallachs trace the "selfishness of psychology" to Freud's emphasis on biological needs and the instinctive, self-promoting desires of the id and ego. But even the neo-Freudians and the humanists, such as Abraham Maslow and Erich Fromm, emphasized individual health and welfare over the health and welfare of the family and community, say the Wallachs. These psychologists celebrated "self-love" and "self-actualization," freedom and autonomy; noble sentiments, but ones that in practice "offer increasing psychological license for selfishness." In therapy, in marriage, in work, people are taught that "looking out for number one" is not only desirable but also biologically inevitable and psychologically healthy.

"One effect of the presumed scientific warrant for egoism," say the Wallachs, has been to tilt therapy toward supporting clients who focus on satisfying their own needs first and foremost. Yet such approaches are not terribly successful in making people happier, or in creating more empathic individuals, or in strengthening social bonds. Some therapists are trying to balance this tilt, drawing on altruistic and ethical principles that move clients away from self-absorption—for instance, by emphasizing the patient's commitment to another person, or to a project. These approaches are therapeutic, the Wallachs argue, because they stress the importance of *not* focusing on self-oriented experiences and of seeking goals that are beyond oneself.

Doing unto others, it turns out, is good therapy as well as good theory.

SELF-DESTRUCTIVENESS—A MATTER OF PERSONALITY

People are always saying of so-and-so that she is "self-destructive." What is this, exactly? One bad habit or a stable pattern? A research team of psychologists, headed by Kathryn Kelley, Ph.D., Donn Byrne, Ph.D., of the State University of New York at Albany, and David Przybyla, Ph.D., of Colgate University, has developed a test of chronic self-destructiveness, which they find to be a consistent personality trait.

Self-destructive people feel that they have no control over events that happen to them, but they then proceed to do things that are detrimental to their well-being. They are more likely to have traffic violations, to cheat in school, to have gone through adolescent rebellions, and, among adult women, to avoid getting regular PAP tests. "Self-destructives" are as likely as others to be ambitious, but at least they *lack* the Type A qualities related to heart disease (perfectionism, unsociability, sense of time pressure). They are, say the researchers, more like certain Type Bs—"the ones who are late for appointments, who require deadlines to motivate hard work, and who are easily distracted from the task at hand."

The common tendency of self-destructives is to seek immediate pleasure or avoid immediate discomfort, regardless of the long-term consequences of doing so. The specific acts that constitute self-destructiveness vary from person to person: staying in a relationship that is going nowhere (because the relationship feels good now); remaining too late at a party, drinking too much, risking a hangover at an important morning meeting (because the party is fun now). But self-destructives are also willing to stick with therapy—perhaps because giving responsibility to someone else to help them change is consistent with their belief that they can't control their destiny.

The reasons that self-destructives are the way they are remain unclear. One possibility, the researchers surmise, is that they are more responsive to sensation than they are to information—self-destructives do as they feel, not as they know.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MENOPAUSE

Here are some common assumptions of physicians and psychologists about the "typical" menopausal woman. She suffers from a "syndrome" or "deficiency disease." She has numerous complaints, mental and physical. As her body undergoes major physical changes, she is deeply regretful about losing her reproductive capacity, her sexuality, her femininity. Often, she becomes deeply depressed.

Wrong, wrong, wrong, say Drs. Sonja M. McKinlay and John B. McKinlay of the Cambridge Research Center (American Institutes for Research). The McKinlays, who surveyed more than eight thousand randomly selected menopausal women, found that the psychology of menopause does not match the stereotype. The vast majority do not feel regret at reaching menopause—only 3 percent said they did. They do not become a burden on medical services. Apart from some "temporarily bothersome symptoms," flashes, sweating, and menstrual irregularity, menopause is simply no big deal for most women.

Then where do doctors get the idea that it is? From their patients, say the McKinlays, who are by definition an unrepresentative group. Moreover, most of these patients have undergone an artificial menopause because of surgery and so, naturally, they report more worries, symptoms, and problems. Most studies of menopausal women have been done on such atypical patients—leading health-care workers to conclude that menopause is traumatic. Fortunately, most menopausal women don't believe them.

CREATIVITY— THE PLEASURE FACTOR

When most people think of creativity, they imagine a brilliant artist struggling in isolation. But social psychologists are identifying the conditions that allow creativity to flourish or wither. Brandeis University psychologist Teresa Amabile, Ph.D., finds, for example, that when people are attending to external motivations for their work—when they are primarily searching for fame, fortune, and success—their creativity declines. When they are concentrating on the intrinsic pleasure and satisfaction of the task, however, their creativity soars.

One external factor that squelches creativity is surveillance, whether real or imagined. When people feel they are being constantly watched and evaluated, they often freeze up: they may finish their work, but perform only adequately. Some perfectionists, under the whip of their own stern self-appraisal, keep procrastinating and never get on with the job.

"It is bad to be in a situation where reward is the *focus* of what you do," says Amabile. "The key to creativity is to concentrate *while you're working on a task* on what is enjoyable about it, what is intrinsically satisfying. Don't think about consequences and evaluations until the job is done."

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DETCHEMA: FROM A BOLD LEGEND THE THRILL OF PASSION

April 17, 1916

Bukhara

Today during my search for rare furs I met a goddess! Yes, here in this land of Alexander and Ghengis Khan lives a woman of such mysterious beauty and secretive sensuality that I have become completely infatuated—in fact, mesmerised by her provocative elegance.

She has the name of DETCHEMA, who according to local legend was the Goddess of Joy. I am told she is a princess already betrothed, and that I must not speak of her again.

But the passion of my thoughts will live forever. Indeed I must create a lasting memento when I return to Paris. Something that will remind me of her alluring beauty. Something that will live forever so that others can share the passion and the joy of DETCHEMA.

Translated from the diary of Victor Revillon II (1958)

Revillon

art

In Madrid, they call art dealer Fernando Vijande the Leo Castelli of Spain. He is a man with a mission: to put new Spanish art on the map as an international force By Barbara Rose

Looking at this tall, dark, elegant stranger with the flashing smile, the perfectly tailored suit, and the mischievous expression, one would say he was perhaps a South American playboy, an international gambler, or a Hollywood star on permanent vacation. With the perfect rose always stuck jauntily in his lapel and his attitude of wry irony, he appears a romantic character of obscure origin, a ladies' man, a gigolo even. He is, of course, none of these things. Fernando Vijande is the son of a wealthy, aristocratic Catalan family, raised by the Jesuits. Arrested by Franco for his efforts to liberalize Spain, he is a man with a mission: to put new Spanish art on the map as an international force.

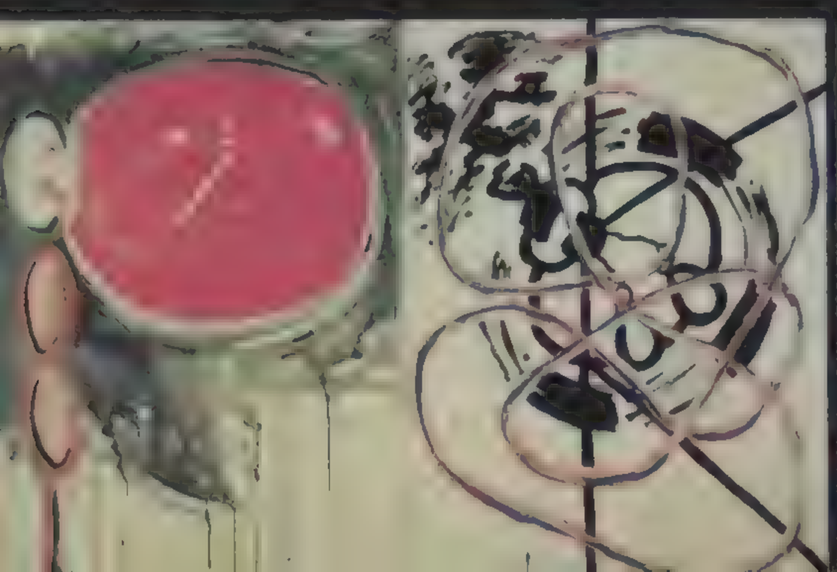
In Madrid, they call him the Leo Castelli of Spain. His enormous white gallery at No. 65, Calle Nuñez de Balboa has the same insouciant originality as its owner: it is a reconverted garage with all the elements of its industrial past left intact in deliberate imitation of a SoHo loft. Close by is a big dirty cave of a place, a warehouse that is "Fernando's Hideaway," where this compulsive collector stashes the hundreds of contemporary Spanish paintings and sculptures he has acquired since he began buying art almost twenty years ago. Always a passionate collector, he began his career buying antiques, until he had amassed so much furniture and *objets*, he had to sell things to finance new purchases.

"You know," he said one day as he showed me his well-organized files of slides and photographs of works by the artists he handles, "I just can't help myself. I am just crazy. I see something and I have to buy it. The next thing I know, trucks are delivering all kinds of things to my warehouse I will probably never sell. Last week, you know, I went to Galicia. Near Santiago de Compostela, I found a school of artists, especially sculptors in stone." He throws up his hands. "What could I do? Of course I had to buy everything. It is so *great*!" He smiles broadly and drags out the word *great* in such a way that you know he is thoroughly enjoying his "disease," as he calls his mania for collecting art and discovering and promoting new artists.

Today, a number of the artists Vijande exhibits are achieving international recognition: Chema Cobo, a painter from Seville he discovered, and "Zush," a Catalan who has forgotten his real name, both show in New York. Zush is one of his favorites because, like Vijande himself, the artist has more or less made himself up. "Oh, Zush is fabulous," Vijande remarks in admiration of the Catalan's audacity. "Zush has his own country where everyone thinks Zush thoughts. He has his own flag that stands for Zush autonomy, he has books in Zush language, and a few years ago he started printing Zush money." (I know Vijande is not exaggerating, since recently I had lunch with Zush in New York and watched the expression of *(Continued on page 130)*

Photos, top PAUL MANES, bottom Galeria Fernando Vijande, Madrid

Vijande promotes the work of contemporary Spanish artists, such as Luis Gordillo, whose "Crono-Grafo" (1984), below, combines primitivist figuration and fantasy.



Zush's "Orero Orerista" (1983), above, mixed media on paper, portrays whimsical confrontation between insect and human. Right: Juan Bordes' 1984 sculpture show.

Cartier

AUSTIN BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS CHEVY CHASE CHICAGO COSTA MESA DALLAS FT LAUDERDALE HONOLULU HOUSTON
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fernando vijande

(Continued from page 128)

incredulity on the waiter's face when the bill was paid with Zush money.)

Fernando Vijande is taller than Leo Castelli, and Spanish rather than Italian, but in his pursuits and objectives, his rather reckless but still calculated way of operating, and his international focus, there is a lot of Castelli about him. Like Castelli, he is brilliant and literary, attuned to the ways of power, a worldly sophisticate in what began as a provincial mi-

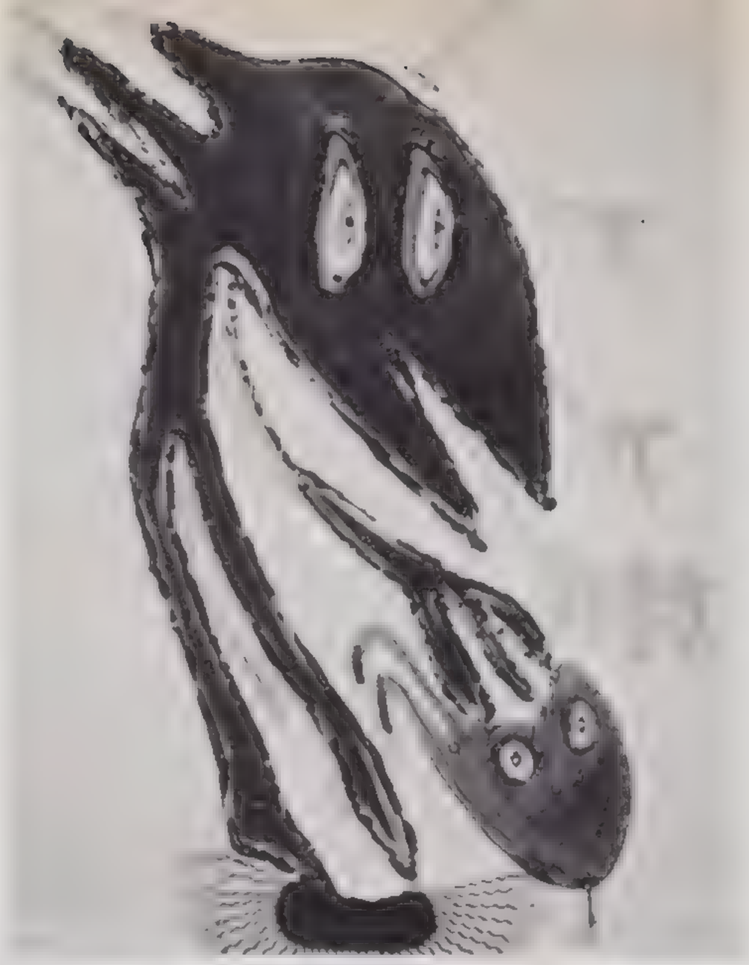
> *He was prosecuted in the Supreme Court of Spain for breaking the taboo that had endured since the Inquisition against exhibiting art with sexual themes*

lieu. For the Spain that Vijande grew up in, like the New York that Castelli found when he arrived at the outset of World War II, was cut off from Europe. And Spain was even more isolated from the sources of modern art than America. Like ambitious Americans before World War II, gifted Spaniards emigrated to Paris as soon as possible: among them were Picasso, Gonzalez, Gris, and Miró.

While the first golden age of Spanish Modernism took place in Paris, Vijande is staking everything on the idea that the second is about to happen in Spain itself. "Of course we are far behind. Forget about merchandising, packaging, marketing—Spaniards don't get it. But we have the talent; we have the raw energy, the weird fantasy, and originality that is our heritage. And now at last, we are free to express it."

Vijande was one of the first of the new breed of modern Spaniards determined to become part of the world of today. "I was lucky," he reflects on the Franco era, when the Pyrenees were a stone curtain cutting Spain off from the rest of Europe. "My mother was Belgian, so I was allowed to travel outside Spain. I learned French and English and I saw what was going on in the outside world." Bored by antiques, Vijande decided to start his own art gallery in 1970, while the Caudillo was still alive. His first shows brought down the hand of the censor and his gallery was closed by the police for exhibiting illicit art.

His first brush with the dictator was in 1971, when he organized a show of "Erotic Art in Spain." He was prosecuted in the Supreme Court of Spain for breaking the taboo



Zush's "Ogoruro," 1983, mixed media on paper

that had endured since the Inquisition against exhibiting art with sexual themes. Next he was prohibited from organizing a show of homage to Picasso on the occasion of the maestro's ninetieth birthday because Picasso still could not be exhibited in Spain. (Vijande did the show anyhow, but he called it *La Paloma*, "the dove" in Spanish, to signify Picasso without naming him.) In 1972, he organized the first Spanish show of Miró, which brought the Catalan master to Madrid for the first time since the Civil War.

The list of Vijande's "firsts" is impressive: he organized the first video show in Spain, financed Spanish artists to participate in international exhibitions such as Germany's *Documenta*, showed their work in international art fairs, brought American avant-garde performers like Charlotte Moorman, Dennis Oppenheim, Vito Acconci, and Allan Kaprow to Spain, and began an extensive program of publishing catalogues to promote the emerging Spanish avant-garde.

"My excitement is in discovery, in finding the new," Vijande says. "I saw there was a definite break from the past in the work of Luis Gordillo. He was the first to turn against abstraction and black, dark paintings and to start using figuration, fantasy and color. Gordillo really invented the current style of Spanish painting called *nueva figuración*. When I saw Gordillo's work, I knew that a new epoch had begun in Spanish painting." Since then, Vijande has indefatigably promoted Gordillo's work. Gordillo himself is an impressive intellectual in his late forties, a constant experimenter with new forms and techniques who has chosen to stay in Spain rather than emigrate to the United States. Other recent discoveries of Vijande's include the imagistic sculptors Miguel Navarro from Valencia and the immensely talented Juan Bordes, whose bronze and plaster statuettes, busts, and torsos are a searing commentary on the contemporary deformation of our classical heritage.

Expressionist, symbolic, content-laden, brilliantly crafted, they are the essence of the contemporary Spanish art Vijande is promoting: a powerful existential statement that carries the Spanish experience to the plane of universal significance. ▽

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gluttons for happiness

The American dream of good and plenty is no trivial pursuit, it is a secular religion: we spend and pray with equal fervor

By Joan Juliet Buck

M.I.T.'s Walter Dean Burnham: "The great American substitute for social revolution is murder. That's the dark underside of possessive individualism; the very thing that we celebrate."

The disputes this election year have been strangely apolitical. Whenever opponents center their debates on absolute principles of right and wrong, we the audience are left with the feeling that if they knew what they were doing, the subjects would be somewhat smaller. When the focus is upon the wombs of women and the existence of God, we know we are in the presence of some kind of annunciation. One can hope that out of such a concentration will come rebirth, but the first impression is one of unruly chaos. Walter Dean Burnham, professor of political science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is fond of quoting Yeats's "things fall apart; the centre cannot hold" from the poem "The Second Coming," which reinforces the theological flavor of the malaise.

The factual reasons for politicians to now be fixated on God and abortion can be followed through a series of positions and amendments stretching back through the years. The abstract ones are more important. The United States, because of the idealism which attended its birth, likes to think of itself as the country of the Good, where the Divine Right of kings was replaced by the Divine Rights of man. We are the land of the free, the benevolent guardian of the free world; we are citizens of a country whose main concern, over its 208 years, has been to be the good guy. Peace, fellowship, friendliness are the sentiments that our country has sought to disseminate, because that is our image. The success of Ronald Reagan, according to George Will (in the journal *Public Opinion*) is due to his effect on the mood of the country. "He is doing 'soulcraft' in an interesting way. What he communicates is a contagion of good cheer, and that is not trivial," Will says.

The issue of goodness is tied to our national ethos. In more sophisticated countries, there is no question that politicians want anything other than power. True, any political party must promise varieties of good to the electorate if it wishes to be elected; the size of the good promised tends to inflate with the degree of freedom. Reagan's astoundingly consistent cheerfulness implies that he has kept all his campaign promises, no matter what evidence there is to the contrary. The only news the Democrats have to offer is that life is unfair, a state of things which they are morally pledged to remedy. The Republicans offer unconsciousness, the Democrats utter frustration. No wonder it has been simpler to talk of wombs and God.

This is supposed to be the best place on earth. In other countries, goodness and perfection are matters best left to local priests and garden tomatoes, but the United States was founded by dissident Protestants who were heavy with the responsibility of creating the New Jerusalem. The most succinct version of the founding ethos is in David Horowitz's *The First Frontier*: "Like the Jews of Exodus, the diverse peoples of America's settlements were a 'community of fate.'...They proclaimed an ethical doctrine for mankind. ...The root of the new American nation sprang not from a common soil, or language, or inheritance of blood, but from the communal deed of its wilderness creation, and the messianic promise that justified its course."

In the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson amended Locke's three rights to Life, Liberty, and Property to read Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. Jefferson might have taken the happiness clause from the Scottish philosopher Francis Hutcheson who said the object of society was to provide the greatest happiness to the greatest number, but it also could have been purely personal optimism. The founding fervor, combined with a Declaration of Independence rooted in the enlightenment's conviction that man was good, made our country the home of perfectability. As the topology of the country itself was the object of conquest, there was no need to conquer other countries. America was distant from the old wounds of Europe, it was new, therefore pure, and above all, it was good. It weighed its gentle vastness before sliding into foreign wars, defended the oppressed, and at the close of hostilities distributed bounties to the defeated and told them to behave next time. At home, it welcomed the struggling masses. It offered people who had long relied on the afterlife for the fulfillment of hope a chance to own a home, and have rich children.

The collective identity of Americans grew out of the image of a gentle giant. Whatever class structure existed here had more to do with potential than with past: there was no limit to how high you could rise, at least in the imaginary America that occupies the minds of all Americans. Whatever local identity existed was always open to change, for to be American was to move on, putting kitchens and rocking chairs in the middle of immense flat plains. Common hope and endless possibility held us together. We were in the land of possible perfection, we were good, and the values that had made the country still held. The change in wording from "property" to "pursuit of happiness" combined to create a shadowy ideal of consumption. There, in the place of property was the elusive pursuit of happiness. Property came to stand for happiness, for everything else was open to change. The gentle giant had all the toys.

The idea of happiness is so fertile that it re sides as sugar in our foods (even in baby's for mula, which makes babies reject the les appealing natural stuff ordinary women make), as bright cars, as fun at the beach and Sunshine U, where surfers go. It cannot, perhaps, be found: but its image—that of the American smile, for we have better teeth than any other nation—is given to the world. When it comes to tangibles, we are overflowing with commodities of cheer.

Yet to ask people *(Continued on page 134)*

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gluttons for happiness

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about happiness is to produce a strange moral panic. Sartre showed how freedom disturbs people; the idea of happiness intensifies that disorder, pinning one between greed and humility. "I want everything" goes the first impulse, followed at once by "Who am I to think I can have it?" The possibility of happiness contains the same bad-luck clause as the three wishes do in fairy tales. People approach and then shy away from the very prospect of it. Mildred Newman, psychotherapist, points out that people are afraid to feel good. "If you let yourself have your feelings, one of them is bound to be happiness. But people are too guilty. When everything is going well, they have a lot of trouble with that and start thinking about the evil eye." Her husband, Bernard Berkowitz (coauthor with her of *How to Be Your Own Best Friend*), takes the more philosophical view of happiness as a by-product: "If you turn your attention to other sources of satisfaction, it will be there some of the time. But to expect it all the time is not to be in the world." This echoes John Stuart Mill's essay on epicurean Jeremy Bentham: "We think utility or happiness much too complex or indefinite an end except to be sought through the medium of various secondary ends."

There are two ways of defining happiness: the first is the religious, fundamentalist, or "good" view that "virtue alone is happiness below." The other is the hedonist, atheist, "bad" view that happiness is pleasure. Instead of "bad" one could read "blond," as in "blonds have more fun." There are those who think that happiness is a reward that must be earned, and those who think that happiness is a treat that must be grabbed.

For the first settlers, Goodness came from God, and man had to fight himself to be good. For the founders of the States, Goodness was part of the natural order. These two strains of thought continue to affect the national character. In his book *Loyalties*, Daniel Moynihan describes the difference: writing about the Peace Corps in India, he says: "The rule was, of course, Never Drink The Water. Yet sooner or later, everyone did. The day would be scorching, the temptation overwhelming, the flesh weak. At this point, the personalities I have come to think of as Calvinist would quite collapse. Having found themselves capable of sin, they would judge themselves doomed and commence to sin with abandon. Almost invariably, this brought about the doom considered predestined. By contrast, gentler souls occasionally fell into sin, but more or less readily extricated themselves—sustained by their conviction that, after all, no one is perfect, one can but try."

These deeply held attitudes of personal morality have an effect on the politics of the country. In an article in *Democracy* (a radical journal, now defunct) two years ago, Walter Dean Burnham described the changes of the 'sixties as an unraveling of the cultural sys-

tem, as a "massive shift in cultural mores toward hedonism and away from the self-repression on which capitalist accumulation must significantly depend."

It hadn't struck me before that accumulation and consumption were dependent on values rather than on ambition and wealth. President Reagan has said morality is dependent upon religion. I tend to think that it is dependent upon self-image. If you need to think of yourself as good, you will seek out values and uphold them, glorying in the chill of renunciation and postponed fulfillment. These are the people who play to God. Those whom Moynihan calls "gentler souls," leave God out of it and go shopping.

One of the interesting contradictions of the present moment is that while the Republicans have allied themselves with traditional values of family, God, home, and morality, their attitude to gratification is hedonistic. And while the Democrats have embraced all the subgroups, from homosexuals to pro-choice

> *The present religious revival is an extension of the "Me" decade*

abortion activists, and therefore appear threateningly radical, their basic attitude to wealth and consumption leans toward the old-fashioned belt tightening that is supposed to be part of our stoic heritage but in fact strikes terror in the hearts of everyone with a bank account.

Having found some enlightenment in Burnham's article, I went to visit him at M.I.T.

Walter Dean Burnham is a tall academic in his fifties with a manner that is at once ironic and—to use a truly British word—jolly. His specialty is the study of elections and voting patterns, and he has published original and intriguing papers in various scholarly journals. It was his piece in *Democracy* that set off the current heated debate about the decline of the Democratic party, which was reflected to some degree in the Institute for National Strategy round table published last summer in *The New York Review of Books*. His main concern has been Critical Realignment Theory: "An analysis," he says, "of the laws of motion and stasis in American political history: How and through what mechanisms a political system is forced to adapt to change. I work from that frame of reference of seeing how the system functions, and seeing it disintegrate, and being able to chart its disintegration on graph paper provides a context for saying what form the crisis is taking this year. What's flying through the air this time?"

"A large part of the American population wants to be good and altruistic within our tradition. Public opinion is not fundamentally ideological, except when confronted with real honest-to-God socialism or communism. Americans want to eat regularly and enjoy their fragments of the American dream, and they don't want *(Continued on page 137)*

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to see themselves going back or going down, economically and socially. When ideas aren't challenged, they recede below the threshold of consciousness; they are no longer ideas in a marketplace of ideas, they become self-evident truths, prejudices, which is an entirely different proposition. Most Americans just want to see the old order continue, and they're prepared to support anyone who promises that, as long as those promises don't conflict too strongly with reality.

"My basic feeling about Ronald Reagan's success is that he triggers, in a truly brilliant way, what you might describe as Jungian archetypes in the population, especially among the white Protestant middle classes. He plays the same role that the Emperor Augustus played in Rome: he is the *pontifex maximus* of the civil religion. Robert Bellah in 1967 made

> *Freedom disturbs people; the idea of happiness pins one between greed and humility*

the point that if you talk about a proposition, you have to have the word made flesh, you have to have a civil religion so as to have something to relate to materially. It's like the transformational symbolism of the mass that Jung wrote about. America provides it: The Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, the flag, the Fourth of July, and all the historical symbols you find: Abe Lincoln as the Christ figure in America's passion play. In his Inaugural Address, the president invokes as part of the liturgical process the images of power, liberty, freedom. God is invoked all the time, along with the eternal blessings of being an American.

"Tocqueville says one of the most sensible things the founding fathers did was adopt the first amendment separating church and state, to make sure none of those old European problems would crop up here. What we have is a kind of religious awe which links up the American destiny with a sense of chosen-ness and a sense of mission, of divine transcendence. Because of the fundamental religiosity of the American people, what this did was to give religion the maximum scope. Since religion was disestablished, there could be no one religion that was the state religion. The founding creed, dissenting Protestant Christianism, is a very specialized kind of thing. It infuses everything in ways which we don't begin to understand—when it gets loose in the country, it becomes Millenarian. Among the evangelical movements, the most radically religious sects of the country are very powerful. They tend to be very conservative, and to be oriented toward *(Continued on page 138)*

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specifically Christian, anti-communist crusades. They talk about the bomb in such a way that you can believe they are receptive to the possibility that it is the device God will use to bring about the end of the world, which in any case, they say, is not far off. That's Millenarian apocalypticism, and it creates vertigo."

Our religious intensity is so great, Burnham has written, that in a statistical comparison with other countries (based on the formula that more development means less religion) we would appear at the same level of development as Portugal or Greece. I asked Harvey Cox, the Harvard theologian (and author twenty years ago of a book called *The Secular City* which he amended this year with *Religion in the Secular City*), for his sense of the evangelical movements.

"As far as the leaders of some of these groups are concerned, it's really just a means for self-aggrandizement, building that particular kind of power block. The integrity of the message does not survive being strained through the electronic medium, and therefore I think the evangelicals may be involved in something they don't understand. There may be unattended consequences to what they are doing. The way in which the impact of religious television undercuts the local church, for instance. When you're watching Jerry Falwell on television, there're three thousand people in his church all singing, and flashy stuff going on. If you go to your little local Presbyterian church, it looks a bit tame by comparison—and TV also erodes the kind of interaction that is a necessary part of real human community. It reduces it to a show. When I was in Falwell's church, I noticed that the first part of the service, which is not on television, has a certain authentic feel; then all those lights go on and everyone is transformed into part of the show."

Burnham sees a link between the religious fervor of America and its geography: "The Hudson River Valley painters discovered the embodiment of God in Nature after they had given up the traditional symbolism. We have tornadoes, hurricanes, earthquakes; compared to sweet placid Europe, Nature here is frightful. The ice sheets came much farther south than elsewhere. There are a lot of stark extremes that affect people's characters, and produce such fictional beings as the Wizard of Oz, Ethan Frome, and Elmer Gantry."

He takes the geographic analogy further: "One of the basic aspects of American culture is that Americans do not like living in cities. We are not an urban, nor an urbane people. Americans have been pursuing as close to a rural ideal as they could afford, and that has been going on since the moment technology and transportation made it possible to do so. It's the suburban shift, the exurban shift, the rise of the Sun Belt. You want all the affluence and all the amenities, and all the power and glory of living and operating in an urban environment, but you don't want the urban environment itself.

"This is a reaction to a real underlying problem, which is that this is a nation of strangers. The archetypal images of the Western play a very large role, and they existed far before movies. The stranger rides into town, the man in white hat versus the man in the black hat, whom can you trust? This is because the United States suffers from a lack of defined social space, when compared to a European or a Japanese context. It means you don't know whom to trust, there's a lot of random violence around—the great American substitute for social revolution is murder. That's the dark underside of possessive individualism, the very thing that we celebrate.

"This lack of defined social space helps to contribute to the great red scares, and such things as McCarthyism. All things become possible—there are the alien others who have to be stamped out before they grab the local virgins."

Burnham is a vivid talker, who uses analogies with the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1914, with films, with myth. His view of the "New Ideas" bandied about this year is that "anything that would be effective would have to involve some amount of socialism to make any existential sense, and that would be against so many barriers of interest, culture, and predisposition that I can't see it happening in the future. The vast shoal of people who came out of the labor movement worked in

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steel plants and auto plants. They enjoyed middle-class incomes and were able to realize a large part of the American dream. Dissident leftist views become associated with the alien other. In the U.S., anyone who identifies with the class struggle is by definition un-American. There is no way to legitimate the idea of a class struggle in traditional American political formula. One of the few times it happened was with Huey Long in Louisiana—his statue in Baton Rouge could be that of any Third World national liberator.

"The Democrats," Burnham said, "got themselves unhorsed in 1980 because the conditions in which they could play their interest-group liberal games no longer existed. What you have now is on one side an inchoate left, and on the other a hegemonic right, and a center that has fallen apart, and cannot find a *raison d'être* because of very serious and accelerating constraints on the economic system.

"The New Deal promised that government was part of the solution to terrible problems of economic collapse, but it wasn't the New Deal that solved unemployment, it was World War II. The New Deal policy never got its economic act together, there was no good theory of any kind. It was just a question of giving temporary assistance on a colossal scale."

The most conventional view Burnham holds is that the war eliminated unemployment and produced economic growth. He sees America's subsequent boom as due to "the shattering of all rival economic systems" rather than to any particular talent of our own. "The tension is between accumulation and consumption. You need to accumulate capital, you need to plough profits back into the business, you've got to have Victorian standards of ego and instinctual renunciation to make you save it for the kids, save it for your old age. You can't have a nice orgy all the time, you have to get on with the task of preparing for the future. On the other hand, you can't run a purely investment-savings-accumulation strategy—if everyone is busy renouncing all the time, when are they going to consume anything? If they don't consume anything what happens? Profit rates need to be kept up to permit the system to reproduce itself.

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"This was part of the problem of getting out of the Great Depression. Traditional laissez-faire had the constant problem of maintaining adequate levels of well-being among the bulk of the population to make it possible for them to consume enough to keep the show on the road. Welfare economics is not just handing stuff out to the poor, it's also keeping the wheels of industry turning. Moral philosophy and self-interest tended to merge. Remember that, originally, economics were a branch of moral philosophy."

Burnham describes how the commodities of the middle-class dream were made possible after World War II by such government-aided methods as easy credit terms: those who had lived through the Depression now worked hard and got everything they wanted. The founding ethos remained healthy through that period.

"Hedonism," said Burnham, "came on the scene with TV, with the 'sixties, with the children of affluence whose parents had been well socialized to engage in renunciatory behavior. Then people began to ask the forbidden question, why should we bust our backs all the time—we don't need to do that anymore. By the 'seventies, consumption was running beyond what the country could afford. All the buzzards came home to roost in Carter's administration, and Carter didn't have the faintest clue what was going on.

"In a modern industrial economy, you have three basic theoretical ways to go: there are socialist developments involving such things as socialist democracies, with state control over the flight of capital. There's a straightforward old-time religion, back to Calvin Coolidge—"America's business is God's business." Or there's the position of let's not make hard choices, let's not make any choices at *(Continued on page 143)*

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gluttons for happiness

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all, let's just throw money at it.''

Throwing money at problems is the cliché of old-fashioned liberal attitudes; asking God to step in is, oddly, the more modern, conservative approach.

Harvey Cox sees the present religious revival as an extension of the self-actualization movements of the 'seventies, or ''Me'' decade. ''In many ways, the religious boom is a kind of poor man's version of some of the things that are expressed in the therapy counterculture—the idea that one can have this experience, and have it right now, and be very secure, and saved, and ready to go. I think the original notion of human life as an expression of a community, of a family, or a village, in which there's some loyalty and some involvement in the destiny and meaning of the whole community gets lost in this individualistic notion.''

At the moment, we are seeking answers to pressing questions that we cannot allow ourselves to define because our world view does not allow us to think of the present, or our country, in terms other than those in which it was first described, and thus founded. The tension between goodness and self-interest was expressed by the former Governor of California Jerry Brown, in an interview with Richard Falk for *The World Policy Journal:* ''We need a positive view, a positive perspective, a positive philosophy. Unfortunately, when we talk about compassion, people see the welfare state. When we talk about maintaining the way of life of workers in basic industries, people see the protection of noncompetitive enterprises. When we talk about preserving ecological quality, people see red tape and government on their backs. When we talk about equality of opportunity, people see big brother manipulating and interfering with the dynamic of individual initiative and the marketplace.''

Walter Dean Burnham presents the idea that there may be profound contradictions between capitalism and Democracy. America's credo rests on democracy, private property, individual liberty, and religion. We believe in all four things at the same time, and we insist that there can be no contradiction among any of them.''

A little book I found one time in San Francisco counseled that the greatest test is to hold contradictory ideas in one's head at the same time. No wonder, really, that these days we are spending and praying in equal amounts. When Harvey Cox points out that for the ancient Greeks the pursuit of happiness would seem very strange, for their only pursuit was virtue, it becomes a little clearer. Thanks to Jefferson, we are committed to happiness—but we no longer have a clear idea of what happiness means. Right now we find our wishes blocked by the contradictions of the founding imperatives: to serve God, or to help ourselves. What is needed is not a new form of politics: it is a redefinition of virtue. ▽

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Agnes Gund Saalfield's personal best—

Abstract Expressionism meets Minimal art,

and has a good time **By Mary Ann Tighe**

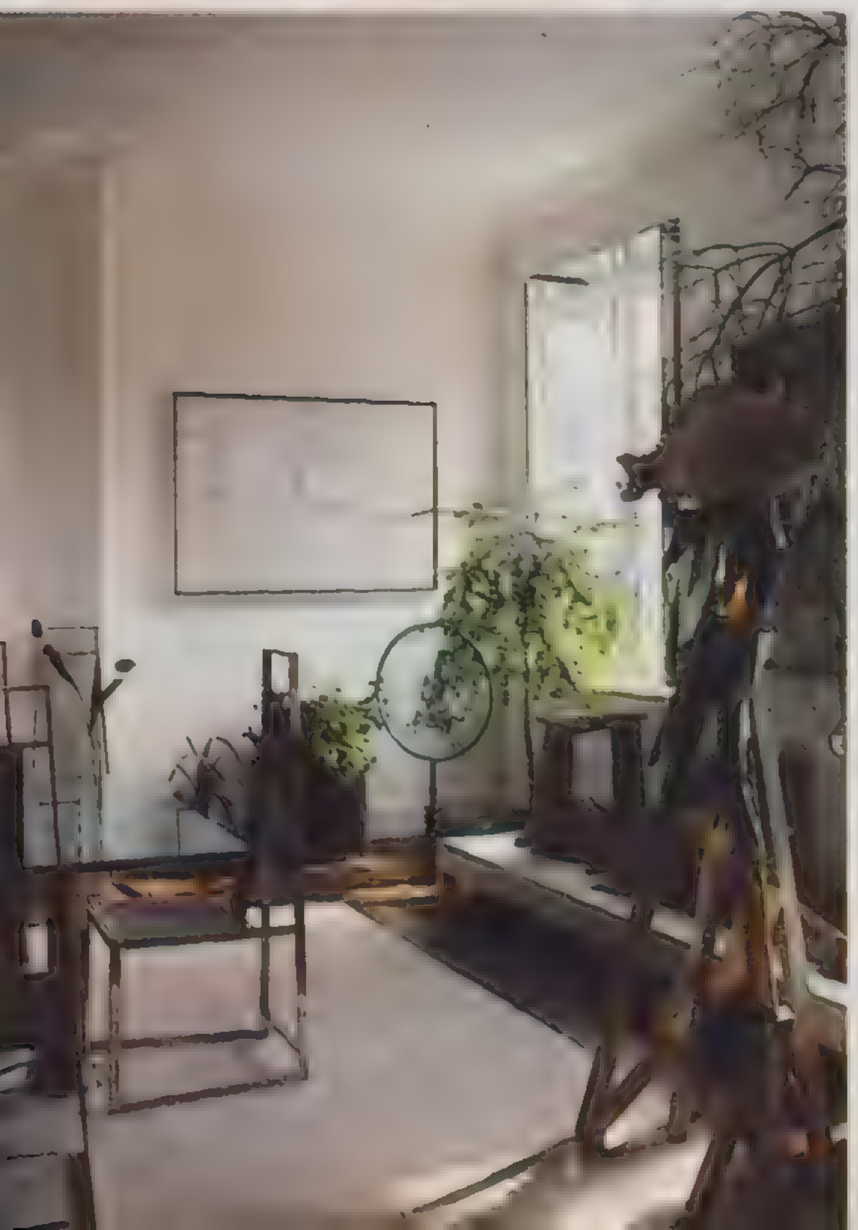
There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, that when avant-garde artist Marcel Duchamp had to state his occupation for some bureaucratic form, he wrote in the designated space "Seeing." Though she isn't a painter or sculptor, the same could be said of Agnes Gund Saalfield. Whether on a grand or an intimate scale, serving as a trustee of New York City's Museum of Modern Art, donating important contemporary art to various American museums, overseeing the activities of Studio in a School—the art-education program she founded—or sending flowers to friends for no reason other than to share the beauty of their color and form, Saalfield's preferred mode of knowing is the visual.

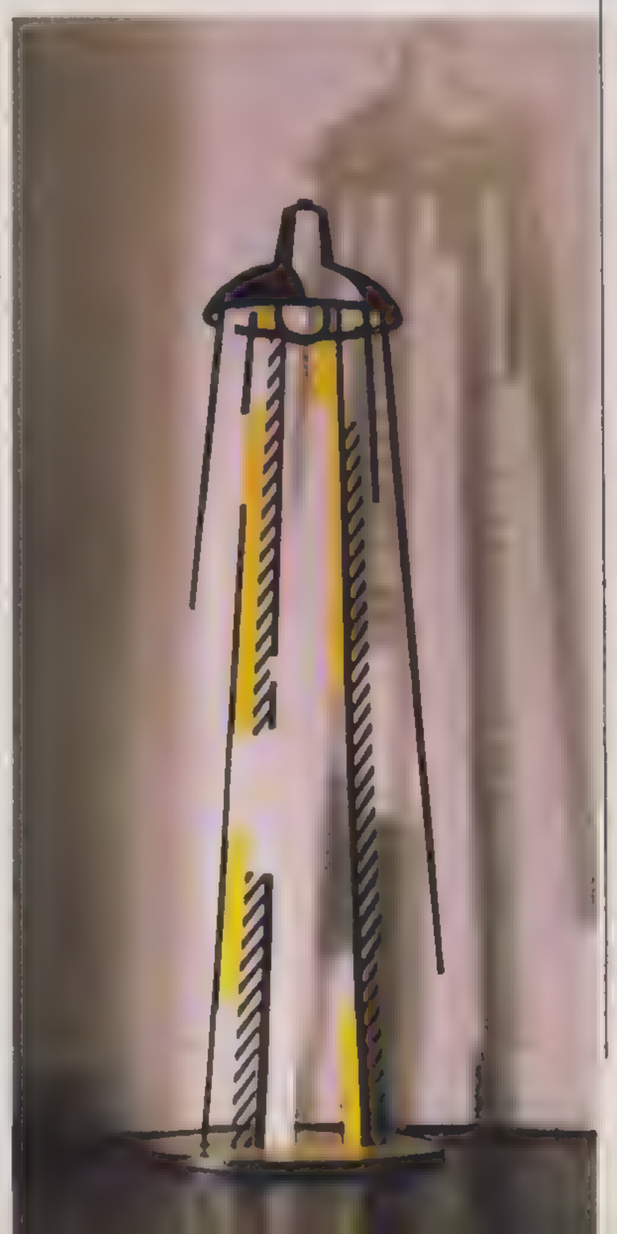
Even more than art, Agnes Saalfield's life is about people. First comes family, and then, according to Whitney Museum of American Art curator Patterson Sims, "her tremendous capacity for friendship." As might be expected, this quality is given visible form. While many collectors of contemporary art prefer pristine environments, Saalfield's rambling New York apartment is collaged with evidence of her close relationships. Dozens of photos (including those of her eleven godchildren) clutter every table. One huge surface in the kitchen is devoted to a constantly evolving display of postcards, notes, pictures, all manner of affectionate remembrances from pals. In her bedroom, along with several wonderful paintings, there is a large, soft "Gund" teddy bear (Saalfield is no relation to the manufacturer or the bear), a needlepoint pillow with her name embroidered and other trinkets testifying to her army of fans.

In the office of her apartment, there is a file for each of Saalfield's artworks, an idiosyncratic but first-rate group of objects that ranges from paintings by the Abstract Expressionist masters through Pop Art and Minimal pieces, to of-the-moment, as yet unlabeled manifestations of the contemporary art scene. There are also files for her four children (aged thirteen through twenty), her five siblings and their families, an assortment of friends, and her various philanthropic endeavors. There is no file for herself, no collection of clippings. The woman whom architect, friend, and fellow collector Philip Johnson describes as "one of the best eyes on the Museum of Modern Art board. . . that rare combination of the eye to go with the wealth, and the energy to go with both" is nervous about public exposure, fearing that the emphasis will be misplaced, focusing on her as a person rather than the causes to which she is devoted.

Self-aggrandizement or the strong materialistic sense of ambitious art acquisitors doesn't seem to be part of Saalfield's makeup. Instead, a solid Midwestern sense of higher purpose guides her. Though clearly it's fun to possess such treasures and to move in the higher realms of the cultural community, there is no frivolity in her approach. Patterson Sims puts it concisely: "Aggie has an amateur's unbridled affection for art coupled with a scholar's dedication. She feels that at this stage of her life her greatest contribution can be as a volunteer, and she takes that responsibility very, very seriously."

If such a trait can be passed on geneti- *(Continued on page 150)*





Above right: Sol LeWitt's circle wall-painting (1977) forms a Minimalist halo around Agnes Saalfield. Above left: Arshile Gorky's "Housatonic Falls" (1943), it was Gorky's painting that stimulated Saalfield to acquire art. Under the painting, two stone pieces by Louise Bourgeois, given to Saalfield when the artist came for a visit. In the dining room, left: Cy Twombly's "Settebello" (1959) on the far wall. In the foreground, architect Frank O. Gehry's fish lamp (the eyes light up!) perched on a wooden tripod. Right: Roy Lichtenstein's "Lamp II" (1977).

ERIC KROLL Details, last pages

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agnes gund saalfield

(Continued from page 146)

cally, the Gund chromosomes carry a predisposition for art collecting. Agnes' father, Cleveland businessman George Gund, hung Western art in the family home, and since his death, these objects have been on continuous national tour. One of her brothers, architect Graham Gund, has assembled a highly regarded collection of modern work. Yet there's no consistent family point of view. Agnes Saalfield needed to discover her own vision. "What's striking about her," asserts artist Jasper Johns, "is that she follows her own inclination. She's not interested in being controlled by others—she's a seriously independent lady."

"One of the reasons I started Studio in a School was that, as a child, I was so inhibited about making art." Saalfield is sitting in her chocolate-brown library, a big, white Sol LeWitt circle—one of two pieces of art painted directly on the walls of this room—frames her head, like a Minimalist's version of a halo. "My brothers, sister, and I always spent our Saturday mornings in art classes at the Cleveland Museum—I remember we all went to skating club on Friday night and riding classes on Saturday afternoon after the museum, always the same routine. I wasn't any good at the art, and the more I was told I couldn't do it, the more I couldn't do it. It was so frustrating."

Under art historian Sarah MacLennan's tutelage at Miss Porter's School, Agnes began the process of learning to look. By the time she was at Connecticut College, she was buying drawings and prints, "a Miró print that I still have, a Picasso, a Matisse woodcut, some less familiar names too, but, generally, easy, simple, known artists."

In 1963, she married and for a number of years family life was all-consuming. From 1964 to 1966, the Saalfields lived in Australia, in those days a country far removed from the international cultural scene. It was only after her return to Cleveland that Saalfield began to consider a more intense involvement in art. "I didn't have any confidence at first that I could choose. But a funny thing happened. We had to go through Dad's Western collection to decide what to keep. There were about eight pictures that I thought had to go. But there was no reason to trust my judgment, so we got an expert to look it over. When he reported back, he'd picked the exact same pieces that I had."

It was the experience of Arshile Gorky's work that had a galvanizing impact on Saalfield as a collector. Both this artist and the collector had lost their mothers when they were young and perhaps the shared experience of this trauma stirred something in Agnes. Whatever the reason, she now asserts that it was Gorky's paintings that stimulated her to acquire art, to introduce its transformational effect into her daily life. Ironically, she already owned several major pieces before she

A "Studio in a School" in session: students at P.S. 164 in Brooklyn, New York, make woodblock prints as Mrs. Saalfield looks on.

was able to buy a Gorky (now she has two paintings, and one drawing), since his works are extremely rare, almost never available on the market.

Among the popular misconceptions about art collecting is the notion that all it really requires is a healthy bank balance and access to knowledgeable advisors. In fact, the opportunity to buy the best is available only to a very select group of collectors. There just aren't enough museum-quality examples to go around; and, when such objects do appear on the market, dealers and the artists themselves are most particular about where they go. It matters, for instance, that the piece be in good company—collectors who already have important paintings and sculpture of comparable quality. This proves to the art community that the collector "means business," isn't merely a speculator, and, most probably, will ultimately promise some or all of the art to a museum. From the artist's point of view, it's comforting to know that the result of his or her creative efforts has found a happy home and isn't being treated like a fungible asset.

This is, of course, part of the unspoken, unwritten art-world code. Agnes Saalfield, however, was lucky—the sort of good fortune that comes from doing one's homework, pursuing a goal with earnest intelligence. While still in her twenties, she came to know collectors, curators, and artists through her activities in Cleveland's art world. One collector in particular recognized Agnes' seriousness of purpose. Emily Tremaine, who together with her husband Burton has one of the great collections of twentieth-century art, became a Saalfield mentor. Agnes became the youngest member of the prestigious International Council of the Museum of Modern Art, in 1967, after Mrs.Tremaine suggested her for the board. Mrs. Tremaine took Agnes to artists' studios, including Mark Rothko's where Saalfield bought the magnificent painting that hangs in her living room today.

Even before, Emily Tremaine had made her protégé aware of *(Continued on page 154)*

ERIC KROLL

Ω

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agnes gund saalfield

(Continued from page 150)

an important body of objects that were being offered privately for sale. From this group, Saalfield made three significant purchases: a Jasper Johns, a Bradley Walker Tomlin, and a Franz Kline. The quality of these paintings was so exemplary that she was launched. "Because I had the Johns, I was offered the Rauschenberg," recalls Saalfield. So her collection, reputation, and involvement grew.

Most collectors tend to narrow their focus as soon as their intentions become serious, consciously trying to amass a definitive group of objects representing a particular tendency or sensibility and thereby carving out their sliver of immortality. From the start, Agnes Saalfield decided against this approach. "I wasn't going to form a collection that I was going to house in a museum, or in a wing of its own. I didn't think the world needed that, and I also knew that then I'd have to collect things I didn't love but that filled in historical gaps. I just want things I really love."

"I didn't want to form a collection to house in a museum, I didn't think the world needed that"

Saalfield takes the more difficult, gutsier route. There is no system or master plan to camouflage mistakes. Each selection must stand on its own merits. It also carries the additional responsibility of providing for the pieces' ultimate disposition on a one-by-one basis, rather than willing it all to one institution.

The result of this singular approach is proof that if the level of quality is consistent, unlikely combinations can happily coexist. "Look at what she's done," exults Patterson Sims. "Kelly and Guston, De Kooning and Warhol—side by side! The Jackson Pollock is near the LeWitt because they are both about line. And her eccentric choices—the Larry Rivers, the Mary Frank ceramic sculpture, that great Wayne Thiebaud—the possibilities just expand if you look at things in an informed way."

Saalfield's first commission was a high-risk venture. In 1972, she asked the then controversial sculptor Claes Oldenburg to make what was at that time the largest and most complicated piece he'd ever undertaken—a twelve-foot baseball mitt holding a ball. The concept had been rejected by the town of Lansing, Michigan, where Oldenburg was to have done a public sculpture; but Saalfield embraced the idea as perfect for her site, a grove of tall evergreens behind her home in Greenwich, Connecticut. Over the years, the giant mitt has moved with the family—to Massachusetts in 1976, and to New York City in 1981, where it is on exhibition at Wave Hill, a public garden in the Riverdale section of The Bronx. Like most of Saalfield's collection, the Oldenburg piece resonates with personal as well as art historical associations. As she talks about it, Saalfield pulls books and catalogues off the library shelves, shows snapshots of the work at its various locations, identifies the foundry workers in the photos, remembers incidents connected with the sculpture's travels. "This piece is like a person, a family friend. We did a lot with it and around it, saw it in different weather, lights, and times. The children sort of grew up in relation to it. We learned a lot about art from this commission."

Among the unpleasant things the family learned was that not everyone shared their enthusiasm. When the sculpture first went up in Greenwich, Oldenburg was interviewed by the newspapers and he mentioned its cost. "People came up to us and said that it was disgusting spending that sort of money on art," Agnes recalls, still shaken by the memory. "They actually didn't speak to me because of it. They didn't understand that the sculpture is held by the owner as a public trust. The collector is only the conduit."

An incident like this, along with her own observations and reflections about art in American life made Saalfield decide to involve herself in the socio-political side of the art world. In 1980, she earned a master's degree from Harvard University, for which she did a paper comparing the funding structure and public-education system of three museums. "What I really wanted to explore was how, in order to raise money, museums are made to do things that aren't at the core of their purpose, like a hamster running on one of those wheels. They try to pull people in on glamour, like the Tutankhamen show which I refused to go to."

Troubled by the seeming inability of Americans to respond to art on its own terms rather than to the hype surrounding it, Saalfield sought a way to contribute to the solution of this problem. In 1977, she began Studio in a School. Studio is a project that brings working artists into public schools, to those who might never encounter art; and there the artists teach classes, interact with students, faculty, parents. But what began as a private cause is now a public institution, receiving support from public and private foundations, last year serving seventeen thousand students, employing twenty-eight artists, and growing. A careful administrator, Saalfield has kept overhead low and worked out a clever system that gradually requires each school to assume more and more of the cost for their own Studio facility. They remain committed to art as part of their educational program, even while Studio is able to redirect its funds to other schools, and keep expanding the impact of the operation. For Saalfield, the role that Studio plays in the lives of these children is as critical as any other aspect of their development. "Art increases your awareness of all sorts of things—people, buildings, nature. It enables children to have their own awareness of what life can be. It helps them to see for themselves."

Clearly, it has done just that for Saalfield. Art has taught her how to choose, how to give form to thought and feelings. ▽

Helen Z

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EILEEN WEST

Q&A

Using the new haircolor mousses... oily skin solutions... new life for feet

Q I'd like to try the new haircolor mousses. They seem easy to use; are they?

A Yes, if you remember one rule: the more you use, the more intense the color will be, according to John Sebastian, president, Sebastian International, makers of "Fizz-In Colour" mousses. So start with a little. "Color mousses are great for women who want to experiment with hair color, but don't want to make a commitment to it; the color will last only until the next shampoo," says Sebastian.

Best way to apply? "Squirt on a wide-toothed comb, and comb it through shampooed, towel-dried hair. Let hair dry naturally or blow-dry," says Sebastian. For a total change, apply color mousse all over hair; for highlights, use it just on portions of hair (sides, bangs, for example); or use different colors at the same time, "black opal on sides to give hair depth, amber on top to make hair look longer," suggests Sebastian. For softer color, blend a color mousse with a neutral one before applying.

Mousses won't make hair look lighter. They blend well with grey hair, but don't totally cover it. Tip: To prevent possible color run-off from rain or heavy perspiration, use hairspray on hair after mousse has dried.

(Note: Because mousse colors are vegetable-based, most women won't have any reaction to them; but if you have a history of contact allergies, be sure to do a patch test—see "HealthStyle Q&A," page 394.)

Q My skin is oily, large-pored. How can I make it look smoother, less shiny?

A While severe or persistent adult acne warrants a visit to a dermatologist, and may require treatment with drugs, good hygiene habits can help minimize many oily skin problems. "Begin by using a cleansing soap that's designed for oily skin twice a day," suggests Norman Orentreich, M.D., clinical associate professor of dermatology, NYU Medical Center. "Exfoliating lotions also help to remove dead surface skin, soak up oil, temporarily tighten pores. Choose a lotion containing either benzoyl peroxide, sulfur, resorcin, or salicylic acid." (Clinique's Clarifying Lotion is one containing the last ingredient.) Use only water-based cosmetics and moisturizers, powder and gel blushers, sunscreen gels, not creams. "Do the paper test," suggests Dr. Orentreich. "Put a small amount of a product on white paper. Wait an hour or so for the water to dry out. If an 'oil patch' remains, the product is greasy, and you shouldn't use it."

If you also have oily hair, wash it frequently—even daily, or less frequently with a medicated shampoo if needed. Avoid shampoos that increase scalp oiliness such as those containing selenium sulfide (unless needed for their anti-dandruff benefit), warns Dr. Orentreich.

Q How can I keep my feet looking, feeling good in this frantic season?

A "Have a pedicure monthly," says Gloria Barragan, pedicurist for Dorit Baxter Salon, NYC. "Use a pumice stone, moisturize feet daily so calluses don't grow back, feet stay soft."

A good pedicure should take an hour, says Gloria, include foot and calf massage, cleaning and trimming of cuticles and nails, and polish application. "I use a cuticle clipper on toenails—except the big toe, which tends to form ingrown nails—to give a very slightly rounded effect. Toenails tend to have more ridges than fingernails, but using a ridge filler as a base coat makes nails smooth for polishing." (Appealing new polishes: Moisture Mist Nail Enamel by Shiseido; Maybelline's Long Wearing Nail Colors.)

Massage to revive weary, overworked feet: foot reflexology. Reflexologists claim that pressure applied to specific acupressure points on feet releases tension there, as well as in other parts of the body that correspond to areas of the foot. For instance, according to reflexologists: the big toe reflects sensations in your head; your heel, the abdomen and pelvis. Whether you believe this or not, the reflexology foot massage available at il-Makiage, NYC, is delightful. ▽

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FITNESS "ON THE RUN"
For most busy women, frequent travel poses the biggest threat to established fitness and diet habits. An "abbreviated" travel exercise program is one solution. "It helps to keep you in 'balance,' " says NYC exercise expert Alison Pearl, founder of Feelgreat Exercise Systems; "but keep in mind that a *short* routine will *not* keep you in shape or be a long-term substitute for a *complete* and *regular* fitness program. The real benefits of fast exercise: it keeps you in touch with your body, helps to maintain fitness habits, and helps you to relax." . . . If you're in good shape, Pearl recommends five minutes of rope jumping which works the cardiovascular system better than a run and keeps leg muscles toned. For the less fit: try a brisk walk for a minimum of twenty minutes. To stretch/strengthen the entire body—at least a little—try these exercises with your doctor's okay. Do each eight times.

1. **Lower back, hamstrings:** Lie on back and slowly bring knees to chest, return feet to floor. With arms at sides, knees bent to chest, put knees to right side and head to left to twist spine. Return and reverse.
2. **Abdominals:** With feet firmly on floor, knees bent, raise body to a 60° angle above floor; press down abdominals and hold; lower body to about 45° and hold; raise.
3. **Abdominals, arms:** Sit on floor, extend right leg to side, bend left leg (with sole against right inner thigh). Bend torso from waist, stretching left arm overhead toward right side. Hold for 16 counts; reverse.
4. **Arms:** Do a modified push-up—on bended knees or against wall—with hands below shoulders. Bring elbows straight back toward ribs.
5. **Shoulders:** Circle them forward, up, back, and down.
6. **Hamstrings:** Standing with feet apart, hang over toward floor; put weight on the balls of feet. Do not lock knees. Roll back up.

MICHEL COMTE

luxury de-stressing

This is the one time of year when almost every woman feels stressed, when days are packed and hours to relax are few. One de-stress idea, a perfect gift to give yourself: an at-home massage, done by an expert, to boost circulation, decrease fatigue, soothe tired muscles before an evening out. Because every masseuse/masseur has a different touch, your choice is personal. According to NYC massage therapist Stephen Colangelo (212/673-7057), "A consultation is important because you should use someone who is not only licensed but who does the type of massage best for you—and your body type." (The bonier, less muscled you are, the "lighter" the hand needed.) For women who prefer a deeper, stronger, more pressured massage, NYC shiatsu expert Kaz Kitazawa comes to your home (212/580-2591).

Some women find an at-home massage beneficial, luxurious; others find it less relaxing. The difference is usually the *environment*, which should always be quiet, undistracting. Wherever massage is done, it's important not to run off immediately afterward but to give body and mind time to drift back to its fully alert state.

Another de-stress option: Stress Reduction Through Movement classes—by dancer/choreographer Elinor Coleman—which concentrate on analyzing stress's causes, help to release tension through simple exercises, proper breathing techniques (153 Mercer Street, NYC).

Gift certificates for exercise: NYer Debbie Dunn brings personalized classes to you (212/734-4050).

OUTDOOR EXERCISERS: Good safety advice from the American Running and Fitness Association. Always wear identification. Be alert and aware. Let someone know when and for how long you're going out. When running, walking, etc., know your route to avoid desolate areas; but vary your routine so you can't be spotted regularly.

FUN for the less "fitness-inclined": muslin dolls—the Thin Thinker, Fitness Fan, Young Thinker—labeled with conscience goaders ($9.50 ppd., C.W. Jollies, Box 924, Council Bluffs, IA 51502).

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HAIR NOW

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A stylist's stylist, a master of line, Christiaan—NY's freelance hair man —is looked to for direction, innovation

Each season, the shape, the line, the length of hair changes, sometimes subtly, at other times more dramatically....The testing ground: fashion runways, where new styles—collaborations between designer and hairstylist—offer unique opportunities to look at hair in relation to new fashion proportions. One of the top stylists and true innovators is Christiaan, *left*, whose work is seen in Vogue as well as on the fashion runways of the world's top designers. Whether you like his hairstyles or not, you'll always note his trademarks: his cuts have definition, powerful line; they are looks that reflect a woman's *confidence*, says one Vogue editor. But they're not for every woman. In fact, at times, they border on the eccentric, done very much for effect.

Another Vogue editor adds, "Christiaan is a designer of hair. He treats hair like a piece of fabric—with attention to texture, shape, versatility." His special value: "He's always thinking ahead, always sensitive to change and aware of what's happening both in the fashion world and on the street."

His sensitivity to a designer's collection, to a particular season also makes Christiaan a favorite of fashion designers. He's done runway shows for everyone from the avant-garde Rei Kawakubo of Commes des Garçons to the more classic clothes of Anne Klein and Bill Blass. Christiaan's talent, says Rei Kawakubo, is in his ability to understand an entire collection rather than focus on single pieces.

***Above and left:* At Bill Blass, Christiaan pins a grey streak into Iman's hair "for fun." "He's a great substitute for hats!" says Blass.**

Although some of Christiaan's runway looks can be startling innovations, his advice to women is always sensible, practical

Christiaan's "trademark": the wrapped head, *right*, allows him to redirect hair into tails he pulls back, *above*, at Bill Blass, or forward, *far right*, at Commes des Garçons.

The result, on the Commes des Garçons runway this fall: hair with overall presence, strong line, forward movement, some freedom... Adds Bill Blass, "He respects the collection and treats the show as a fashion show, not a hair show."

Though much of Christiaan's work wouldn't be worn by most women—or even models—he is watched by stylists all over the world for guidelines, for seasonal direction, innovation. Here, some of his thoughts on style...

(Continued on page 170)

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HAIR NOW

(Continued from page 168)

Determining a hair look today has to do not only with the degree of confidence a woman has about her looks but also with the extent to which she asserts herself with her stylist and knows how *she* wants to look.

For a long time, completely "natural"-looking hair has had a place, says Christiaan. The goal: "Being at ease with your hair, not overworking it or fighting it. It was a new beginning for hair when it happened several years ago. Today, though, I see women on the street with a wonderful sense of style about themselves, their clothes, but their hair seems to be outdated; it's not overdone, but *under*done. Hair no longer needs to be left 'natural' and look ignored. Hair *should* have character, be styled to be stronger, sharper, more modern.

"Women must learn to assert themselves with their stylists and know how they want their hair to look, with as much decisiveness and sense of style as they have when choosing clothing."

Where does a woman get ideas? "A magazine is like a book of 'appeal,' " says Christiaan. "Those images which appeal to a woman should give her a *sense* of what she wants, as well as the general direction of style. There is enough choice available today so that every woman no longer needs to get the style of the 'moment.' The actual haircut deserves a great deal of a woman's thought *before* she goes into the salon."

The most important question: length? According to Christiaan, although a longer length naturally follows a season of short hair, he doesn't see it happening now; clothes, life style, work style fit in perfectly with shorter hair. "Length, now, should come toward the face—with longer layers from the crown that have more volume . . . Hair should move *toward* the face but not beyond it."

What's new, what's coming . . . in cut and style? Two new directions, according to Christiaan: "Very short, sculpted, 'capped' hair—an updated Josephine Baker look but more fun, forward, and carelessly short . . . Or, for more length, a 'curtain' of hair flirting around the face.

"Part of the creative process of cutting hair has to do with its lines. Until recently, hair's line was determined from the outer, bottom layers of hair as it was cut. Now, we actually can cut into the hair and redesign it." The newest technique: an updated version of his innovative "buzz": some hair is cut very short, very smooth against the head to give remaining hair clearer line; for example, around the ear where wisps get in the way, along the hairline of the forehead so upper layers can fall evenly . . . For the more adventurous, there's double-cut/double-length hair—hair cut very short in some sections, longer in others. Says Christiaan, "I don't think hair length has to be the same on all sides of the head anymore. To achieve a style, I look at the growth pattern of a woman's hair and her mannerisms. If a long segment falls attractively, I won't cut it. The practical motion of moving hair off the face indicates to me that a woman could cut that side shorter . . . Shortening sections—whether drastically for effect or just on under layers, may offer newer styling options than the single-length cut; the sections remaining are lighter, easier to handle, can move in more directions." ▽

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letter from paris: eric rohmer

On the surface, his subject appears small—the intimate moments of life, our vanities, our self-deceptions, our love affairs—and yet he's France's most fertile film director

By Edmund White

"My actors are remarkable," says Rohmer. In "Full Moon in Paris," Pascale Ogier plays her prideful character with a dazzling honesty

Eric Rohmer is, along with Godard, the most powerful theoretical mind in the French cinema—and its most fertile director. What makes his work particularly fresh and striking is that it avoids the bleak uncertainties of so many serious directors in favor of the pierce and parry of classic comedy. Classic, but also as relevant as tomorrow's headlines. In his recent films, Rohmer has dissected such new themes as a young woman's attempt to instigate a romance with an older man *(Le Beau mariage)*, the induction of an adolescent girl into adult sexual hypocrisies *(Pauline at the Beach)*, and the conflict a young woman feels between the rival claims of security and adventure *(Full Moon in Paris)*.

Yet when I met Rohmer in his Paris office, I had a hard time reconciling this trendy creator with the thin, austere man of sixty-four who never smiled and never once looked me in the eye. I had not been allowed to bring a photographer along, nor was I permitted to ask "merely personal" questions. The office was small and plain as was the man himself in his flannel shirt and old corduroy jacket—more the prototype of the campus philosopher than the toast of the Venice Film Festival, where his star, Pascale Ogier, was named Best Actress this year for *Full Moon*.

We were far from the glitz of show biz and Hollywood. As Rohmer spoke, usually with eloquence and ease but sometimes pausing for as long as a minute to locate the exact word, I recalled that he had once been the editor of *Cahiers du cinéma* and that his collected critical essays, going as far back as 1948, were recently published in a volume called *The Taste for Beauty (Le Goût de la beauté)*.

When I asked Mr. Rohmer if the quicksilver contemporaneousness of his dialogue could be attributed to improvisation, he said, "No. I write a text and the actors learn it. There may be some improvisations on the set. That was specially true of my films of the 1960s. But these days, I usually write a script far in advance of the shooting. In the cinema, of course, the text is never sacred."

In *Full Moon in Paris*, Louise is living in the suburbs with Rémi, a stable, somewhat lackluster lover, but she longs to explore Paris. She somehow feels she can have it both ways—can continue her affair but also maintain a *pied à terre* in town. This situation provokes a number of painful and comic confrontations.

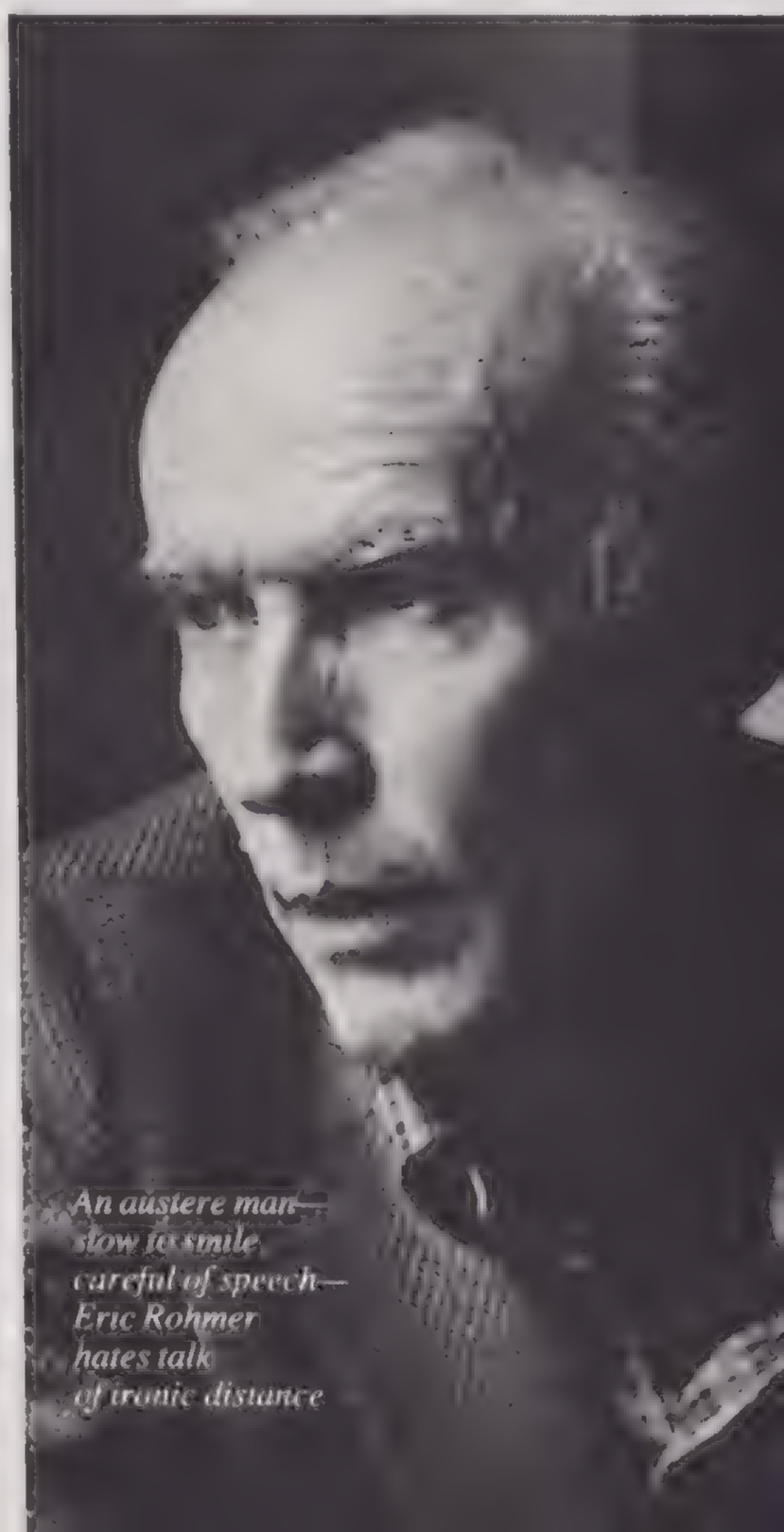
Why were the shots so long in *Full Moon*? "My actors," he said with a dry flicker of pride, "are remarkable. They're capable of endurance. Clever editing can make bad actors look good, but there are some emotions that can be shown only in a sustained sequence. If someone's starting to cry, you mustn't cut. I prefer to show an actor passing from sad to gay and back to sad. I love the *ends* of scenes, those moments when the scene ordinarily might have ended but it goes on."

How does Rohmer the scenarist feel about his characters? "In *Full Moon* there's a certain amount of pathos, a dose of irony—but it's not bitter. I dislike it when people discuss the ironic distance in my films. I don't feel distant; I look at my characters with sympathy. Not that I *identify* myself with them—that would be phony. No, I respect them. I have a deep respect for my characters. In all my movies, the characters deceive themselves *and* they're aware of it, but they don't want to admit their self-deception. The character Pascale plays wants to persuade herself that the concession Rémi makes in letting her fix up her own Paris apartment will turn out well. All my characters believe they'll reach their goal. But they're not completely foolish—they're too intelligent for that. At first I thought I would devote each of my recent films to a different deadly sin. But it was impossible. Envy and jealousy, for instance, are in all of the films although not each sin is in each character. In Pascale's character, Louise, for instance, there's the sin of pride, whereas Fabrice Luchini's character [Louise's platonic friend Octave] is more ironic."

It had struck me when I saw *Full Moon* that even the colors had been carefully selected, as though by a painter. Rohmer lit up, went to his bookshelf and pulled down several of his recent scripts to show me. "Each movie has its own color scheme, which I sketch in with felt-tip pens on the cover, as you can see. In *Pauline on the Beach*, it was white with strokes of red and blue. With *Full Moon*, I superimposed colors on a grey or black background. That's almost the first idea I usually have about a film, and it comes to me long before I choose the cinematographer."

Wasn't it remarkable that his star, Pascale Ogier, had also designed the sets for the film?

"I often begin with a place, a room. In *Le Beau mariage* there *(Continued on page 176)*



An austere man—slow to smile, careful of speech—Eric Rohmer hates talk of ironic distance

Top ERICA LENNARD, bottom, DANIEL BOUDINET

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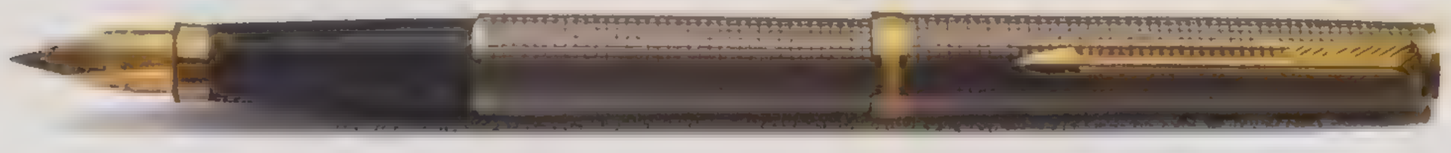

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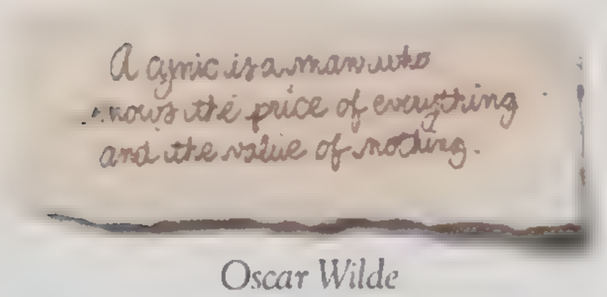

Oscar Wilde

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PARKER

eric rohmer

(Continued from page 174)

was the girl's room in her mother's house. I borrow details from reality. I don't start with some general idea but with the particular—a place. Not that the room is *the* sole point of inspiration—there's the convergence of a place with two or three characters: that's the source of inspiration. In *Full Moon in Paris* the young woman's Paris *pied-à-terre* wasn't rigged up by a professional scenery designer. Pascale, the actress, chose everything, bought everything. She bought all the accessories. And it's obvious that the character she plays *believes* in this room—it's the *truth*. I wanted to avoid a *film de décorateur*, the sort in which the director has fun shooting a lavish set."

In one of his essays, Rohmer once wrote, "My work . . . is restricted to a vast combining operation . . . I don't even invent, rather I combine certain primary elements, few in number, as a chemist might." I asked him if he still saw his work in such a light. "There's certainly a whole range of things I *don't* show in my films. No tragedy, violence, death, crime, adventure, exotic locales, or politics. And the elements I do work with I often return to—the relationship to a room or an apartment, say. Of course, by restricting the elements in your research, you can come up with more interesting results. To get rich, you must make yourself poor: less is more. Not that I believe in a purely mathematical exploration of a set of combinations (though it is an ancient practice, one known to playwrights specially, including Plautus and Terence, and Shakespeare worked out many combinations in the comedies). But a computer will never replace the imagination. There's a secret side of inspiration that must come to the surface. You can't master every detail consciously; you must depend on inspiration."

As I listened to Eric Rohmer, I kept thinking how every true artist acts out a contradiction, dramatizes an antinomy fundamental to his nature. If Bertolucci, for instance, is a socialist with aristocratic sympathies and Nabokov a parodist with a reverence for romantic passion, then Rohmer is a pure formalist with

> *"We're returning to old-fashioned things: plot and realism"*

an equally strong commitment to realism. The conflict between the claims of truth and beauty, of shaggy verity and tidy verisimilitude, sounds again and again in his conversation about art. At one point, for instance, he said to me, "Observation of reality isn't enough. Today, many films express only half of what they want to because they're merely confessions. They're not reworked, rethought, they haven't been fed through enough circuits."

But at another point he was telling me, "Perfect naturalness and spontaneity and sincerity in a fiction film is what I look for, even if other cinéastes don't." With the next sentence, however, the formalist reemerged. "But even when you make cinéma vérité, you have to have a good clear structure in mind. You can make cinéma vérité that's totally nonfictional, of course, but to do so you must rethink reality—and you need a background in fiction films to do this."

Then the other side of the dialectic was expressed: "It's always good to go as far as possible in the direction of realism. The style will come later—you mustn't look for style. If you look for style *a priori* you come up with something perfect for the theater, but the theater is not cinema."

Such meditations and an exquisite attention to detail have enabled Rohmer to elevate what could have been frivolous and ephemeral sex farces into rigorous and abiding romantic comedies. I asked him where he imagined cinema was going.

"We're returning to things that seemed old-fashioned twenty years ago—to plot and psychological realism. Existentialism, with its emphasis on the void, on nothingness, affected films later than literature—although such negativity never expressed itself in cinema in an absolute way, because even in *Last Year in Marienbad* or the films of Marguerite Duras there's always a sense of flesh, of material reality, of a plastic sense. In any event, people are less interested in all that now. What's next? I don't know. So far as I belong to the moment, I may be contributing to what's next." ▽

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BEAUTY NOW

impact

Makeup, hair for nighttime drama . . . skin-care news: from a black woman's point of view

ntense color, carefully placed, is one very modern approach to evening beauty. Makeup artist Margaret Avery used a precise color pattern on model Wanakee, *above:* browbones highlighted with an arc of orange; purple and mauve on lid's inner corner; green-grey on the outer—all softly blurred—with a smudge of purple under the lower lashes. On lips, more color "mosaic": brown with a lozenge of red-orange on lower lip's center gives luminosity, added dimension. For cheeks and nails, just a light buff of color. Or play with different colors, following the same light/dark placement plan . . . For short, shaped hair: controlled softness can be achieved with a hair moisturizer, such as Once A Day by Magnificent Products Inc., to eliminate dryness without adding shine, and a strong setting lotion maintains the lift hairstylist Sam McKnight achieved by loosely pinning up Wanakee's longer top pieces and shorter sides. For longer hair, a single braid that's spread and loosened with the fingers is soft, easy, and very attractive at night.

Glitter! For holiday/evening effect, add sections of shimmer to dark hair: Choose one of the gels already glinted with gold or silver, or apply setting gel, then shake on the sparkle . . .

Skin-care focus

Positive direction: the fact that recent skin-care introductions have been launched by women, each creating products that meet their real skin-care and makeup needs. Minnie Gaston, president and director of the Booker T. Washington Junior College of Business, first developed a natural-based intensive skin cream for her own needs. M & M, an international cosmetics company devoted to black hair-and-skin care, refined her formula in their laboratories and packaged it as Minnée Skin Saver, a rich, protective day-and-night moisturizer that works. . . . Helena Diana Burrell, D.D.S., one of the few practicing female black orthodontists in the country, also has a direct-sale skin-care business in NYC in partnership with three other women: Diana Burrell Skin Care. Dr. Burrell started her company in part because "both orthodonture and skin care are important elements of attractiveness" and because she wanted a system based on natural ingredients. Her leading product, a liquid face cleanser enriched with aloe and jojoba, is ideal for all skin types: It cleans gently without drying skin or stimulating oil secretion. . . . Even Rita Moreno is in on the act! The actress, continuing her efforts as a representative of Hispanic women, is spokesperson and consultant for Lindeza, a line of cosmetics imported from Spain, cosmetics specifically designed for the full spectrum of skin colors—from pale to dark.—Contributed by AUDREY SMALTZ

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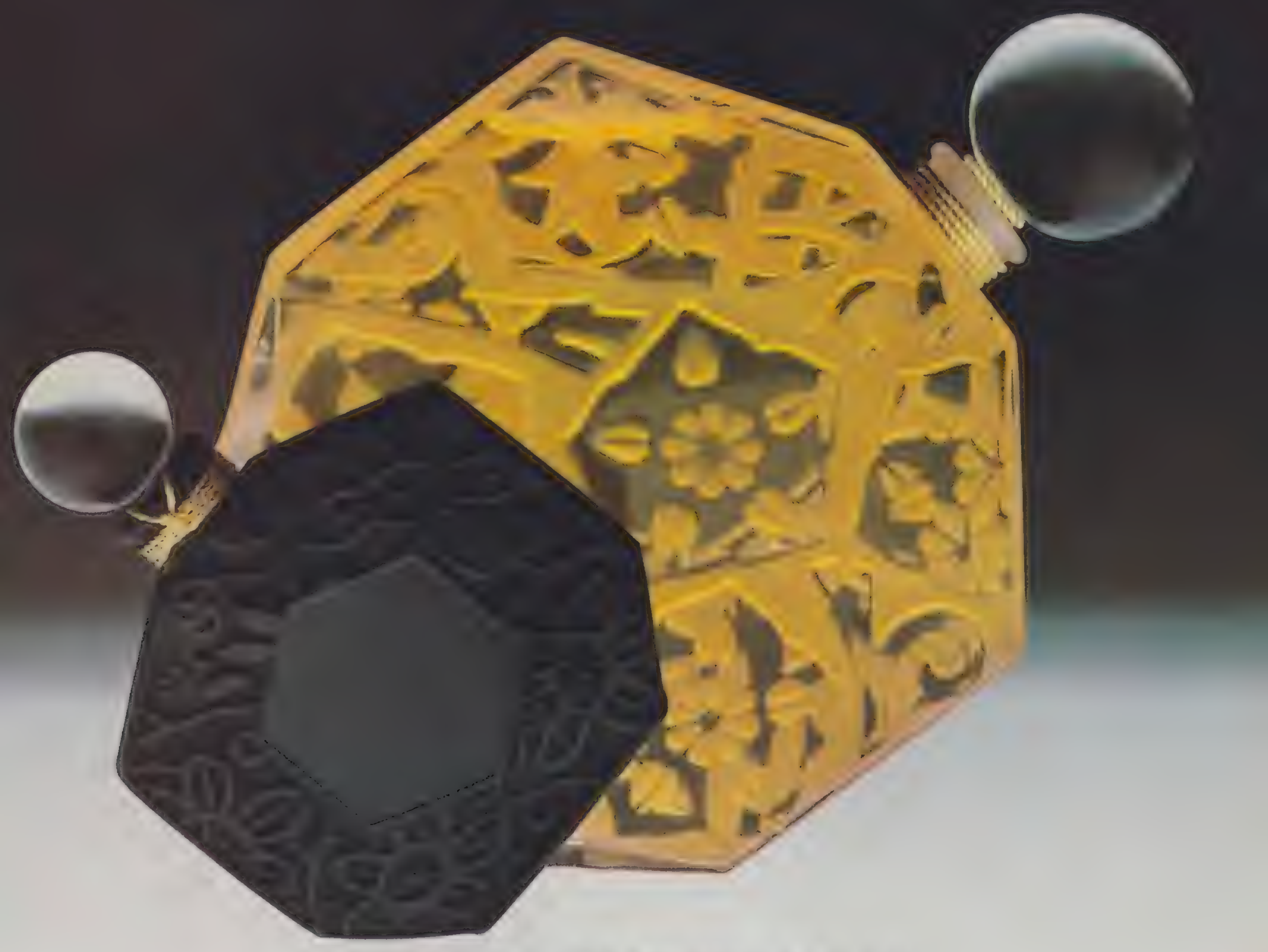

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Cuts with built-in options...style thoughts from a pro: Kenneth talks

Here, the latest thoughts on hair from Kenneth Battelle of the world-famous NYC Kenneth Salon. Underlying his approach to hairstyling for the past forty years: an understanding that style must *work* for a woman, for her hair, her proportions, her life. And, too, an awareness that the best-looking cuts, whatever the season, are those that a woman can maintain herself. . . .

What's news: a different balance—or contrast—in hair. A mix of textures: curly and straight, spiky and smooth. And—when color is added—a "grading" from light to dark.

- "Knowing what your hair can or cannot do is crucial. You can't pay attention to styles or trends if your particular hair will not do what the style demands."
- "One way to know about yourself is to take a good long look in a full-length mirror without anything on. Maybe you'll discover that your particular proportions—if you are tall, for example—would look better with longer hair, or whatever. Assess what is going to work for you regardless of trends."
- "Only you can know how you feel most attractive. No one can tell you that."
- "Realize that maybe you don't have the type of hair to wear the kind of style you want. Or maybe you just don't have the right haircut. You can't expect a head of hair down to your shoulders to stand up just by putting some gel on it and running your fingers through it. That's not going to happen, or not for more than three minutes."
- "Once you know what your hair will or will not do, and what you would like in terms of style that suits you best, go to your hairdresser. Don't tell him or her, 'You're the artist, do what you want.' Bring your knowledge with you, even if it's only the failures that you have had. This gives some information you can both build on. Tell him or her what you'd like to get to and how you would like to be able to live with it. Then I think you will be able to problem-solve and produce a terrific-looking head of hair."
- "Finally, the women I believe are happiest with their hair are the women who know their hair well and who have come to terms with dealing with it themselves. I can think of a half dozen women who are considered wonderful looking, and they don't all have great hair, and they are not at their hairdressers all the time. But they know how to deal with it themselves. They know what the problems are and what they have to do to solve them. It's an evolvement of self-knowledge, learning what and how you can make your hair work for you, how you can make it—and you—look the best."

FORWARD MOVEMENT It's the new direction in hair—onto the face, whether in straight-edged bangs (see the big photo, *top*) or a layered cut wedged shortest in back, accented with highlights that complement the shape of a woman's face (*above*, by Spain's Coiffure Llongueras).

COLOR The latest thinking: that a body wave *before* color can help to emphasize the shape of a short cut. Case in point: Glemby's "hair painting" can go on after perming, uses wide-stroked highlights that move with hair. . . At Claiborne's in Atlanta, their color "splicing" in light- to- dark tones boosts hair's sheen, gives an illusion of fullness.

Photo top ARTHUR ELGORT Hair, Christaan; makeup, Rumiko. Fashion details, last pages

REVITALIZE YOUR WEATHER-WORN HAIR WITH NEW ZOTOS DESIGN FREEDOM DEEP RECONDITIONER!

Harsh, hot sun or blustery winter air can sap the life out of your hair, leaving it brittle and unmanageable, unruly with static.

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Sooth your hair after weather trauma — ask your salon professional about Zotos Design Freedom Deep Reconditioner, the newest addition to Zotos' comprehensive hair care line, the Design Freedom Designing Line.

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—Shari Memmott
Group Vice President

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Managing Your Money

By Patricia O'Toole

Getting and spending–as a couple…fast action for IRAs…why now's the time to live abroad

LOVE AND MONEY—COORDINATING TWO INCOMES

For many two-income couples, earning money is easier than knowing how to spend it. The higher the joint income, the harder it is to track where it's going and who's paying for what. But so long as there's enough to go around, does it really matter whether the right hand knows what the left is doing.

Absolutely, says Isabel Francis Smith, a certified financial planner in Birmingham, Michigan. "Unless couples coordinate their spending they sometimes end up overpaying for such necessities as insurance, and they may make the wrong types of investments." If one partner buys mutual funds through a company-sponsored plan, for instance, the other may well want to put Individual Retirement Account money in a different sort of investment. The coordination involves everything from fringe benefits to handling expenses. Some of the most workable divisions of labor are highly personal: he pays the mortgage and follows their portfolio, and she applies her formidable powers of organization to their dozens of bills.

When it comes to sharing responsibility for household expenses, Smith says there's no single "right" way to do it. Some couples split expenses fifty-fifty or in proportions that reflect their relative incomes. Others set up "his," "hers," and "ours" accounts, essentially managing their money separately but contributing a certain sum to cover basic living expenses. "Couples should sit down at the beginning of every year to look at their expenses, decide how they want to handle them, and set priorities for any money they have left," Smith says. How expensive a car do they want? What kinds of trips do they want to take? How much are they going to invest? How much will they save?

The ingredients for successful joint-money decisions, it seems, are one part workable tactics, two parts sound financial strategy, and three parts open communication.

HIGH LIFE ACROSS THE BORDER

The surprising muscle of the dollar during the last two years has made it easier for Americans to turn fantasies of living abroad into realities. Compared to Washington DC (where the State Department monitors living costs around the globe), it's now cheaper to live in Paris, Rome, Madrid, and Athens. The biggest bargains are in such Latin American cities as Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Buenos Aires—where life, even after inflation, is far less costly than it is in Washington.

Beyond that, American expatriates pay no U.S. income tax on the first $80,000 they earn each year. Local income taxes can be stiff—as high as 63 percent in Greece, for instance—but aren't always. Other heavy taxers: France, the Netherlands, and Scandinavian countries. Hong Kong's top bracket is 25 percent; Swiss taxes vary but typically are in the same range. In Spain, foreigners can legally escape Spanish income taxes by leaving the country every six months and having their passports stamped, says Elizabeth W. Philip, editor of *International Living*, a Baltimore newsletter.

Favorable tax policies, inexpensive real estate, and excellent local seafood make the Isle of Man tops for anyone seeking the quiet life, says Gary Scott, who writes and lectures on living abroad.

THE MARK TWAIN OF FINANCE

On any list of earthly delights, reading books about money would place second to last—just ahead of having a root canal. Unless, of course, the author happens to be Andrew Tobias. A witty, surefooted guide, Tobias leads readers through the thickets of finance with a thoroughly likable combination of good stories, perceptive analysis, and the pointed questions many people are afraid to ask ("If [this deal] is so good, why are they offering it to me?"). Tobias' new book, *Money Angles* (Linden Press), uncovers everything from the magic of compound interest to the arcane workings of the Federal Reserve. Some advice he dispenses on the way:

Beware the permanent trend. It was Montesquieu who observed in the eighteenth century that the world's population was declining, and that if the rate kept up, in ten centuries the earth would be deserted. The point here is that nothing is forever. Not diamonds, not inflation, not depression, not the steady appreciation of real estate.

Eschew thirty-year mortgages. For a surprisingly small hike in your monthly payment, you will save a fortune in interest. Consider a $75,000 mortgage at 13½ percent. If you chose a thirty-year term, you'd pay $859 a month. On a twenty-year term, you'd pay $905—just $46 a month more to save $91,944 in interest.

General rule: Brokers are better off not doing business with friends (it can cost them friends); and friends, better off not doing business with brokers (it can cost them money).

("Money" continued on page 192)

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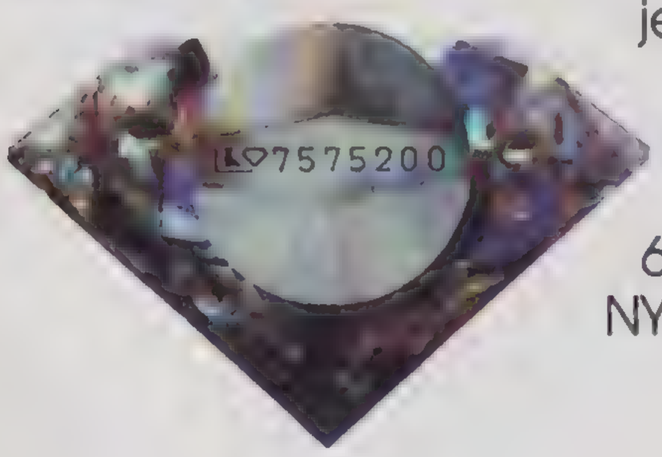

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managing your money

(Continued from page 190)

IRAs—THE BIG SWITCH

In theory—and in sales pitches—transferring an Individual Retirement Account from one institution to another is a snap. Just fill out the form or write the letter required by each institution and presto, the money will change hands. But as many frustrated IRA holders know, moving an account takes the persistence of Sisyphus—and can even lose you money. Say you have your IRA in Mutual Fund Group A, and you decide to move to Fund Group B. If Fund A slides while Fund B climbs, the longer it takes to move your IRA, the more money you lose.

The biggest bottleneck the investor faces is simply the large number of requests for transfers. Another problem: exotic IRA investments, particularly in accounts held at brokerage firms. While a broker can easily sell your 100 shares of Exxon, it takes time to unload such specialty items as limited partnerships. "If you're concerned about transfers, avoid unique complex assets," says W. Wesley Howard, editor of "The IRA Reporter."

As long as IRA money is transferred directly from institution to institution, it can be moved as often as you like. But if the funds move from one institution to you to a second institution—a traffic pattern the Internal Revenue Service calls a "rollover"—you're limited to one move per account per year. Still, unless you plan to shift accounts within one company, a rollover may be the fastest way to handle the change. By showing up in person to pick up your money and either mailing it or physically carrying it to its new home, you'll accomplish in days what it typically takes weeks to do. One caveat: Be sure to deposit the money as soon as possible; if you're under age fifty-nine and one-half and you hang onto it for more than sixty days, you'll not only have to pay income tax on the sum, you'll forfeit an extra 10 percent.

MORTGAGES—NEW, EASY GUIDE

Homebuyers used to have it easy: find a house, go to the bank, and walk out with a mortgage that said exactly what the payment would be every month for the next twenty or thirty years. No more. Three out of five home loans granted today are adjustable rate mortgages (ARMs), whose rates rise or fall in line with interest rates in general. A simple idea, really, and one that typically results in bargain rates during the first year or two. But the specter of runaway monthly payments, and the bewildering variations on that theme, have worried many homebuyers.

A great new fogcutter: "Consumer Guide to Adjustable Rate Mortgages," available free from the Federal National Mortgage Association, P.O. Box 23867, Baltimore MD 21203. The booklet outlines the most common types of ARMs, details various built-in consumer protections such as limits on interest-rate increases, defines the numbing jargon, and shows the effects of rising interest on monthly payments. An adjustment from 12½ to 14½ percent, for instance, would boost monthly payments on a $90,000 mortgage from $960 to $1100. By using the worksheet at the back of the booklet, you'll be able to comparison-shop for the specifics you need to get the best deal on what may well be the biggest purchase of your life.

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Law & Women

By Janet Kole

Closing the gender gap—in court... protecting pornographers' rights... keeping legal costs in check

THE ANTI-PORN ALLIANCE—FEMINISTS AND THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT

Despite major political differences, the founders of this country were able to hammer out a series of compromises that resulted in the Constitution and Bill of Rights. Central to the new political system created by these documents was the concept of freedom of speech. Ironically, after two hundred years, a new political alliance is being forged between such disparate groups as the Moral Majority and feminist organizations for the purpose of limiting free speech in the name of protecting women and children from pornography. When one considers the kind of publications that have been judged "obscene"—from birth-control information to James Joyce's *Ulysses*—it's surprising that feminists, more traditionally associated with trying to expand civil liberties, would be part of this trend.

The latest example of this new wave of anti-porn statutes was signed into law by President Reagan in May. The law strikes out against "kiddie porn," and makes the reproduction and the distribution of materials that exploit children punishable by fines of $100,000 and up. So far, so good, but there's a catch: prosecutors do not have to prove that material is obscene to get a conviction. What this means: anything with a nude child in it—even if the nude child is there for a good reason, as in a sex-education textbook—could be considered pornography, and its seller could go to jail.

In Minneapolis and Indianapolis, feminists have lobbied successfully for city ordinances banning the sale of pornography on the grounds that, by degrading women, porn violates their civil rights. In Minneapolis, the mayor vetoed the ordinance. But in Indianapolis, Mayor William H. Hudnut III signed the bill, which proclaims that the effect of pornography "is to deny women equal opportunities in society." Women who believe that they are injured by pornography have the right, in Indianapolis, to sue the seller for damages.

Both the kiddie porn statute and the Indianapolis ordinance will probably end up being challenged by those who, like the American Civil Liberties Union, are watchdogs of the constitutional rights we all enjoy. Although it is clear that the Constitution cannot guarantee the right to say everything—shouting "fire" in a theater, for instance—any lines drawn to curtail free speech should be drawn narrowly and should be few in number if we want a First Amendment worth having.

WOMEN IN PARTNERSHIPS—NOW, EQUAL RIGHTS

In a ground-breaking decision, *Hishon v. King & Spalding*, the Supreme Court ruled in May that professional partnerships—until now, allowed to discriminate if they wanted—have to follow the civil rights laws like everybody else. Because more and more women are working for large partnership organizations—law, accounting, and architecture firms, for example—the *Hishon* case will have far-reaching consequences.

The case originated when Elizabeth Hishon, now an Atlanta real-estate lawyer, was denied partnership in King & Spalding, one of Atlanta's most illustrious law firms. If she had been accepted, Hishon would have been King & Spalding's first woman partner. But she wasn't; and she sued to find out why she had been rejected. Both the Federal District Court in Atlanta and the Court of Appeals both dismissed the suit, because partnerships, unlike corporations, were considered voluntary associations, free to pick and choose who will join them—or not join them—for any reason. The Supreme Court's decision confirms Hishon's right to sue the firm.

It is a gratifying coincidence that the Hishon decision comes now, when the Court has its first woman justice.

("Law & Women" continued on page 196)

Additional information about Zyderm® Collagen treatments for discussion with your physician.

For tens of thousands of people, Zyderm® Collagen has provided a safe, nonsurgical option for the treatment of many skin contour problems.

As with any medical procedure, you should be aware of the safety issues and restrictions associated with Zyderm Collagen treatments. Although your physician will review all of these points at the time of your consultation, a summary is presented below.

Zyderm Collagen is not for everyone. Zyderm Collagen treatments are contraindicated for: people who have a reaction to the required skin test or who have previously had a hypersensitivity response to Zyderm Collagen; people with a history of auto immune diseases or anaphylactoid reactions; and people who are hypersensitive to lidocaine

Zyderm Collagen is not for use in breast augmentation or for implantation into bone, tendon, ligament or muscle.

All medical procedures require caution. Any injection involves an inherent risk of infection. Your doctor will, of course, act to minimize this risk

Also, he or she will take care to avoid laceration of or injection into blood vessels. With certain substances that are injected into the head or neck area (e.g., local anesthetics and steroids), there is a remote possibility that accidental placement of the needle into a blood vessel could result in eye problems. Such an incident has occurred once in an estimated 400,000 treatment injections of Zyderm Collagen, resulting in partial loss of vision in one eye.

Your doctor will take special care when injecting Zyderm Collagen around the eyes and lips, due to the thinness of the skin in these areas.

Finally, your physician will monitor the amount of Zyderm Collagen you receive, as there is a limit to the amount that may be used

Extra care is required for certain people. Zyderm Collagen is used cautiously in people with histories of atopic or allergic reactions to other substances: its use has been associated with allergic hypersensitivity reactions, especially in patients who have such histories.

Zyderm Collagen is also used with caution in people who are receiving immunosuppressive therapy.

Treatment is deferred in people with active inflammatory skin conditions (eruptions such as cysts, pimples, rashes and hives), or with infections, until the condition has been controlled.

Also, the safety of treatment during pregnancy or treatment of infants and children has not been established.

Possible reactions to treatment. An understanding of the safety of Zyderm Collagen is based on five years of clinical data (from 1978 to the present); safety beyond that time period is not known. Ongoing research, however, will continue to provide such information.

A small number of people (approximately one in one hundred treated patients) experience adverse reactions to Zyderm Collagen. Most are of an immune nature and consist of redness, swelling, firmness and/or itching at injection sites. About half of these reactions occur during treatment despite a response-free skin test; the other half develop when the response to the skin test is not noticed or reported. While most of these reactions last between two weeks and four months, they have occasionally lasted longer

In addition, fewer than one in one thousand treated patients develop a recurrence of an outbreak of herpes simplex or an infection at an injection site.

Systemic complaints (nausea, rash, muscle achiness, headaches, dizziness or difficulty in breathing) are reported by fewer than three in ten thousand treated patients.

Fewer than one in ten thousand treated patients experience scab formation at isolated treatment sites, as a result of apparent small vessel laceration. This scab formation can result in scarring.

Approximately one in one hundred treated patients experiences brief episodes of treatment associated reactions, including mild swelling and bruising at treatment sites. These episodes usually last only a few hours or days and have not been shown to interfere with the success of treatment with Zyderm Collagen.

Consult your doctor. Ask your physician about Zyderm Collagen treatments. He or she can best evaluate the appropriateness of treatment for you, and answer any additional questions you may have.

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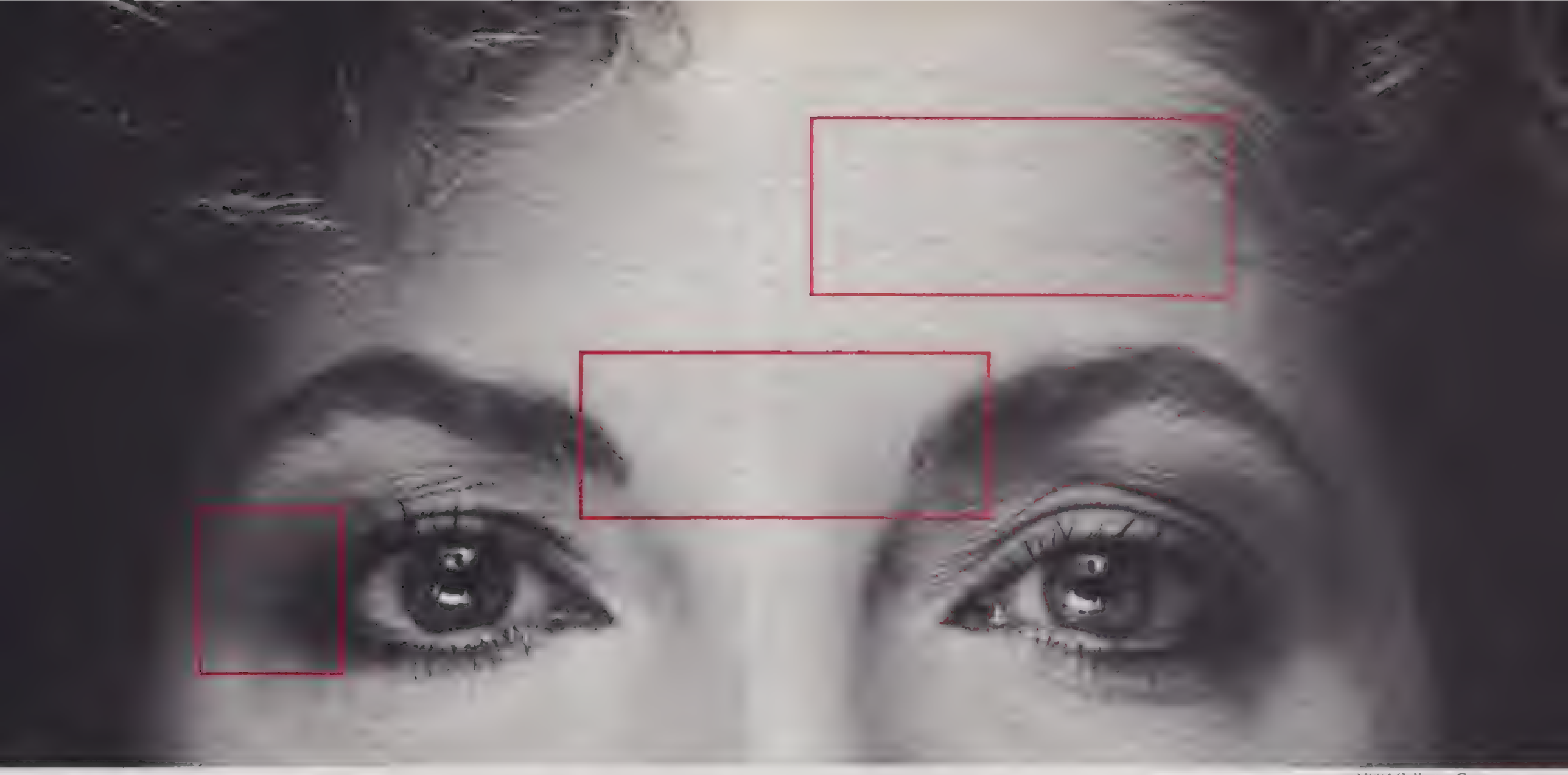

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Worrying about wrinkles isn't good for your looks. Zyderm® Collagen is.

Facial wrinkles are a normal part of the aging process. They start inside the skin where creams can't reach. There is, however, something that can reach them. Zyderm® Collagen.

What is collagen?

Collagen is a natural protein which, in the skin, provides texture and suppleness. But repeated expressions (like smiling) and the aging process can wear collagen down, causing depressions, or "lines."

Until recently, this collagen could not be replaced. But medical research at Stanford University indicated that replacement was indeed possible. And further independent research by Collagen Corporation led to the development of Zyderm Collagen eight years ago.

What are Zyderm Collagen treatments?

Zyderm Collagen treatments are a whole new way of smoothing certain facial lines from within.

A doctor simply injects tiny amounts of a natural protein into the top layer of your skin. And that can do something wonderful for the way you look.

Because Zyderm Collagen is a natural protein so similar to your own, it is accepted by the body. And because it becomes intricately involved with surrounding tissues, it does not migrate.

Best of all, with Zyderm Collagen, improvement begins with the first office visit. With little discomfort. And without surgery or the recuperation that goes with it.

One other thing. Zyderm Collagen treatments will not replace a face-lift because each procedure is performed for a different reason. A face-lift surgically removes sagging skin, whereas Zyderm Collagen fills in lines. Zyderm Collagen is often used, however, to fine-tune the results of a face-lift.

How long do results last?

Like your own collagen, Zyderm Collagen doesn't last forever. Over time, improvement gradually fades because your skin will continue to age.

Of course, when you see the results after completion of treatment (an average of two to three office visits), you'll want to maintain the smooth contour of your skin—with just a simple visit to the doctor for a touch-up (generally within two years of the initial treatment).

How much does it cost?

Depending on the number of visits required, the initial series of treatments can cost as little as $300 to $500. Touch-ups, if desired, are considerably less.

Where can I go to get Zyderm Collagen treatments?

You should consult with one of 7,000 dermatologists, plastic surgeons and head and neck specialists who've been specially trained to administer Zyderm Collagen treatments. You are encouraged to call if you need the name of a qualified physician in your area. Our toll-free number is 800-227-4004 (in Hawaii and Alaska, call 415-856-0200, collect; in Canada, call 800-361-9640). If you'd like, you can also listen to an information tape or talk with a product specialist.

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(Continued from page 194)

SEX IN THE COURTROOM

Women are treated unequally in the courts as litigants, defendants, and lawyers, says a report just issued by the New Jersey Supreme Court Task Force on Women in the Court. The findings are the culmination of over a year's worth of research into the treatment of women in the state courts. During the study period, women were accorded less credibility and usually awarded smaller monetary damages than their male counterparts; and teenage girl runaways tended to be institutionalized longer than teenage boy runaways. Of over eight hundred lawyers surveyed, a large number of women (and no men) reported that judges and other lawyers would interrupt their arguments to comment on their physical appearance.

This year, the Task Force is working to make New Jersey's judges more sensitive to gender bias. The Chief Justice of New Jersey Supreme Court has required that judges record their observations of discrimination in their courtrooms and chambers, and that they attend court-sponsored courses on sex discrimination.

LEGAL FEES: COST CONSCIOUSNESS–RAISING

With lawyers' fees often running as high as $300 an hour, handling affairs efficiently can mean considerable savings. An easy tip for keeping legal costs under control: remember that a lawyer's meter starts running the moment you get together—and that includes small talk, financial paper-shuffling, and emotional outpourings. Some not-purely-legal things must be discussed with your attorney, but be wary of bringing up extraneous details that can be handled by other, less costly, professionals.

JUSTICE OVER EASY—SMALL CLAIMS COURT

Your dry cleaner has just put some new stains into your $250 silk dress, and can't get them out. She acknowledges the stains weren't there when you brought the dress in to be cleaned, but refuses to do anything more than tear up the dry-cleaning bill. You want to shout, "I'll sue"—but the cost of a lawyer is prohibitive. What can you do? Go to small claims court.

Most places have small claims courts or their equivalent, where over 4.1 million cases are heard each year across the country. They may be called Justice of the Peace courts, magistrate's courts, or district justice's courts, but the bottom line is the same: they provide citizens who have monetary claims under a certain figure—most often $1000—with convenient access to justice. In small claims court, legal procedures and rules are simplified and you are not required to have a lawyer to represent you. For a minimal fee, you can file a pre-printed complaint—the document setting out your claim against your dry cleaner, for instance—with the information about your case, including whom you're suing, why, and for how much. Typically, each case comes before the justice for a hearing within a few weeks after you file your complaint.

When you show up at a small-claims hearing, you tell your side of the case, backed up by whatever witnesses, documents, or other evidence (like your dress) you want to present, and your opponent tells hers. The whole process usually takes less than an hour, and often is only a fifteen-minute procedure. The justice will usually rule on your case immediately, as you stand there. If you win, your opponent will have to pay your filing fee (called "costs").

Are there any risks? You could lose. But that's always a risk in court. And very often, untrained but intelligent and careful laypersons do succeed at making their own case. Recovering that $250 won't make up for the loss of a favorite dress, but it could help assuage the pain.

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what's news...

Cross-training: safest workout...
aerobics: dancing to the Olympics?...
West Point women: fit, strong, able

Cross-training: ideal workout

Cross-training, an exercise system popularized by the triathlon, involves working out regularly in more than one sport. Instead of running three times a week, for example, cross-trainers might play tennis one day, run another, and swim on their next regular exercise day. The benefits for those who cross-train, say exercise experts, are better-than-usual improvements in fitness and athletic performance, as well as fewer injuries. For these reasons, exercise experts now recommend cross-training as a fitness method for everyone, especially for women just starting to exercise.

By performing a variety of sports and exercises, you can improve your ability at several other sports. Endurance, which requires cardiovascular conditioning—is a critical factor for most activities. By cross-training and working out in a sport that improves aerobic capacity, you also improve your game—whether it's tennis or running—because you're able to play longer and more proficiently. Martina Navratilova, for example, is said to maintain her number-one ranking in women's tennis by alternating running with lifting weights, *and* playing basketball, in addition to practicing hours of tennis.

Injuries, which occur from overuse and muscle imbalance, are common among single-sport enthusiasts but less so among cross-trainers. (Two examples of overuse injuries: tennis elbow and runner's knee.) Because the cardiovascular system and muscles strengthen faster than bones and connective tissue, joints and tendons are also more prone to injury. This is particularly true of women who begin to play sports later in life. Getting regular exercise from more than one sport distributes stress more evenly, particularly on joints, and also allows any stressed muscle or joint to rest. (More on this, page 206.)

Muscle balance is also achieved through cross-training with sports that work opposing muscle groups. For example, cycling mainly develops the quadricep muscles (front of thigh), while the hamstrings (back of thigh) remain less developed. Running does just the opposite. Alternating the two sports balances leg-muscle strength and helps to prevent leg/knee injuries.

It's important to realize, however, that cross-training won't significantly improve specific sports *skills*. Swimming and biking give you more endurance for tennis, but neither improves your game. To become a better tennis player, you have to play more tennis.

Cross-training not only provides variety but reduces injury and promotes greater fitness . . .

Aerobic dance: an Olympic event?

Aerobic dancing's journey from leisure-time activity to possible Olympic event began officially last year when the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) accepted team aerobic dance as a competitive sport. Says Joe Henson, past president of the AAU, which is hoping to include the event at next year's World Games, "The two things that prevented aerobics from becoming a sport—competition and recognition—are no longer problems." At the first national championship in New Orleans, twenty-two teams of six to twelve members performed five-minute musical routines. Dancers included some men but mostly women, ranging in age from seventeen to "over sixty."

The sport's first president is Margaret Swan-Forbes, the woman who succeeded in a thirty-year effort to get synchronized swimming into the Olympics. Because team aerobic dance is so popular, Swan-Forbes hopes the activity will make its appearance as an Olympic competition by 1996 . . . just four games away.

WOMEN AT WEST POINT: FIVE YEARS LATER, WE'VE PROVED WE CAN DO IT!

This spring marks the graduation of the fifth co-ed class at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. Much was made of the first female cadets, of how they "measured up" to the men, of what could—and could not—be expected of them. Although West Point top brass want to put "the women's issue" behind them, they were intrigued by Vogue's question of the women's improvement in fitness and were willing to address that question. "The young women admitted to West Point have proven that, for the most part, women can participate—and excel—in the same physical activities as men," said Colonel James L. Anderson, director of physical education at West Point. "Our experience indicates that, for most women, a lack of exposure to—and encouragement in—physical fitness at a young age is a much more serious handicap than physiology has ever been." One example of the effect of societal prejudices on expectations: Because it is commonly assumed that women have weak upper bodies, the Academy gave women the option of doing a flex-arm hang—hanging from a chin-up bar with elbows bent—rather than pull-ups to meet part of their physical-application requirements. However, it was mandated that every female cadet be able to do at least one pull-up as part of the fitness exam at the end of the freshman year. The upshot: while 90 percent of the first class of women couldn't do even one pull-up when they arrived at West Point, 85 percent completed the requirement at the end of their first academic year, a number that keeps growing. What this indicates to Colonel Anderson: "That what we have long assumed to be women's physical weaknesses may simply be areas in which they have never been urged to meet their potential." Where the female cadets are still not equal to the men: they suffer more injuries, a gap that may disappear as fitness levels of women entering West Point continue to improve. Boxing and wrestling are still "off-limits" to women; self-defense training is mandatory instead. Women's top physical achievements still lag behind the men's as a whole—and their physical grading scale is adjusted to compensate for this, both facts Colonel Anderson feels won't change "until society places as much emphasis on physical education for young girls as it does for boys."

JANE O'REILLY...

on women who let men off easy

Beginning here, a new column by Vogue's social critic-at-large. This month: why some women give up the fast track for the romance of motherhood

—and end up back on square one

When feminists expressed the fervent hope that the next generation of women would be free to be anything they could be, we meant *any*thing—not *every*thing. (The impossibility of one person doing everything was acknowledged millennia ago.) We were merely suggesting an alternative to the age-old division of all human activity into men's and women's spheres: individuals could decide for themselves what they wanted to do with their lives. This choice, in theory, would take place in happy collaboration with a sensible society grateful for the benefits accruing from the full flowering of every citizen's talent.

This is, of course, your basic utopian vision, and not easy to accomplish overnight, especially since some people regard the most elementary beginnings—say, equal pay for women—as the equivalent of the fall of the Roman Empire and a precursor to the final trumpet. Nonetheless, some steps have been taken. Women have been admitted to law school. A few have become astronauts. Quite a number have signaled their willingness to cooperate with male values by donning the dreary dress-for-success look. This last was never my idea of proof that civilization is on the march, but, what the hell, lots of women think it is. Maybe they are right. Maybe those androgynous tailored suits make up one of the million small changes that have prepared people not to faint dead away at the sight of a woman running for Vice President.

On the other hand, it seems more than coincidence that no sooner did we get Geraldine Ferraro as a kind of twentieth-century Joan of Arc than the press began giving us a new dose of warnings that life, for a woman, involves painful choices. Experts were rounded up to scrutinize the difficulty some women in their thirties have when trying to manage job, marriage, children—not exactly a new problem. It determined my life as a divorced mother. It determined my mother's life as a woman who had to leave school to help support her family after her father died, but was paid half what male heads of households were paid for the same job. It determined my widowed grandmother's life, and the life of my great-grandmother, who ran a boarding house while her charming husband drank.

I feel a queasy *déjà vu* as I read about the young women who have chosen "for a while" to give up the fast track in favor of Total Immersion Motherhood. These creatures of comfort appear as hot-house blooms in the middle of magazines otherwise sensibly cataloguing the necessity for day care. They interrupt explanations of flex-time job opportunities with lyrical descriptions of their roles as handmaidens, advancing their husbands' careers. In the midst of hopeful assessments of the strengths of competitive little girls, they reflect on the possibility that a strong mother might make for anxious daughters and gender-doubtful sons.

What is missing from these reappraisals? Men. The husbands make their appearances, if at all, on the last page, usually photographed looking fondly at their wives and children. They are quoted, as a rule, as remembering the initial marital pact, which involved working things out in new ways, but soon enough discovering they were helpless pawns of society's demands. "If you're anxious to be moving up the ladder and to be successful, there are subtleties to worry about," confided a father of four to *The Wall Street Journal*, which reported that 119 large companies now offer paternity leaves to new fathers, but in only eight companies had any such leaves been taken. Both the wives and the husbands protest that these young fathers do far, far more child care than their fathers did. They actually change diapers. Oh, come on. Diligent researchers have discovered that the "new men" spend an amount of time really talking with their children that can still be measured in minutes per week.

> *The "new man" really talks with his children only minutes per week*

The picture of one highly educated, upper-income woman voluntarily entering a period of splendid isolation in order to replicate herself in one or two children is an old-fashioned one, but it does not represent a national trend. Women are 44 percent of the work force. Both people work in more than half of married couples. Of all working mothers, 14 percent have children under the age of one year, and 59 percent have school-age children. Women still fill 80 percent of the poorest-paying jobs, which means, looked at another way, that only 20 percent hold jobs anywhere near the fast track. Three-fifths of all women who work are divorced, widowed, single, or married to men earning less than $15,000 a year. The overwhelming majority of American women are in no position to fade out of a job; they don't have the choice.

And we won't even talk about the naïve assumption of the comfortable minority that they will always be married and supported.

As a problem, this Crisis of the Superwoman is insignificant. But, as an ideal, the notion of motherhood as something too complicated and precious for anyone but law-school-trained Mummy to do is dangerous. It provides a premise for a return to the old argument: "Why let women into law school; they just take up places men who will support families should have, and, anyway, women quit work to have babies." I can imagine the next regressive step: "We don't have women at Yale anymore. Men and women are different and they like to learn with their own kind." Then they will say: "Skiing/camping/anything is too physically demanding for girls. After all, their bodies are made to have babies." And so on, right back to the beginning.

I am not sure these women remember the beginning. Their formative years were, by and large, in the 'fifties—as primal a period for gender differentiation as we have ever had in this country. As girls, their role model was Togetherness, the blight that prompted *The Feminine Mystique*. Their mothers became some of feminism's fiercest advocates—but not until *after* their daughters had grown. The daughters now dismiss those older feminists, who organized and sued and marched, as bitter. The daughters have always been on the easy receiving end of the Women's Movement. Perhaps they are doomed to spend a little part of their lives back at the beginning, in a kind of consciousness-raising purgatory. Meanwhile, it will be the daughters raised in the tumultuous households of the 'sixties who will take the next steps for feminism. They already know that becoming part of the system does not change the system. They will never retire compliantly when they discover that the system does not yet accommodate babies, or the people who have babies.

I am, of course, being a bit unfair. But I am tired of seeing the same old issues recycled. The problem of balancing family and career is difficult, frustrating, even heartbreaking. It is not intractable, perplexing, or impossible.

Try life this way: *two* people take care of the children. There now, look what we've got: a redefinition of work, a redefinition of male and female roles, a reallocation of responsibilities, a reordering of society's priorities.

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Actress Lonette McKee shows off one of Milena Canonero's "Cotton Club" costumes

all that pizzazz

Cotton Club's costume designer spurs the return of '30s chic

By Eleanor Coppola

Milena Canonero arrived on the set at 6:00 or 6:30 A.M. and put on water for tea. She likes her tea with a chunk of lemon in the pot—a brew that has started her day since the shooting of Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* for which her costumes won "one of those little dolls," as she calls her Oscars. She has two—she also won for *Chariots of Fire*.

This morning, tea cup in hand, she was at work in New York City on Francis Ford Coppola's *The Cotton Club*, her first American production. Her costume research alone took two months. "I went to the Schomburg Collection in Harlem and Lincoln Center Library to photograph all those wonderful books you couldn't get out to take home," she said. "The movie is about black people and gangsters, dancers, musical people, and night life, so we focused on that. Of course, you need shopkeepers, waiters, elegant people, poor people, too."

She assembled forty-two albums of photographs from the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties. Most of the elaborate women's costumes worn in the dance numbers were made in New York, but she also selected costumes from rental houses in Los Angeles, London, and Rome. She found things even the costume houses didn't know they had. In Los Angeles, she discovered a suit with Edward G. Robinson's nametag still in it; in London, she found 'twenties hats in their original boxes. "We were still unwrapping the packages from Europe as we did fittings for the first scene."

A call crackled over Milena's walkie-talkie, summoning her to the main set in the large sound stage near her office.

When I saw Milena again, it was at the comfortable, rambling apartment where she stays on the West Side of New York City. She lives with her husband, Marshall Bell, a tall, handsome businessman and occasional actor, from Tulsa, Oklahoma. She brought a tray with tea, fresh apple tart, ice cream and fruit, then sat on the floor. I liked her mixture of English high tea and American casualness. Milena is an attractive woman in her late thirties with sparkling green eyes and a sense of fun about her. She has great clarity of creative vision and a kind of personal force. I asked her how she gets along in the tough world of the movie industry. She laughed, and said, "I talk about frocks. I'm not dangerous."

She was born in Turin, in northern Italy. It was the custom to have a seamstress come to the house twice a week and do the family's sewing. She remembers spending long hours with her making doll clothes, observing, and listening to her tell stories about sewing costumes for the opera.

Milena studied costume design and art history in Genoa, and then in London, where she soon began working in tiny theater productions and small films. Her first major movie was Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* in 1971. In addition to designing the bizarre, futuristic costumes, she helped Kubrick scout locations and supervised the dubbing of the film into French. She also worked on his next two movies, *Barry Lyndon* and *The Shining*.

Milena's romantic, pre-World War I costumes played a major role in setting the mood of *Chariots of Fire*. And for the trio of vampires in *The Hunger*, she designed costumes with memorable style. But she doesn't limit herself to the pretty or the chic: she also did the costumes for the prisoners in a grim Turkish jail in *Midnight Express*.

I asked Milena if she thought *Cotton Club*'s costumes would influence fashion. "Sometimes movies hit a trend that is just about to happen," she said. "It can't be contrived or planned. *Cotton Club* happens to reinforce what is already going on in fashion, especially the evening clothes for women—sexy dresses cut on the bias using silks and satins, worn with hardly any underwear. And teddies, silk panties, tap shorts were 'in' in the 'thirties as they are today. I doubt the actual daytime silhouette for women of the 'thirties will become popular with the general public because it is tight-fitting, and today women run in the street and carry big bags. But in Paris recently, I saw short hair with the finger-wave look. You see the 'thirties influence in cosmetics with more emphasis on the mouth—lipstick is important—and accessories like gauntlets are coming back."

The 'thirties look may also be taking hold in men's fashions. "Men want to be mysterious," Milena said. "We are seeing hats again, and a new interest in men's suits and wonderful, all-cotton striped shirts with long thin collars with the bones out so they curl up. The trend in ties is toward small knots, Deco patterns, and not much lining. We are seeing high-rise trousers with pleats and fairly narrow bottoms, and also interesting belts—these are all very 'thirties. The characters in *Cotton Club* are very fashion conscious. The gangsters have an interesting look. That's one thing Francis [Coppola] discussed with me—he wanted dark shirts with business suits. I have a passion for striped dark suits! It was fashionable then, and is now. Also patterns in those days were fairly bold; now again, pattern is important. It's a coincidence."

We talked about some of the differences between designing a costume and designing fashion. Milena said, "You do a sketch for a costume but then you have to suit the body of the actor or actress. Perhaps the legs are shorter or the bosom is fuller, something unbalanced. You have to know how to effectively lengthen a line, create an illusion. You have to take into consideration the personality of the artist you're dressing. In fashion, you know that a woman with a perfect figure will be showing it off."

I asked Milena what she likes to wear herself. She said, "I like jumpsuits because they are comfortable, and one piece, one color give the illusion of elongating the figure. My mother made me a couple of inches shorter than I want to be. Also I don't feel comfortable in very sexy clothes. I make other people sexy. I'm more comfortable in menswear. Men's clothes are timeless, and they have pockets where I can carry my notebook. I'm busy doing clothing for other people; I have no time to showcase myself."

After *Chariots of Fire*, Milena was asked to design a line of classic menswear; this fall it won her a special Coty Award. She also has owned a restaurant in London, directed a documentary about the explosion of oil wealth in a tiny Arab country, and a TV film about a couple whose goal is winning the Mr. Universe and Miss Bikini contests. (She wins; he doesn't.) Next, she will design the costumes for the film version of Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa*, starring Meryl Streep and Robert Redford.

I asked Milena if she had her dream film to costume, what would it be? "Very few modern movies appeal to me to do," she said. "They don't require a sense of design—they're wearing jeans and T-shirts. Period movies have more style. Remember John Wayne and Marlene Dietrich in *Seven Sinners*? She was on a cargo boat wearing hats with feathers. They were all dressed in a totally theatrical way, nothing to do with reality. The costumes took off in flights of fantasy. I'd love to do that."

Eleanor Coppola *is the author of "Notes: The Making of Apocalypse Now," and the wife of Francis Ford Coppola, director of "The Cotton Club."*

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exercise and pain

Pain is not an inevitable side effect of fitness, but it does signal that something is wrong...

By Shari Miller

One of the ironies of America's fitness appetite: Now that the majority of women are finally convinced that exercise should be a regular habit, experts are finding that all too few of us know when to stop, that, too often, we ignore our bodies' signals that we are pushing too hard. Some of today's fitness buzz-phrases only compound our misconceptions: "going for the burn" or "running through your pain" can have serious—even dangerous—consequences.

While exercise should be a challenge, it should *not* be painful. Experts are learning that each woman's best "personal trainer" is her own body, that sudden changes in the way you feel during exercise are the best cues to how much is enough—or too much. "Exercise-related injuries, ranging from muscle tears to heart attacks, usually don't occur without warning. It only seems that they do because so many exercisers simply ignore the signs," said Henry A. Solomon, M.D., clinical assistant professor of medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.

How should a woman interpret the aches and pains sometimes associated with physical activity? Mild pain in the muscles that are being used during exercise is to be expected. What warrants a physician's attention: pain that is so acute that it is immobilizing, that increases in intensity over the course of several days, or that is accompanied by visible swelling, by nausea, dizziness, or blurred vision. Here, a look at the most common exercise-related symptoms, what they mean, what to do about them....

Sore muscles You've just played racquetball for the first time in months, and you felt great afterwards; twenty-four to forty-eight hours later, your whole body is stiff and sore. What you have is "delayed-onset muscle soreness." Thought by many beginning or infrequent exercisers to be an inevitable result of physical activity, it isn't. But it is a signal that you've overdone it, that your muscles just weren't up to the task—and that if you don't slow down a bit, you may be in for a more serious injury.

Exactly what causes sore muscles is still not understood. New research suggests that the type of movements most likely to be at fault are "eccentric"—moves in which muscles lengthen at the same time that they become tightened, or contract. While this sounds contradictory, walking is one such movement; each time your foot hits the ground, the calf muscle both extends in length and tightens. The theory is that this type of movement, done repeatedly with speed or intensity in untrained muscles, causes microscopic tears either within the muscle itself or the tissue connecting the muscle to an adjacent bone. Localized swelling and a feeling of stiffness or soreness result.

Sore muscles are no cause for alarm—given a day or two of rest, the body quickly rebuilds and repairs the small, microscopic tears—nor should they keep you from exercising as long as you *increase* your warm-up stretches and *decrease* the amount of strenuous exercise you do. "Overdoing it when your muscles are already sore is asking for trouble. What's most likely to happen is a true muscle tear. There's no ignoring it; you may hear a popping sound and feel a sharp, acute pain in the muscle you're using. You'll need immediate medical attention and to keep off exercise for weeks," noted Irene von Estorff, M.D., assistant attending physiatrist, department of rehabilitation medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.

"Going for the burn," an increasingly popular fitness goal, is *not* a very wise one, say sports medicine authorities. A fiery-hot feeling in a muscle—most likely to occur during weight training or other strengthening exercises such as leg lifts—indicates that the muscle can no longer fuel itself efficiently. The "burn" is thought to result from a lack of oxygen or blood flow in the muscle and the resulting build-up of the waste product lactic acid. Put simply, it means that you have "fired" that muscle too many times.

What to do: stop exercising and rest. Or work a different part of your body for a while. Don't work through the burn; it will only increase the likelihood of developing a muscle cramp or spasm—or of injuring your muscle further.

A "burn" is not necessary to increase muscle strength. "While your muscles need to be challenged beyond their usual work level to build strength, you need not push them to the limit," noted physical therapist Dave Balsley, R.P.T., director of the Sports Medicine Performance and Research Center at The Hospital for Special Surgery, NYC. "The idea of 'going for the burn' is one that's left over from the time when the only athletes using weights were those in high-level competitions. The 'burn' was used as part of the goal of increasing muscle bulk, which is not at all what most women want."

What if you develop a muscle cramp or spasm during movement? Stop and ice the area, advised Dr. von Estorff. And drink some water, as some experts note muscle cramps can be the body's response to fluid imbalance, particularly if you're working out in a hot, humid environment such as a crowded, overheated gym. Once the muscle has relaxed, you can resume exercising *slowly*, starting with a few *(Continued on page 208)*

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(Continued from page 206)

minutes of stretches. Recurrent spasms can be a sign of imbalanced muscle strength (all our body muscles work in pairs) or a need for more flexibility work and should be checked by a physical therapist or physician.

Calf pain is a common problem for those who jog, jump rope, or play sports involving running or jumping—i.e., basketball, volleyball, vigorous racquet sports. The reason: "Each time your feet hit the ground, the impact radiates upward to the bones of the leg—and the shin bone absorbs much of this pounding," explained Thomas L. Wickiewicz, M.D., assistant professor of clinical orthopedics, Cornell Medical College/The Hospital for Special Surgery, NYC.

Commonly referred to as "shin splints," this pain results from overuse of the muscles of the lower leg in running or jumping movements, and is often aggravated by poor foot alignment (a dropping arch, for example). Over time, the muscle fibers swell and, in more severe cases, eventually tear. In the shin area—a very narrow space—a change in the shape of a muscle can cause a dull ache in the front of the calf.

The recommended treatment: massaging the area with an ice pack for about twenty minutes once every few hours, and staying off exercise until it no longer causes pain. Aspirin or other anti-inflammatory medication can also provide some relief. Wearing more cushiony or better-fitting sports shoes can sometimes help to prevent a recurrence.

Because shin splints are so common and tend to cause more discomfort than pain, many runners simply "run through" them, considering shin splints an "occupational hazard," so to speak, of being fit. Yet over time, shin splints can evolve into more serious conditions. The calf muscle, once irritated, may become extremely swollen and press on a nerve, causing a shooting pain in the leg during exercise. Continuously straining a weakened muscle can eventually deplete its strength so severely that it becomes difficult merely to lift your foot off the ground; total bed rest then becomes the only treatment choice.

Even more common—and a source of concern to many sports-medicine experts—is the possibility that, as the muscle weakens, more stress is transferred to the bone, which eventually literally cracks under the pressure—an injury known as a stress fracture. Doctors are especially alarmed over the increasing numbers of stress fractures being seen in recreational athletes within the past few years, a prevalence indicating that far too many people are overexercising. Since such fractures rarely occur at the start of a fitness program, but are more likely to hit an experienced exerciser, stress fractures are a sign of another misconception: that fitness provides a certain degree of invulnerability, that exercising beyond pain can cure it.

"If pain in your leg routinely follows exercise and does not disappear within forty-eight hours, you need to consult a physician," said Dr. von Estorff. "Stress fractures can be such small, hairline breaks that they won't show up on a X-ray but need to be confirmed through a bone scan. Just because they are small, however, doesn't mean they should be ignored; a small break in a bone can easily become a large one under the stress of exercise. Persistent leg pain can also be a sign of a more serious condition."

While stress fractures are most common in the bones of the lower legs, they can also occur in the ankles or feet as well as in the pelvis—an especially vulnerable area in women owing to its width. In every case, rest is necessary to allow the bone to heal itself and to prevent a more severe break.

Joint pain during exercise most often results from a sprained ligament, the result of pushing a joint beyond its range of motion. In *The Sports Doctor's Book For Women* by John L. Marshall, M.D., with Heather Barbash (Delacorte), the authors caution that if you hear a pop, click, or snap in a joint, or if a joint becomes "locked" into position, you should see a physician immediately. Dull achiness in the joints may indicate viral or rheumatological conditions, and should also be medically evaluated.

What causes sprained ligaments and ensuing joint pain is not so much overdoing it as improper exercise equipment or technique. Lack of attention to posture or smooth follow-through in movements are often contributing factors; use of the wrong size racquet, improperly fitting shoes, or unbalanced form in hitting the ball can cause shoulder or elbow pain in a tennis player, for example. Running on a pitched surface—the banked side of the road or edge of a shoreline—can precipitate knee pain in a jogger.

Sudden chest pain is acknowledged as the most common symptom of a heart attack, but what most of us don't realize is that it's not the only possible symptom. Heart pain can radiate anywhere in the upper body, be felt as dull deep pain in the abdomen, the left shoulder or left arm, or even in the back of the neck or angles of the jaw.

"Any pain that occurs in an area of the body that is not directly involved in exercise—an aching left arm in a right-handed tennis player—should signal you to stop," noted Dr. Solomon in *The Exercise Myth* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). "Shortness of breath, paleness, or sweating may not be signs that you're working to your maximum, but that your heart is in trouble. If you stop exercising and the pain goes away, don't forget about it. Have your condition checked by a physician.

"Contrary to popular belief, a heart attack is not an all-at-once occurrence; when most patients look back over the days or weeks before, they realize that it was preceded by a general feeling of discomfort, of feeling not quite like their usual selves. This doesn't mean that every pain in the upper body means there's an impending heart attack, but it does tell you that if you're not feeling quite right, you should not run out and exercise."

The important lesson that fitness experts are learning: that exercise, while it may improve our overall well-being—truly improve the way we feel in the long run—is not a cure-all for the aches and pains of the moment. "Whatever the cause of your discomfort, whether it's sore muscles or developing heart trouble," said Jack H. Wilmore, Ph.D., director of the Exercise and Sport Sciences Laboratory at the University of Arizona, "exercise is not the proper treatment. While it is a positive sign that so many of us now dislike missing even a single day of exercise, sometimes stopping for a few days is the smartest way to avoid missing weeks of exercise in the future." ▽

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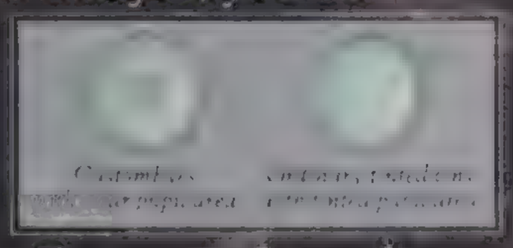

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Health

New tool proven in cancer research... more help for herpes...estrogen doses defined...diabetes: future cure?

By Melva Weber

EARLIER CANCER DETECTION

Monoclonal antibodies, the talented laboratory-grown immunoglobulins that act only on specific antigens, have demonstrated an ability to detect minute concentrations of cancer cells so small that sophisticated scanning techniques and even direct examination during surgery could not reveal the malignancy.

At the Fox Chase Cancer Center and the Wistar Institute in Philadelphia, a research team led by Philip J. Moldofsky, M.D., performed an experimental procedure on a woman with colon cancer. They injected monoclonal antibody fragments that were radiolabeled for detection on imaging equipment. They expected to find that cancer had spread from the colon to the liver. To their surprise, the radioactive antibodies also signaled that there was cancer activity in a lymph node near a kidney—a gland that was of normal size and showed no metastatic growth, either in the various scans or at examination when it was removed. Finding the microscopic start of cancer at such an early stage called for changes in the course of treatment. The discovery, reported in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, means that widespread early diagnosis of cancers may soon be possible and could lead to better cancer survival rates.

CLUE TO DIABETES CURE

What seems like a space-age concept may lead to improved treatment and even cure for diabetes. In Toronto, Anthony M. Sun, Ph.D., and his colleagues explore the transplant possibilities of islets of Langerhans: insulin-producing islands of cells within the pancreas. Animal studies showed that transplanted islet cells could produce insulin and keep blood-glucose levels normal for some time. But a major problem remained: the body's immune system readily rejects both the transplanted cells and transplants of the whole pancreas.

The Sun research team's answer: live, normal islet cells capsuled inside tiny microspheres of polylysine. The artificial membrane is semipermeable; it keeps out immunoglobulins and albumin which could destroy the grafted islet cells, while it allows the smaller molecules such as insulin and glucose to pass through.

Capsule transplant technology must still undergo a great deal of testing and research. Dr. Sun hopes eventually to develop protected islet cell grafts that will secrete, in addition to insulin, other necessary hormones such as somatostatin, glucagon, and pancreatic peptides.

DIET DANGERS

During 1977 and 1978, fifty-eight people who had been living on packaged protein diets died. Government investigation showed seventeen of the dieters had been essentially healthy though obese but had died unexpectedly of cardiac arrhythmias. Examination failed to establish a definite link between use of the low-calorie protein diets and sudden death; so the products, which can be used without advice or supervision by a physician, are still on the market. Two well-known nutrition researchers in NYC, Theodore B. Van Itallie, M.D., and Mei-Uih Yang, Ph.D., recently conducted a review of the medical data on the deaths. Their report in "The American Journal of Clinical Nutrition" points out a key factor—fatter dieters had better chances to survive the drastic regimen, probably because they conserved their body protein longer. During the rapid weight loss brought on by intakes of only three- to five-hundred calories a day, lean body mass, or muscle, is depleted swiftly. The investigators found all the victims' hearts were atrophied or shrunken, which was evidence that the low-calorie diets had led to heart protein depletion, followed by arrythmia and death. Doctors Van Itallie and Yang warn that eating only the packaged diets for prolonged periods, especially by people only moderately overweight, can be deadly.

ESTROGEN: DOSE THAT WORKS

Last spring, medical experts in osteoporosis met at the National Institutes of Health and agreed that preventive measures against crushed vertebrae and fractured hips in older women should include replacement estrogen therapy, proper nutrition, and adequate exercise. Next question: What estrogen dosage is effective but not excessive for most postmenopausal women?

The medical journal *Obstetrics and Gynecology* reports a clinical study to determine the dosage of estrogen that will protect against bone loss. Results of the two-year study, according to researcher Robert Lindsay, M.D., of the Helen Hayes Hospital in West Haverstraw, New York, indicate that it takes a daily 0.625 milligrams of conjugated estrogens to retard bone loss effectively. The corresponding dose of mestranol or ethinyl estradiol that produces bone-protective effects is between twenty and twenty-five micrograms daily. Research is underway to determine the most effective length of time that drugs should be prescribed in long-term therapy.

PILL FOR HERPES RELIEF?

Genital herpes, the painful virus infection currently afflicting some twenty million Americans and gaining by at least three hundred thousand yearly, can sometimes be treated with acyclovir, an antiviral drug. As ointment, acyclovir may hurry the healing and reduce virus growth. In injected form, it's used for severe first episodes and for immunocompromised patients, who are highly vulnerable to infection. Neither form of acyclovir has been found helpful against repeat bouts of herpes.

Acyclovir capsules, a form of the drug not yet approved for general use, have been tested for possible use in reducing the rate of recurrence in genital herpes. In a seven-center trial in which patients took oral acyclovir after episodes began, healing time was shortened, virus shedding reduced. But itching and pain were not reduced, nor was the period before a recurrence lengthened.

But in two other studies designed to test the drug's ability to suppress recurrent herpes infection, daily doses of acyclovir at lower than treatment levels, carried on for long courses, did hold back the recurrences. In one study group of patients with unusually frequent recurrences (once a month or more), the return bouts were significantly suppressed while acyclovir dosages continued; but when the doses stopped, recurrences started again.

The successful repression of repeat bouts with the use of oral acyclovir is another step toward management of genital herpes; but, says Stephen E. Straus, M.D., lead investigator in one of the studies, there are potential problems of drug-resistant viruses' developing, and the safety of taking acyclovir over long periods is not yet known.

sweet dilemma

An expert examines current concerns about the newest sugar substitute...

By Judith S. Stern, Sc.D.

With the growing use of aspartame (tradenames: NutraSweet, Equal) as a sugar substitute, there has been renewed concern about its safety. Some of these concerns are based on "alleged" side effects including headaches, dizziness, muscle aches, nausea and diarrhea, rashes and hives, menstrual flow changes, and convulsions. According to the Community Nutrition Institute (CNI), a Washington DC-based consumer organization, reactions are reported at very low daily use levels up to high consumption (25 to 30 packets of Equal or a gallon of NutraSweet-sweetened beverages). While most cases have been dismissed as lacking credibility, Gerad McCowin, director of the FDA's division of food and color additives, estimates that the Centers for Disease Control are currently investigating over six hundred reports from individuals experiencing side effects.

The health concerns about aspartame's safety are based on the fact that it is composed of two amino acids, aspartate and phenylalanine—which both could affect brain function—in a methyl ester linkage that could form toxic levels of methyl alcohol upon digestion or degradation during storage and/or exposure to heat. The amount of methyl alcohol was thought to be too small to be of concern, but CNI has seriously questioned this. Also, upon exposure to heat, there are a number of other breakdown products, one of which, DKP (diketopiperazine), is a potential carcinogen.

The effects on brain function are not easily dismissed, since definitive studies have not been conducted. John W. Olney, M.D., professor of psychiatry and neuropathology at Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, analyzed sixty consecutive consumer complaints and found that: "Headache is described by 53 percent, depression 35 percent, menstrual disturbances 26 percent, convulsions 22 percent, confusion or disorientation 19 percent, dizziness 19 percent, visual blurring 17 percent, memory impairment 12 percent, irritability or hyperactivity 10 percent." He postulates that some of these symptoms may occur because phenylalanine in the brain gives rise to certain neurotransmitters called biogenic amines. One function of biogenic amines is to regulate the tone of cerebral blood vessels—changes in their tone are associated with headaches.

The aspartate component of aspartame can have brain-damaging properties similar to monosodium glutamate (MSG). Dr. Olney reported that when administered orally to young experimental animals, MSG and aspartate destroy nerve cells in certain regions of the brain. Since aspartame is used in foods consumed by children (coated cereals, Kool-Aid-type beverages), Olney is concerned that "aspartame will add to the risk already posed by the widespread and heavy use of MSG." Dr. Olney has also shown, in rats, that aspartate can enter the brain where it could cause changes in hormonal functioning. He speculates that this might cause menstrual disturbances.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Richard Wurtman, M.D., in an article in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, reported that rats fed large amounts of aspartame in water almost doubled brain phenylalanine levels. This effect was again doubled if the animals consumed carbohydrate (sugar) along with aspartame. Furthermore, the aspartame-carbohydrate combination completely blocked the normal increases in brain serotonin (another neurotransmitter) that normally follow a carbohydrate meal. Dr. Wurtman contends that the dose of aspartame that he used in his studies was consistent with an effect that one might see if an eight-year-old child consumed three cans of diet soft drinks, sweetened exclusively with aspartame, (500 mg) or a quart of Kool-Aid or Crystal Light, ate some other foods sweetened with an additional 100 mg of aspartame, and a carbohydrate-containing food like a sandwich..

A warning label on aspartame-sweetened products cautions individuals who have the hereditary disease phenylketonuria (PKU) and lack the enzyme necessary to metabolize phenylalanine. If phenylalanine in the diets of infants with PKU is not restricted, they will become severely mentally retarded. In most states, infants are tested at birth for PKU.

Boston Children's Hospital's Harvey Levey, M.D., is concerned that some pregnant women using aspartame may have elevated levels of phenylalanine which, if they become high enough, can decrease the intelligence of their unborn babies. He further speculates that perhaps one in fifty or even one in ten women may have some impaired ability to metabolize phenylalanine. *(Continued on page 216)*

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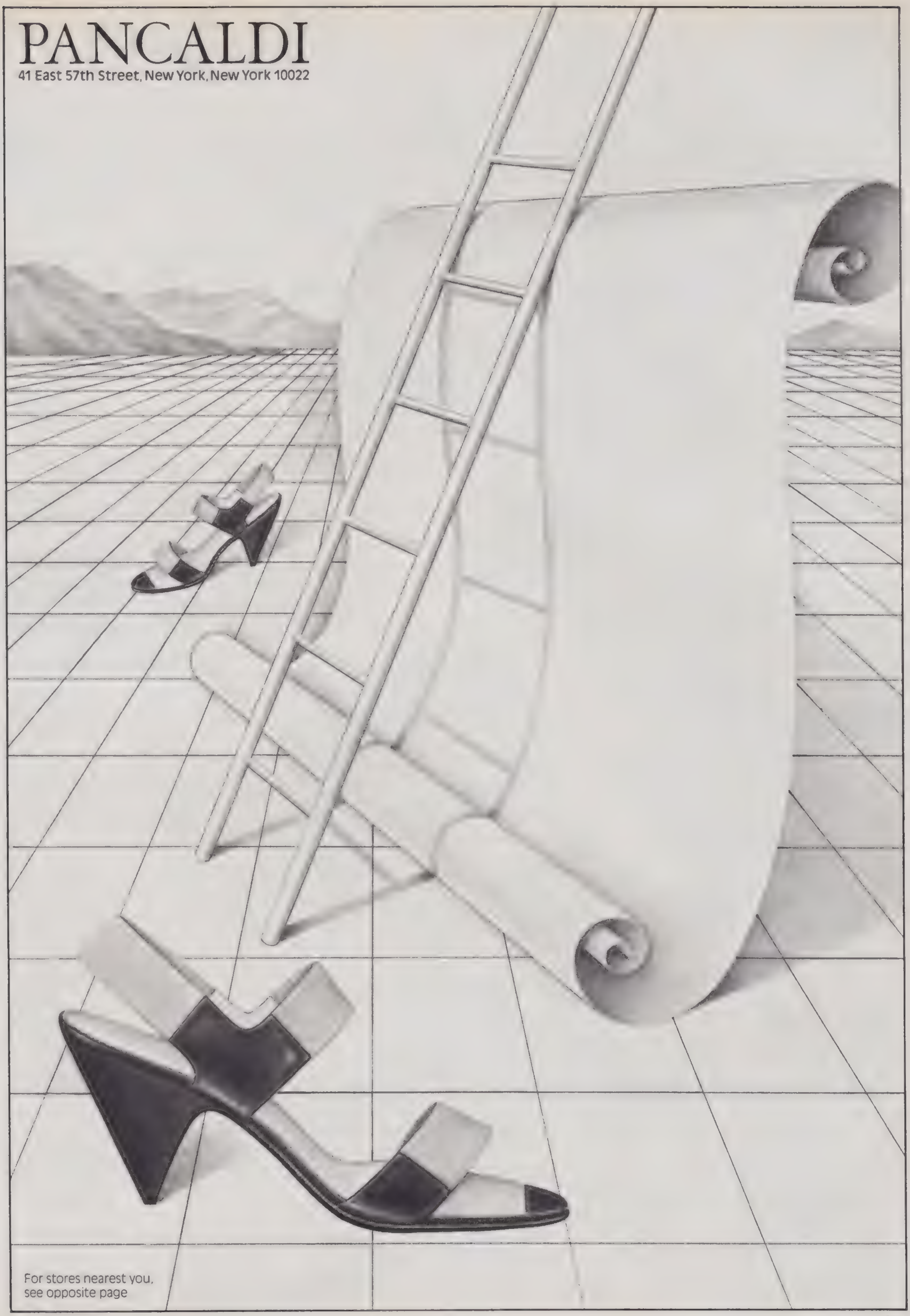

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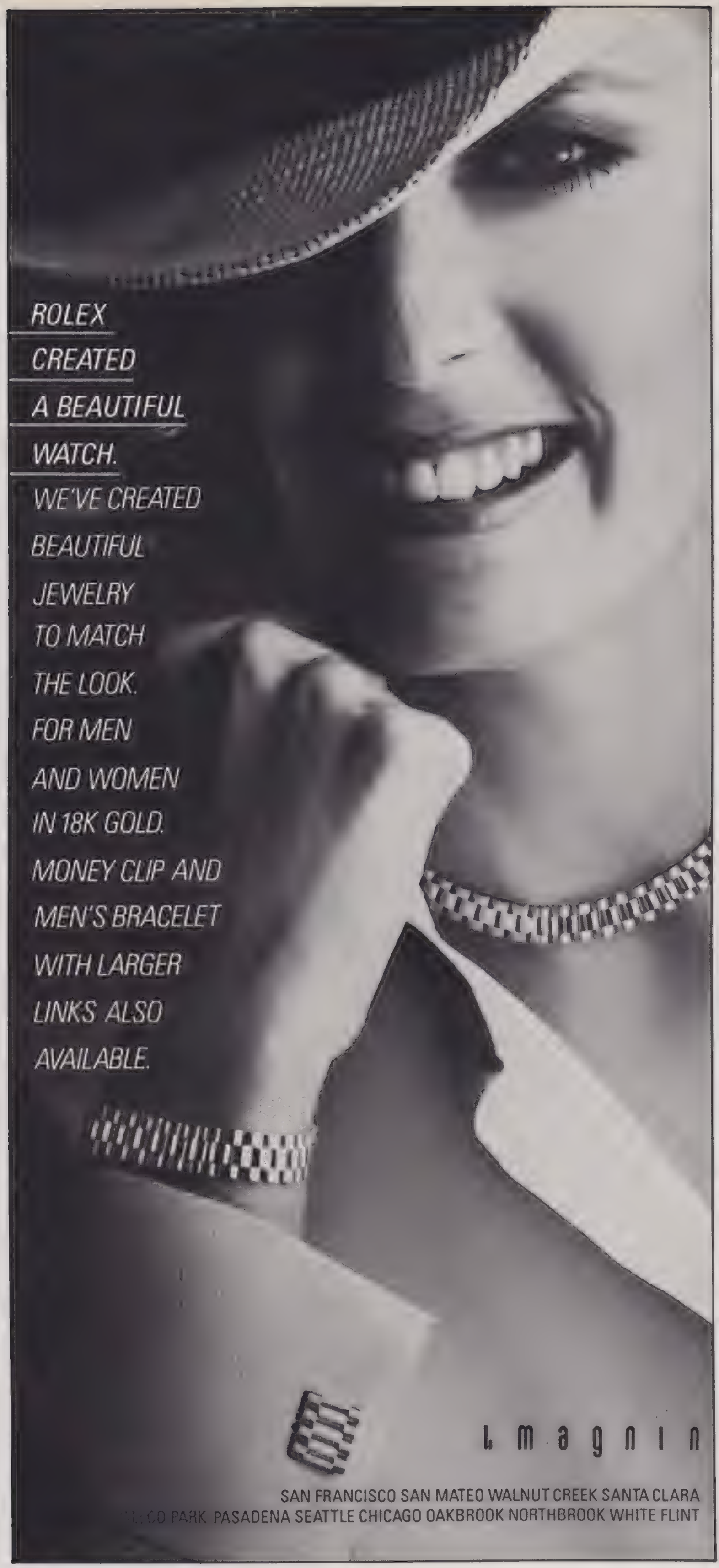

sweet dilemma

(Continued from page 214)

Obviously, G.D. Searle, the manufacturer of aspartame, has run numerous tests on the safety of this artificial sweetener. However, a number of these studies have been criticized by the Community Nutrition Institute and others because of poor experimental procedures.

As a calorie-conscious consumer, you are undoubtedly asking, "Should *I* be using aspartame?" There is no definite answer for everyone, but a helpful additional question to ask is "Do the benefits outweigh the potential risks?" If you are diabetic, using aspartame can help you to limit severely the amount of sugar in your diet. For most diabetics, consumption of sugar probably represents a greater risk than using aspartame. But, because there are certain questions about risks, children and pregnant women should avoid its use. According to Dr. Wurtman, people most likely to have side effects after high doses of aspartame are those with conditions such as hypertension, Parkinson's disease, insomnia, or those taking drugs that are monoamine oxidase inhibitors.

While there is no "officially established acceptable daily intake" for aspartame in the United States, both the Food and Agriculture Organization/World Health Organization and the comparable Canadian organization estimate it to be 40 milligrams per kilogram body weight or approximately 18 mg per pound. (For a woman weighing 110 pounds, that's approximately two thousand mg of aspartame.) Consumption estimates based on data generated by the Market Research Corporation of America showed that for all age groups, 99 percent would consume 34 mg per kilogram or less of aspartame on a daily basis. Given these figures, you may dismiss this article as being alarmist.

As aspartame replaces sugar in more and more foods, however, there is greater potential for consuming large amounts—especially by women who are trying to lose weight or not gain weight. Aspartame is currently added to a wide range of products, including diet soft drinks, sugar-free low-calorie drink mixes, low-calorie salad dressings, gelatin desserts and puddings, dairy products such as some sweetened yogurts, dietetic candy, sugar-free gum, some artifically sweetened breakfast cereals, and, of course, the low-calorie table-top sweetener—Equal.

If you are experiencing what you think are side effects, stop using aspartame-containing products, and check with your doctor. Also, you might consider writing to Mr. R. Leonard at the Community Nutrition Institute, Suite 530, 2001 "S" St. N.W., Washington DC 20009. The CNI is petitioning the courts to order the FDA to examine the use of aspartame in carbonated beverages; your experience may prove helpful to other consumers.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis.*

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Women & Cars

By John A. Russell

Repair disputes: where to find help when you don't get what you pay for

At one time or another, everyone experiences some mechanical problems with a car. A machine will not run trouble free forever. Usually, the difficulty is solved quickly by the dealer's service department and you are on the road again. Maybe a little poorer for the experience, but satisfied. But there are cases when a car has been brought back to the service shop several times for the same complaint and not repaired successfully. Sometimes it is a case of pure misunderstanding. Other times it is a case of incompetency or a manufacturing defect. The results are the same: the customer leaves with a bad taste in her mouth and feeling the situation is hopeless.

Twenty or thirty years ago, you searched for another mechanic and prayed for the best. Today, you can fight to have your car fixed correctly, and you have several options. If you do experience a run-around at the service department, your first stop is simple: gather all your repair records and talk to the owner of the dealership. As in any business, there is a good chance the owner does not know about your particular problem—after all, you have been dealing with the service manager—but you can probably solve the entire issue at this level. Explain your problem in detail to the owner and give him or her the opportunity to correct it. If you are not satisfied with the response, then go to the manufacturer.

In your owner's manual or warranty book, the manufacturer outlines the procedure for making a consumer complaint. All manufacturers have customer relations departments, and most have regional customer relations representatives. These are people in your area, and your best bet for getting prompt action is to get in touch with a regional office. Outline your complaints and send copies of repair orders to substantiate your claim.

The manufacturer will get in touch with both the dealer and you and try to resolve the situation. Remember, all manufacturers have field service managers who can supervise the work. Most problems will be solved in this way, but there is a chance you may find yourself in disagreement with both the dealer and the manufacturer.

The most common form of disagreement is who is going to pay for the repair, based on whether there is a defect in the product or a problem with the dealer's repair shop. If you find yourself in this situation, you don't have to call your lawyer. Almost all manufacturers have some sort of third party arbitration or mediation system available to the consumer. Ford Motor Co. and Chrysler administer their own programs; General Motors as well as Volkswagen, Porsche, Audi, Nissan, American Motors, Rolls-Royce, and Honda, all use the Better Business Bureau's Auto Line program.

These third party systems are usually binding on the manufacturer and sometimes on the dealer but not on the consumer. In other words, you would not lose your right to take the case to court if you did not like the arbitration decision. Before you get involved in an arbitration or mediation program, make sure it is non-binding on your part.

(In thirty-three states there are "lemon laws" on the books; one requires this sort of third party arbitration, and thirty-two allow the manufacturer to require it. You can check with your local consumer affairs office or state attorney general's office to find out if your state has such a law.)

The arbitration panel will hear your case and the manufacturer's side of the story. Usually, there are no more than one-third manufacturers' or dealers' representatives on the panel, if it meets the requirements of the FTC.

A mediation program that is dealer-sponsored is called Autocap. It is available in thirty-six states and in Washington DC. While it is non-binding on the dealer, it has been very successful. This program should be listed in your telephone book. If not, check with the state new-car dealer association.

Naturally, with either kind of mediation proceeding you will need to support your claim; so make sure you have all your records. It is a good idea to keep copies of all repair orders for the life of your car. Be sure each order is completed in detail and signed by the service writer. Don't settle for a repair order that is less than completely filled out.

When having repairs made, make sure you get the old parts returned to you. This is one way to make sure the parts were replaced. If you don't get the part returned, demand it. It doesn't hurt to keep those old parts stored for a while to make sure things are all right with your car after it leaves the shop. The used parts can be evidence, should you claim a manufacturing defect.

Chances are you will never have to exercise your mediation options. Most dealers and the manufacturers want to solve any problem before it becomes an adversary proceeding. But as in any other situation in life, you will run into those few who will make your life miserable. Today, you have options and you should avail yourself of them. ▽

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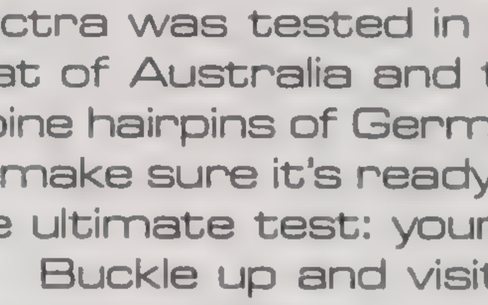

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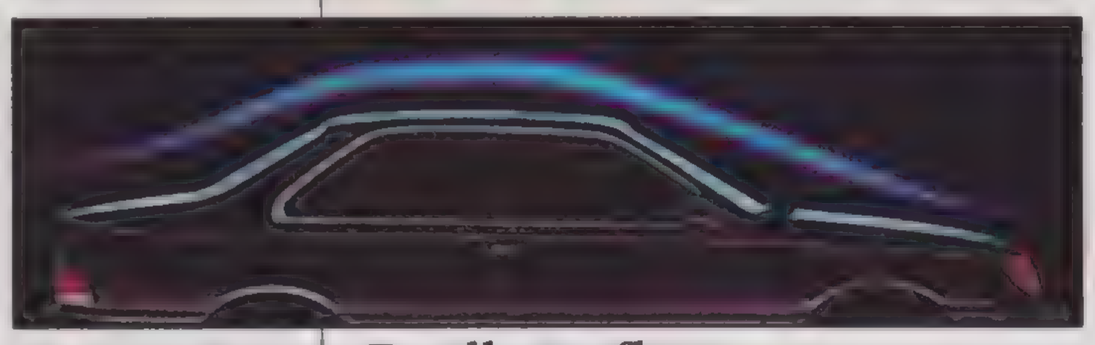

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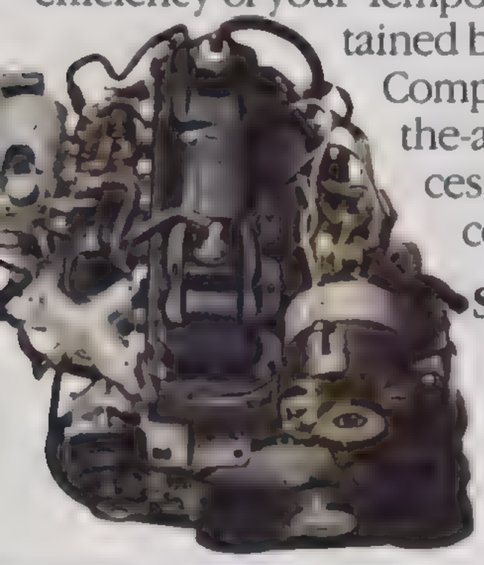

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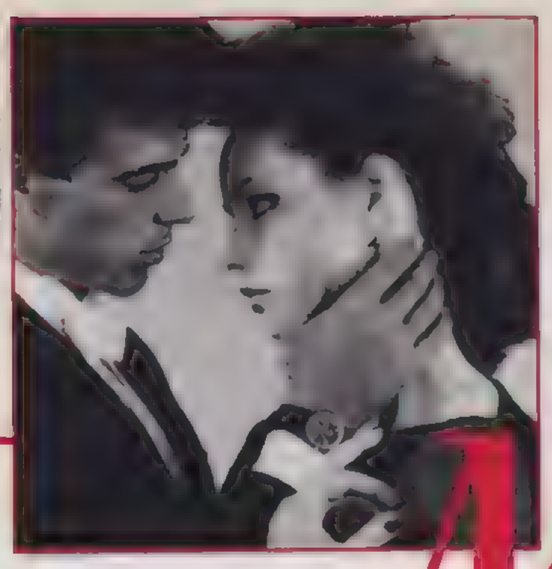

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For additional information, please refer to page 282.

Books in Books

● For the hundredth anniversary of Max Beckmann's birth, Carla Schulz-Hoffmann and Judith C. Weiss have edited an impressive volume, **Max Beckmann Retrospective** (Saint Louis Art Museum/Norton. $65 until 12/31/84, $75 after). "Sleeping Woman," *left*, oil on canvas, 48 × 61 cm., was painted in 1924, the year Beckmann wrote: "I paint. . . filled with Nature's forms and colors and with my own."

S U R.: Beckmann F 24 Private collection. Göpel 227

● "What matters," said Joan Miró about his images for Paul Eluard's Surrealist poem cycle, **A Toute épreuve,** "is that a book have all the dignity of a marble sculpture." It took Miró ten years to create his dazzling series of woodblock prints (*right*, a funeral mask), toasted as a triumph of illustration when they first appeared in a very limited edition in 1958. Now, George Braziller is publishing a facsimile of the book ($75)—a precious object in its own right.

TITLED BEAUTIES

● Her name still personifies dance, and **Pavlova** (Viking. $25) burnishes that legend of the exotic and peripatetic ballerina. A stunning tribute, presented by Dame Margot Fonteyn, the book combines rare photographs with Pavlova's own reminiscences. One-third of the profits from its sales will go to the Pavlova Appeal, whose goal is to make a museum and a center for young dancers of Ivy House—the home near London where Pavlova trained ballerinas and raised swans. At *right,* she is sitting on the lawn with Jack, her favorite.

● Rarely do we find any of the quality of the original works in art books today, but the plates in **Jasper Johns Drawings 1954-1984** (Abrams. $75) are fine enough to give a sense of the complexity, texture, and sophistication of Johns's poetically lyrical drawings. No detail or nuance has been lost. And the lucid text by David Shapiro, himself a poet, is particularly appropriate: he sees the drawings as records of remembered personal events and emotions, to which Johns returns obsessionally. At *left* is "Voice 2," an ink on plastic triptych—each panel 35½" x 24"—completed in 1982. Like so many of Johns's drawings, it is a graphic version of his painting, not a sketch for one. *("Books" continued on page 234)*

Collection, the artist

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Books in VOGUE

● Before King George IV died in 1830, hundreds of designs were done for the fabulous Royal Pavilion in Brighton, his favorite plaything. All of those that survive, plus drawings of the building from the same period, are collected in **The Making of the Royal Pavilion, Brighton: Designs and Drawings** (Godine/Octagon. $80). Put together by John Morley, who is overseeing a restoration of the Pavilion, the book includes three William Porden designs in the chinoiserie style. *Below* is one, c. 1805.

● David Hockney once agreed with Henry Geldzahler: photography was "a *hobby*"; then he began experimenting, prolifically and successfully, with the art he once damned. Since the resulting photocollages, collected in **Cameraworks** (Knopf. $50.00), "are a record of *human* looking," Hockney often includes his own feet in them, as his "stand-in." When he opened the screen outside his Kyoto hotel room, he faced his trademark, writ large. His response, "Shoes. Kyoto," *right*, is a gentle joke on himself.

David Hockney

National Gallery, Budapest; photograph, by Alfréd Schiller, from the Corvina Archives

● Sometimes one regrets that words like "charming" have been overused into non-meaning. Reading **Authentic Decor: The Domestic Interior 1620-1920** (Viking. $100 until 12/31/84; $125 after) provides such a moment. With a real wit and an understated intelligence, Peter Thornton has written a charming book—a history of interior decoration as seen through pictures contemporary to the periods discussed. *Above*, Mihály Munkácsy's Paris apartment, as he painted it in 1877. Its exotic decor and its use of antiques (mostly reproductions) were rather "advanced" for the time, but then, Munkácsy moved in the fast lane, among the rich and the artistic. *("Books" continued on page 237)*

● Since it opened in late 1929, New York City's Museum of Modern Art has amassed some one hundred thousand works—far too many to exhibit (or publish) at one time. **The Museum of Modern Art, New York: The History and the Collection** (Abrams/Museum of Modern Art. $65.00) at least makes it possible to appreciate the *scope* of those acquisitions—in painting and sculpture, drawings, prints and illustrated books, in architecture and design, photography, and film. It is a massive book, full of an anthropomorphic braggadocio—as if it knew it were showing off only one one-hundredth of its stuff—and half-remembered treasures: *below*, Sam Francis' "Towards Disappearance, II" (1958. Oil on canvas, 9′½″ x 10′5 7/8″. Blanchette Rockefeller Fund).

Collection, The Museum of Modern Art, New York City

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FOOTWEAR

Books in VOGUE

WHAT THE MAID KNEW

A SERVANT'S TALE. By Paula Fox. North Point. 321 pages. $16.50

Reviewed by SUSAN BOLOTIN

Readers once expected a novel to capture an entire fictional world, complete with complex, sentient characters, a moral vision, crises of will and fate. Today, characters have given way to types, whole communities have been shrunk to studio-apartment size, linguistic experiment has erased dramatic tension. Many novelists are breaking the unspoken contract they once had with their readers—to write books with beginnings, some forward motion, and, forgive me my retro sensibilities, endings.

Finding a novelist who keeps up his side of the bargain is possible, but the search demands such concentrated effort that many readers have scurried back to the comfort of Dickens, Balzac, and George Eliot, or crept to the more earthly pleasures found in paperbacks whose covers feature type resembling flocked wallpaper.

Seen in this light, or *any* light, Paula Fox's latest novel, *A Servant's Tale*, is a rare and wondrous thing. One could say that it tells the story of a maid's life, but that would be as descriptive as saying that *Oliver Twist* is the tale of a foundling, or that *Middlemarch* is about a woman's two marriages.

In the village of Malagita on the Caribbean island of San Pedro, Luisa Sanchez is born of the scandalous alliance of the plantation owner's youngest son and a servant girl from his family's kitchen. Somehow, from the violent connecting of master and maid erupts a child without artifice. A perpetual wanderer, a listener, Luisa learns from her Cassandra of a maternal grandmother to look to the beauties and to the hatefulness of the past, and not to the treacherous future, for guidance. When she accepts that lesson, Luisa cements her tragic flaw and seals her fate: she will relive the mistakes, and relearn the truths, of her ancestors.

Though her father's family has enormous wealth, Luisa spends her childhood in poverty, eating food that her mother, still a maid in her husband's house, rescues from her in-laws' table. Luisa registers the ironic injustice, but she likewise welcomes the ambiguities of her irregular birthright: when her father finally takes her to meet his mother, Luisa vibrates with the significance of the encounter. "Do you speak French?" the old woman asks. Luisa cannot find her voice. "You will never be truly cultivated until you learn to speak French," her grandmother warns.

Luisa grabs on to this odd advice, and makes it as much a part of her biography as the agony her birth caused her mother: "They were killing the pig at the great house for the New Year's celebration," her mother perversely reminds Luisa every year on her birthday. "They were cutting its throat, and I thought its screams were my own."

In time, amid rumors of revolution—"a pitiful thing; it made people think something different was going to happen"—Luisa and her parents emigrate to the United States. They react to their urban poverty with anger and fear; they suffer unfathomable loneliness in their New York City tenement. By the time Luisa is fifteen, her mother is dead of cancer, and she has started her own life as a servant. A live-in maid for a family on Long Island, she learns to read the stories hidden in employers' leavings: the dishes in the sink, the hair in basins and tubs, the clothing thrown off by lovers.

Friends tell Luisa that she deserves more, that she has rights. She disagrees: destiny has set her life's parameters. Only once, when she meets and falls in love with Thomas Greer, a blond-haired magazine editor, does she imagine a different future. But while she offers up to him the carefully remembered details of her life, he tells his stories on the run, "like secrets rashly offered." Her love is so *(Continued on page 238)*

A 1919 design by Eduard Wimmer, Vienna's "architect of fashion." From Wiener Werkstätte: Design in Vienna 1903–1932 *(Abbeville. $65), by Werner J. Schweiger*

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Books in VOGUE

(Continued) deep that she weaves his lies into something resembling plausible truth. She marries him and bears him a son, but she soon realizes that "through an error in judgment, Tom had married the servant when all along he had been meant for the lady of the house."

Luisa leaves Tom, as she does everything, with the implacability of someone whose tarot cards were dealt out once and never reshuffled; she knows her place. She dresses like a servant—in hand-me-downs as distinctive as the personalities of their original owners: cut-down, remade, but used and inappropriate nonetheless. She eats like a servant—standing up. And she hoards her money like a servant—with a diligence as fiery as her subservience.

A Servant's Tale is a heartbreaking novel, a contemporary tragedy that moves ineluctably, like a lava flow, toward Luisa's final submission to society's artifice. (In fact, its relentlessness would be excessive if it were not for the singular characters who waltz through Luisa's life like extras in a Woody Allen movie.) It's the kind of book that takes root in your imagination; at one point, I woke from an extended daydream in which, like some Herculean Alice, I had jumped into the novel's pages and stopped Luisa's headlong run into the one hope she's kept alive in her subconscious. But just as *A Servant's Tale* is no ordinary book, Luisa is no ordinary victim: feminist rhetoric and psychological insight disintegrate against Luisa's intimacy with poverty, cultural alienation, and the sins some men commit against women in the name of love.

Paula Fox, the author of many books for young people and four other novels, knows about beginnings, middles, and ends. She knows how to pace a story, how to use the richest of language to portray the barest of scenes. And she knows how to create a character: Luisa Sanchez is as indelible and eternal as many in Dickens, Balzac, or George Eliot.

If you're not in love with Roz Chast's wacky takes on modernity's finer moments—like Velcro—you will be: Parallel Universes: An Assortment of Cartoons (Harper & Row. $7.95.)

WHY MEN DON'T TALK

KEEPING IT ALL INSIDE. By Michael McGill. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 368 pages. $16.95.

Reviewed by AMY GROSS

The woman on the bus said, "You couldn't pay me to read that." The book was *Keeping It All Inside: Why Men Can't Open Up to Those Who Love Them*, the result of a "carefully structured questionnaire" completed by 1383 people, devised by Michael McGill, Ph.D. I am as impatient with pop-psych books as anyone, but this one addresses my favorite generalization: that a woman, until she learns better or grows tired, is someone who walks around asking, "What are you thinking, what are you thinking?"

Thanks to "in-depth follow-up interviews," Dr. McGill (whose field is organizational behavior, which is basically about men in droves) slips us into the households of many couples. Their voices sound awfully familiar. (She: "Stephen says I get too emotional, that I take everything too personally." He: "We're just more private than women are . . . I'm sorry, but that's just the way I am . . . .")

McGill listens and comes to some conclusions. A man is not "expressive of [his] emotions." He does not tell his best girl what's on his mind or what's in his heart. She interprets the silence as coldness. "Voluntary revealing," McGill says, is how people establish closeness and show love. A man feels that as long as he is still around the house, as long as he still demonstrates sexual desire for his best girl, she should be happy or at least quiet. A man complains that women want to "wring every detail out of you." Men feel hounded by women and well they might. McGill draws a portrait of Woman as Detective, a desperate creature pouncing gratefully on any scrap of information about her man. How does he feel about her, what does he really like to eat, what kind of day did he have?

Are women just pests, hovering neurotically with an immature need for reassurance? McGill, an unusual specimen, is no apologist for men. In fact, if this book had been written by a woman, it might be considered . . . strident: "Most wives live with and love men who are in some very fundamental ways strangers to them—men who withhold themselves and, in doing so, withhold their loving."

Even a sweeping generalizer wonders if the silent man is not an anachronism—if there isn't a new sensitive man, one who listens, shares, etc? Skeptical McGill suggests that listening is "the new line." Men are learning to satisfy women's intensifying demands for disclosure by seeking "refuge in listening. *(Continued on page 240)*

Drawing by Roz Chast; © 1983 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

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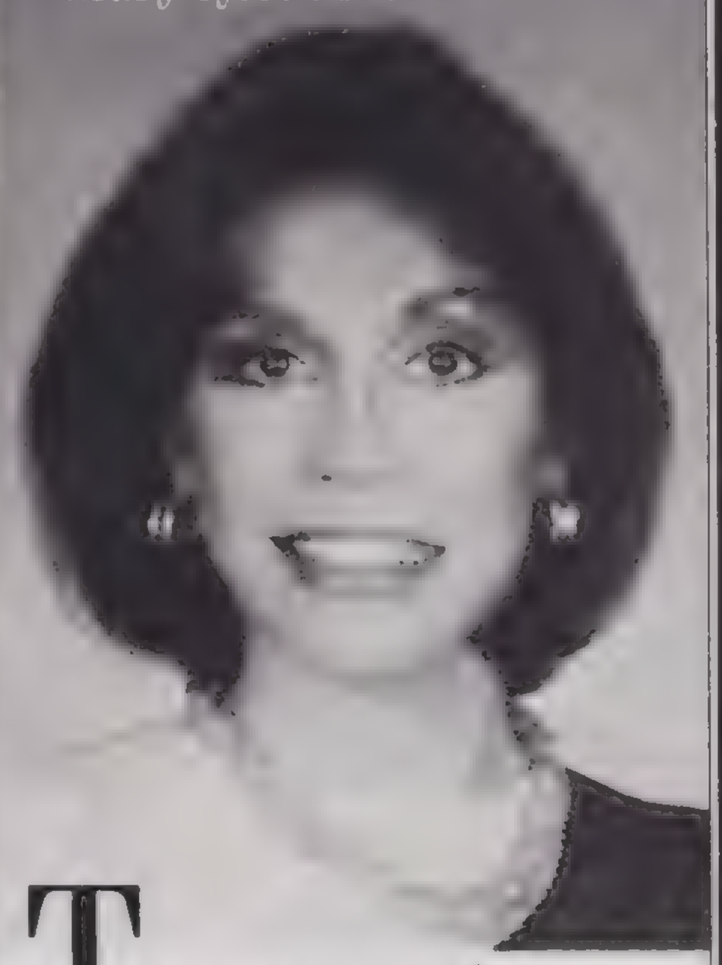

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Books in VOGUE

(Continued) At present, men do so little listening to anyone but themselves that the appearance of a caring conversationalist is almost sure to be perceived initially as charming and disarming." More to the point, they listen instead of disclosing. Sly.

They are worse than sly, the men in this book; they are sociopaths—blind, deaf, and dumb to other people, especially Those Who Love Them.

Why are men so mingy with their feelings? The harsh explanation McGill offers is that men's silence is a power ploy. A man, McGill says, doles out little bits of himself to Those Who Love Him, forming "a mosaic of intimacy"—so that no one holds all his eggs, so to speak. Through silence—mystery—men gain mastery over women. A woman continually exposes herself, her fears, weaknesses. A man, knowing all about her, controlling how much she knows about him, sits high in the power position.

What would induce men to change? McGill argues that "disclosing" is good for one's health—it alleviates stress, like jogging. It eases anomie, meaninglessness, and all those words. Disclosing is also practical: a man who would form supportive relationships would increase his problem-solving abilities, his effectiveness. But ultimately, McGill believes, the only thing that will convince a man to change is "if he sees that by disclosing himself to others in loving relationships, he is *empowered* rather than *emasculated*. A man will get close if he believes that getting closer means getting control."

To break down a man's resistance, McGill suggests that haranguing, badgering, threatening (talk or I'll leave), acting as a combination therapist/lifeguard/saint have worked for some women. There are strategies from successful wives. There is testimony from reformed men, grateful to their wives for sticking with them through the lean silent years. And of course, all this insight is addressed to women: if any man reads this book, I'll be astounded.

TENDER VITTLES

EATING TOGETHER. By Lillian Hellman and Peter Feibleman. Little, Brown. 208 pages. $16.95.

Reviewed by LEE BAILEY

You know how musicals sometimes have the subtitle, "A Play with Music"? *Eating Together: Recollections and Recipes* could be subtitled "Arguments with Recipes . . . for Prepared Palate." Lillian Hellman and novelist Peter Feibleman set each other off—with Miss Hellman mostly grinding away at the raw spots while Mr. Feibleman does the steaming. But the cheerful abrasiveness of their times together seems, if not quite playful, then at least more ritualistic than real. And it all happens in some pretty stylish places before winding up back home—Martha's Vineyard for her, New Orleans for him. This is as it should be, since "back home" is what they are trying to recapture with the food they fume over.

The book is divided into two parts, with Miss Hellman supplying recipes and personal recollections for the first part, and Feibleman for the second. I'm not as familiar with Mr. Feibleman's other work as I am with Miss Hellman's, but I can report that she continues with what I have come to think of as her "real fables." Each revolves around an incident from her past—too accurately recalled to be true—at the center of which she places herself, miraculously in full understanding of the situation. The audacity of this device is, in part, its fascination for me. In life, Miss Hellman was never puzzled.

I'm also happy to report that in this, Miss Hellman's last effort, she remains as seductively crabby as ever. She still can make the simplest anecdote shimmer, even when she seems indifferently edited. Maybe knowing that Miss Hellman died shortly after completing *Eating Together* makes me imagine a listlessness in the work, or maybe I'm just being crabby myself.

Actually, *Eating Together* can be read in two ways: first for the recollections, and then for the recipes. Miss Hellman's recipes all sound tempting and simple—and real. Most of them call for a shot of booze, maybe two: one for the cook, and one for the dish.

I hope Mr. Feibleman will forgive me for spending so much time with Miss Hellman, but this is, as far as I know, the last time we shall see something new from her, while I'm sure he still has lots more to say, in novels and perhaps another cookbook. I'd be curious to see what he would do without the burden, all sweetness aside, of Miss Hellman's celebrity. I like the whimsical way his section is organized, and the very personal focus of his recipes: it gives me something to grab hold of.

One small quibble: Mr. Feibleman takes a swipe at the Hamptons (actually East Hampton, but I presume he lumps us all together), where I live, for being too dressy and pretentious compared to the studied simplicity of the Vineyard. (Is that not just another stripe of pretension?) What he describes on Miss Hellman's island sounds just like what goes on on mine. Maybe I'm not invited to the right (or wrong) parties. Forgive us, Mr. F., we are all fragile creatures.

Anyway, get the book for fun and food.

Lee Bailey *is the author, most recently, of "City Food" and also "Country Weekends" (both from Crown Publishers).*

("Books" continued on page 242)

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Books in VOGUE

Weegee's fame matched his fascination with seamy sorts. Here are a few: "Being Carried Away," from Weegee's New York! Photographs 1935-1960 (Schirmer/Mosel/Grove, $60.)

A BOURGEOIS MALAISE: Art has lost its moral authority and the entire art world operates in a spiritual vacuum. What? You hadn't noticed? Then Suzi Gablik's new book, **Has Modernism Failed?** (Thames and Hudson. $14.95), is just the thing to awaken what's left of your threadbare soul. In this slim, unillustrated collection of eight tightly written essays, several of which originally appeared in *Art in America*, Gablik offers a gloomy, chilling jeremiad about the careerism, materialism, and bureaucracy that blight the current art scene. Gablik, a distinguished American art critic who lives in London, writes in a somewhat sour, ruminant style, but it is worth the effort to tag along as she arduously assembles her prickly indictment of today's art world.

Gablik's title suggests she hasn't made up her mind about the net effect of Modernism, but her essays leave no doubt in this reader's mind that she sees it as the culprit for just about everything that's gone wrong. It is Modernism, she charges, that encouraged artists to retreat into privatism and self-expression. "Modernism so embraced notions of freedom and autonomy—and of art needing to answer only to its own logic, its own laws, the pure aesthetic without a function—that we now have whole generations of artists who doubt that it was ever meant to be organically integrated with society in the first place." As a result, she adds, "artists now want art to serve their careers rather than seeing themselves as serving art."

Gablik asserts that the "overinstitutionalized" art world is "now mediated by a bureaucratic megastructure that is impersonal, increasingly powerful, and potentially sinister." She has especially harsh things to say about museums, which are "addicted" to corporate funding, and the bureaucratic machinery that "preconditions the drives and ambitions of those whose well-being it ostensibly exists to promote. It encourages accommodation and surrender to our society's predominant values. . . ."

Gablik raises a lot of big, vexing issues that the art world ought to debate. While it would be foolhardy to disagree with her premise that materialism and bureaucracy are poisoning the art scene, I can't go along with all of her charges. Some of the ills she describes are not unique to Modernism; artists in the Renaissance were not entirely innocent of careerism and greed. I have even more difficulty with her insinuation that artistic freedom and self-sufficiency lead to alienation. In contrast to Modernism's art-for-art's-sake doctrine, traditionally almost as sacred as the Bill of Rights, Gablik argues that "unlimited freedom of expression in a sense undermines the importance of what is expressed" and that "insistence upon absolute freedom for each individual leads to a negative attitude toward society. . . . Beyond a certain point, freedom—like technological progress—is counterproductive: it defeats its own ends and becomes alienating."

Gablik's provocative book leaves many lingering questions. Among them: Why do we expect so much of art? Why should artists communicate all their concerns through their art? (Can't they write letters to their congressmen and join protest demonstrations like other citizens?) And why should artists be denied the right to be frivolous and irrelevant? —DAVID BOURDON

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HALSTON
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Sparklers! Glamorous and provocative, rose Champagnes

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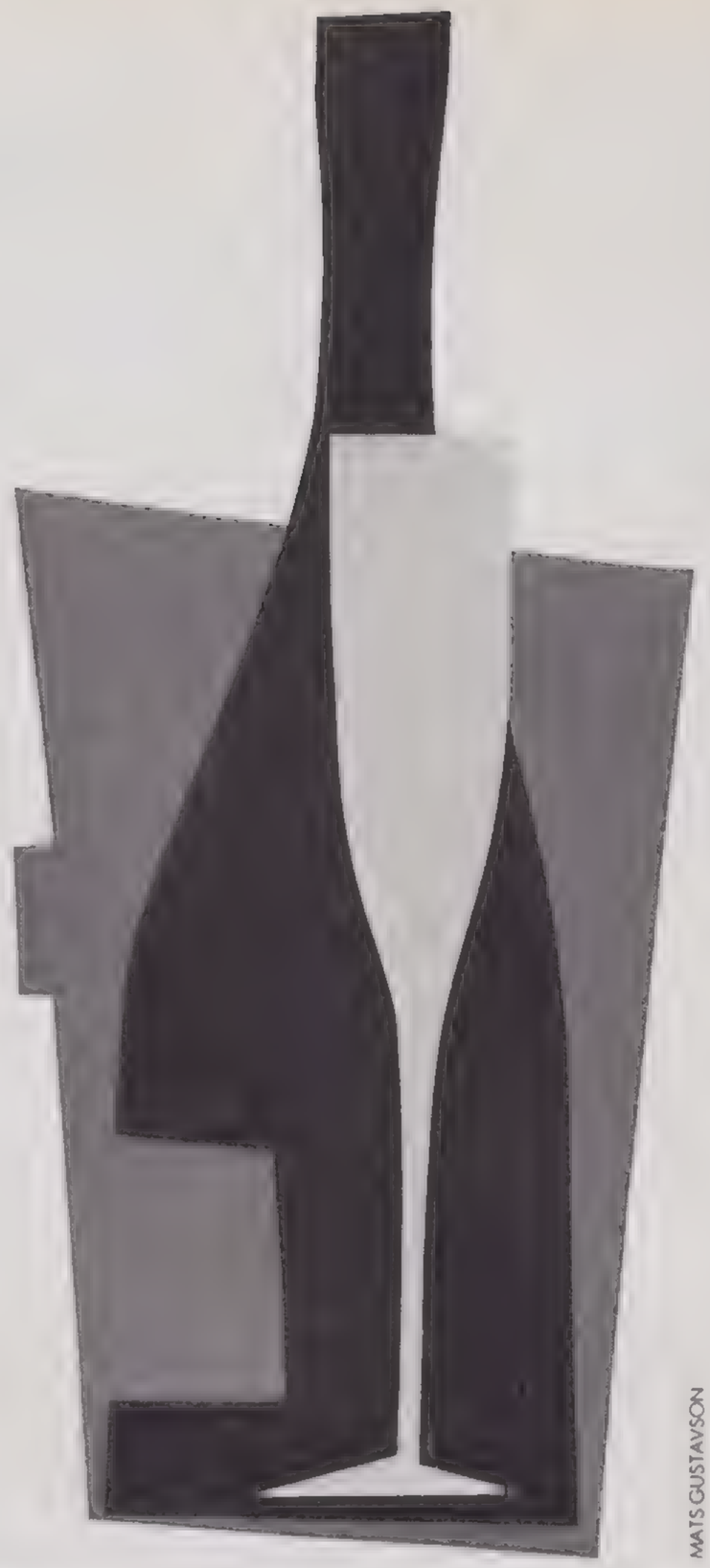
By Martin Gersh



MATS GUSTAVSON

At heart a lover of still white table wines, I have nevertheless been unable to resist the rising tide of exciting, unusual, and delicious sparkling wines—both whites and rosés—that have appeared from France, Italy, Germany, and the U.S.A. in recent years. Versatile and glamorous, Champagnes and their reasonable facsimiles are unfailingly appropriate at any hour of the day or night. Indeed, all the "rules" relating to foods that limit one's choices with other wines can safely be ignored where they are concerned. These factors have led me to make annual recommendations in this column from among those currently available that have pleased me the most.

This time around, there will be several novelties: one made in New York State from the Seyval Blanc grape, a German Riesling, and three provocative Italian examples beginning with the Corvo Brut Spumante Riserva 1982, Sicily's first sparkling wine ever. Also in that unique category are two splendid products from the Alps of the Valtellina in Lombardy: Aldo Rainoldi's Rosé Nature and the same fine producer's Brut Nature. To my knowledge, they are the first *méthode champenoise* (bottle-fermented) wines to be made in Lombardy or elsewhere from the superlative Nebbiolo grape—in its native Piedmont the source of Barolo, Barbaresco, and other classic red wines.

It gives me special satisfaction to report that the most inexpensive of these sparkling wines have genuine quality that far transcends their modest price level. At the same time, the most costly really deliver the goods, fully justifying the expense involved when viewed as occasional indulgences that add a certain zest to life.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Corvo Brut Spumante Riserva 1982 Vivacious, ample-bodied, abundantly fruity, with a pleasant trace of vanilla in its flavor, this is a Sicilian wine of distinctive merit. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1½ years. $9-$10. (Note: Refrigerate all Champagnes and other sparkling wines for 4-5 hours before serving.)

Bollinger Special Cuvée Delicate and notably pretty, small-to-moderate in scale, exhibiting a charming peach-like fruit component that shows a salty-sweet finish—a most agreeable Champagne from France. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. $18-$20.

Rainoldi Brut Nature From the Italian region of Lombardy, a truly formidable *méthode champenoise* wine of impressive complexity—vibrant, large-bodied, possessing a pungent grapefruit-like taste element. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 1½ years. $8.50-$9.50.

Bollinger Vintage 1976 Moderately full-bodied, with a memorable, somewhat astringent lemony flavor aspect, this is a handsome, eminently well-bred French Champagne. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. $22-$25.

Clinton Vineyards Seyval Naturel A worthy bottle-fermented sparkling wine from New York State—high-spirited, of nice size, with pineapple-accented fruitiness that should charm you. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 1-1½ years. $11-$12.

Rainoldi Rosé Nature Outstanding—totally dry but quite gracious all the same, an ample-bodied Italian *méthode champenoise* wine displaying intense blush color and excellent fruit presence as well as a second taste that lingers on for a considerable period of time. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 1½ years. $8.50-$9.50.

Iron Horse Blanc de Noirs Wedding Cuvée 1981 A subtle *méthode champenoise* wine from Sonoma County, California, devoid of any suggestion of sweetness in its finish and characterized by rather austere Pinot Noir varietal fruitiness along with slightly peachy color. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1½ years. $18-$20.

Besserat de Bellefon Brut Réserve This is a fine, sturdy, expansive Champagne of imposing size whose terrific fruit component contains an enticing hint of pineapple. I am not aware of any other French Champagne in the same price category that offers as good a correlation between price and quality as does this wine. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. $15-$16.

Bollinger Tradition R.D. 1973 Big, powerful, exuberant, unforgettable, an absolutely first-rank Champagne featuring a bewitching and penetrating citrusy fruit element—all in the context of a wine whose overall balance is impeccable. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. $45-$50.

Besserat de Bellefon Crémant Blanc Vinified to be less than normally effervescent, reserved in manner, compact, gently fruity, with an attractive salty-sweet finish and small-to-moderate body—a harmonious, distinguished crémant Champagne from France. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. $25-$30.

Perrier-Jouët Grand Brut This glamorous French Champagne of medium size possesses mouth-filling peachy fruitiness and the slightest suggestion of sweetness in its finish—a knockout! Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. $18-$20.

Fürst von Metternich Sekt 1981 Originating from the Rheingau region of Germany, a forceful, tasty, quite lovable *méthode champenoise* white wine of moderate body showing a faintly citrusy flavor element and no sweetness whatsoever. Vintage rating: Fair to Good. Best drinking: for the next 1½ years. $9-$10.

Perrier-Joüet Fleur de Champagne 1978 Superbly balanced, flowery, with good body and magical melon-like fruitiness—an exquisite Champagne of great class. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 5-6 years. $45-$55.

Taittinger Comtes de Champagne Rosé 1975 Sensational—a vivacious, almost flame-colored French Champagne of supreme quality whose extraordinarily seductive mango-like fruitiness is counterbalanced by agreeable acidity. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. $55-$60.

Piper-Heidsieck Rare 1976 Wonderfully elegant—a glorious French Champagne of relatively modest size and high taste tonality with a perfumed, honeydew melon-like fruit component further en- *(Continued on page 248)*

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BULLOCK'S

sparkling wines

(Continued from page 246)

hanced by a slightly astringent finish. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. $55-$60.

Iron Horse Brut 1981 A high-style, unusually fine and vigorous *méthode champenoise* white wine from Green Valley in Sonoma County, characterized by concentrated lemony fruitiness. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. $18-$20.

Piper Sonoma Brut 1981 Discreetly fruity, definitively dry, substantial in body, this is a compelling, truly commendable Sonoma County *méthode champenoise* wine. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1½-2 years. $13-$14.

Moët et Chandon Cuvée Dom Perignon Rosé 1973 A beguiling, utterly delectable rosy amber-hued wine of nice size with luxurious nectarine-like fruitiness that couples the slightest trace of sweetness with just enough tartness. This French Champagne is a gem! Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. $80-$90.

Gratien Brut From Saumur in France's Loire Valley, this *méthode champenoise* wine made from 70 percent Chenin Blanc and 30 percent Cabernet Franc grapes is complex, cohesive, full-bodied—very animated, with a delightful, barely sweet grapefruit-like taste component. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 1½ years. $7-$8.

Bollinger Rosé 1976 A remarkable and captivating Champagne of epic stature—deeply rose-colored, extraordinarily fruity, featuring an outspoken Pinot Noir flavor constituent. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. $32-$35.

Piper Sonoma Tête de Cuvée 1980 This triumphant and very beautiful Sonoma County *méthode champenoise* wine of moderately large body and high taste tonality is ornamented by ravishing peachy fruitiness. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. $32-$35.

Besserat de Bellefon Crémant des Moines Distinguished by pinpoint concentration, exceptional fruit presence, and generous size, this is a serious wine of immense character and splendor. Interestingly, it is the only rosé crémant Champagne made in France at the present time. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. $25-$30.

Bollinger Blanc de Noir Vieilles Vignes Françaises 1975 Of stringently limited production—about forty cases are shipped here each year—because it derives solely from black Pinot Noir vines that survived the phylloxera epidemic that devastated European vineyards in the late nineteenth century, Vieilles Vignes Françaises 1975 is a fabulous, monumental wine adorned with overwhelming, piquant, tangerine-like fruitiness. It is simply not possible for a Champagne to be better than this! Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years—at the very least. $90-$110. ▽

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currents

High-tech with high spirits:

New gadgetry takes on

an attractive color twist

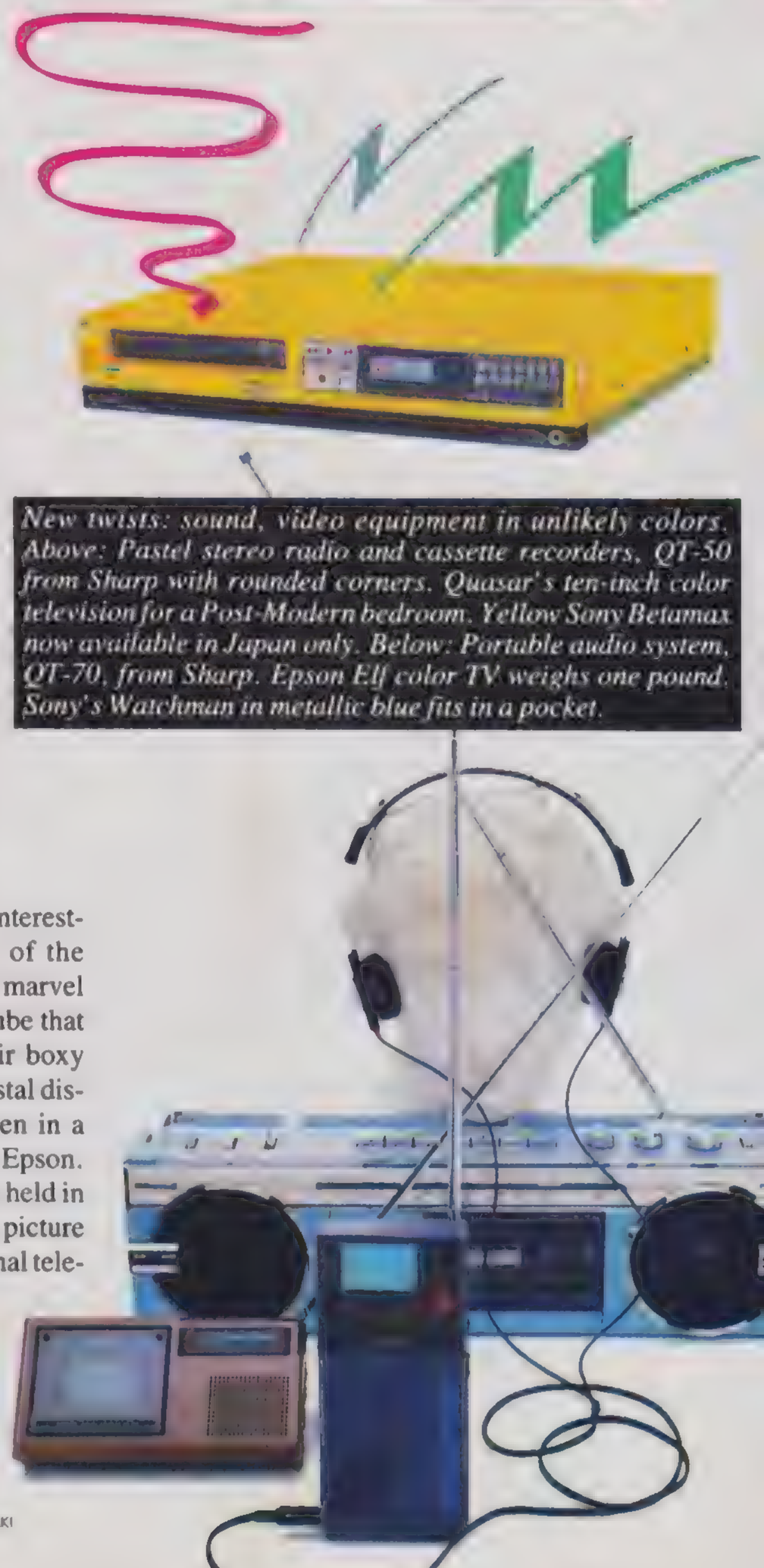
By Barbara Plumb

In today's world of computers, of great gadgets, products are evolving as fast as new microchips. Here, the first in a new Vogue series on what's happening: the style, surprises, simply desirable goods....

It all started in Japan, as so many things seem to do today in the field of electronics; and, like all international design waves in this instantly translatable day and age, it was bound to hit here. "It," in this case, is a simple matter of color: Post-Modern pastels and neo-'fifties pinks and aquas. These colors are now improbably paired with the newest, most sophisticated electronic gadgetry.

Much as a woman might once have put on glasses to signal seriousness of purpose, the sign of serious sound and video equipment, traditionally, has been its somber casings—metallic grey or sober black. Men were the "techies," and the look of equipment was slanted for them—but no longer: women are spending more earned dollars on televisions, cassette recorders, tape players; they want a little fun in their gear. Popular taste has become accustomed to pinks and chrome yellows in Post-Modernist furniture and fabrics, major trend-setters now for several years.

Among the best of the new pastel-tinted gear: a new ten-inch TV set in prom-girl pink, an aqua cassette recorder surely destined for the beach. Interestingly enough, lurking behind some of the surprisingly sassy hues is technology to marvel at. For the first time, the cathode ray tube that gives conventional television sets their boxy shape has been replaced by a liquid crystal display (LCD) which permits a flat screen in a new two-inch color television set by Epson. This set is colored metallic rose, can be held in the palm of the hand. The quality of its picture is equal, or even superior, to conventional televisions. The tiny sci-fi color set is a precursor of LCD fantastics to come. Scientists are working on large sets no thicker than painting canvases, on computer screens as tiny as minicameras.



New twists: sound, video equipment in unlikely colors. Above: Pastel stereo radio and cassette recorders, QT-50 from Sharp with rounded corners. Quasar's ten-inch color television for a Post-Modern bedroom. Yellow Sony Betamax now available in Japan only. Below: Portable audio system, QT-70, from Sharp. Epson Elf color TV weighs one pound. Sony's Watchman in metallic blue fits in a pocket.

Details, stores, last pages. TOHRU NAKAMURA, sketch YAMAZAKI

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living

Movable pleasures: from product designers across the world, the best of new "accessories," sleek pieces for a home-or-office table top or desk. In matte black, simply beauties...

By Barbara Plumb

The only difficulty in using this season's new table and desk accessories for gifts is finding the strength of character to part with them. One way to handle temptation is simply to buy two of each: keep one at home, wrap up the second and give it away as a present to another deserving person. This season, black is "back." A slightly sheened matte black finish on everything from tableware to clocks and calculators gives the chic of black without sobriety. On table and desk, silvery stainless steel sparkles; zany colors in small doses dazzle in pens and organizers. As usual, the origins of the species comprise a veritable United Nations of designers and countries: everywhere from Japan to Holland, Germany, Italy, and the United States. Where used, typography and graphics in new designs remain deliciously discreet; new technology is not flaunted either.

Below, clockwise: Desk accessories sufficiently upbeat to turn any room in the house into a home-based office. Italian stainless-steel espresso cup sits on Linke and Sottsass' Ritronic 2: it incorporates a solar calculator, graph and lined note pads in a leather portfolio. Danish tape dispenser is carved out of a solid aluminum slab. Calculator and lighter of anodized black aluminum hail from Holland; Columbia Desk Organizer by Sottsass Associates lives up to its name. Blue pen (at right) is from Japan; striped pens (left) come from Italy; grey rubber pen, Japan; Lamy's black Safari fountain pen from West Germany. Thermometer of anodized black aluminum was designed in Holland.

At top: Telephones, clocks to ensconce on desk or night table. Clockwise: Alpha X telephone from France stores 255 numbers; desk clock of black anodized aluminum pivots for best reading angle. Krone phone—from Germany—comes sheathed in chrome. Quartz travel alarm clock tells the hour across the world, in multi time zones. Above, clockwise—table setting in graphic silver and black: two virtually indestructable pitchers, cast-iron Japanese teapot. Individual teapot comes with silver-plated spout; Italian espresso cup has insulating layer for longer heat retention. Black chromed place setting is made in Austria; stainless-steel orange peeler from Georg Jensen. Stainless-steel serving plate goes safely into dishwasher.

TOHRU NAKAMURA Details stores, last pages

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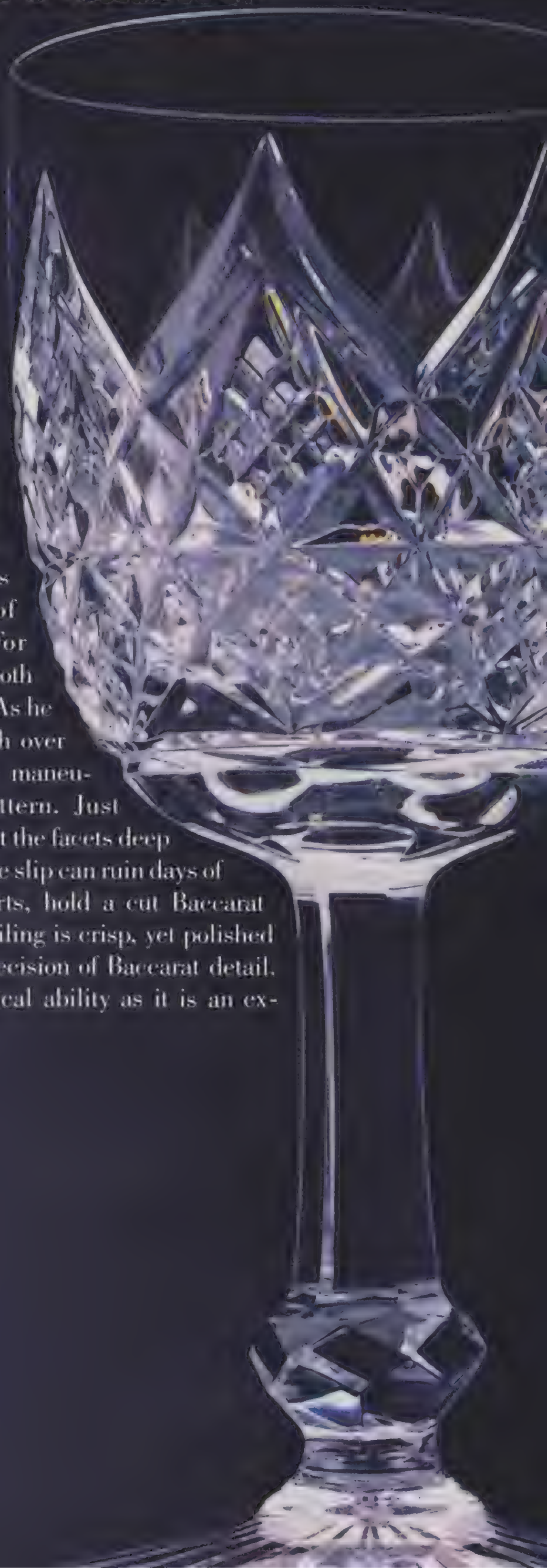

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living

At the height of its style: Art Deco—sleek, massively chic, by Jacques-Emile Ruhlmann

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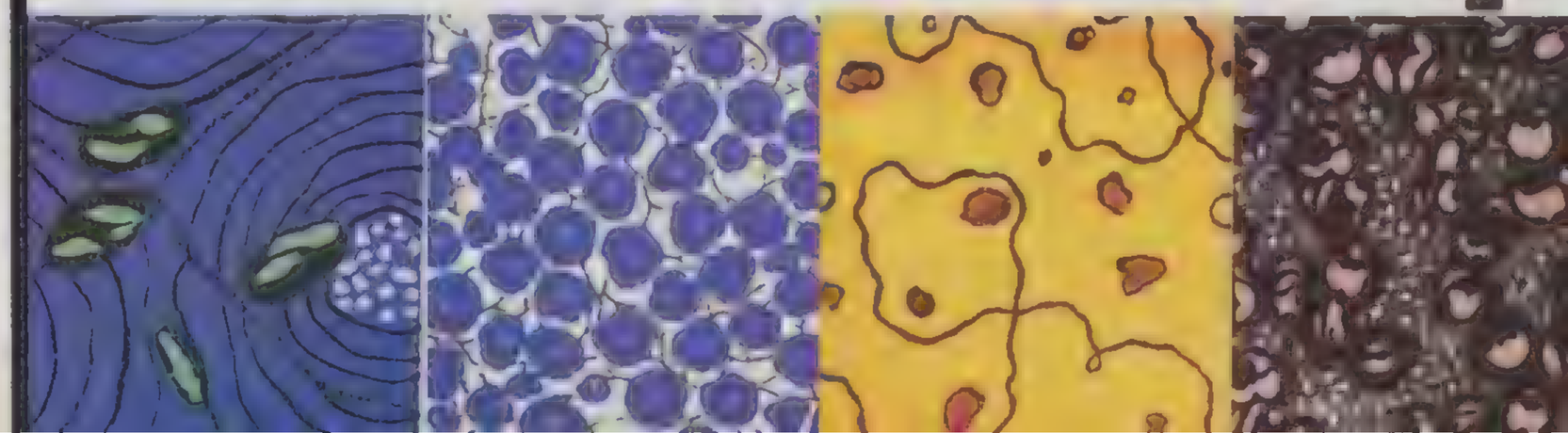
By Barbara Plumb

As princes and Popes once stood as benefactors to Renaissance painters and musicians, so businessmen and wealthy diplomats—the twentieth century's newly visible patrons—helped subsidize the remarkable career of Jacques-Emile Ruhlmann in the nineteen twenties. One of the greatest, and most prolific, of Parisian Art Deco interior designers and cabinetmakers, Ruhlmann specialized in rare woods ornamented with ivory, tortoiseshell, lacquer, mirrors, silk, and tooled metals for a clientele capable of paying more for one of his stylish cabinets than for the average house of that era. A new book—*Ruhlmann, Master of Art Deco* by Florence Camard (Abrams)—illustrates the unparalleled richness of his work. Ruhlmann's art, today in museum collections, has always been afforded only by a privileged few; his influences on the decorative art of the future (and the passion for Deco that exists today) were many.

Jacques-Emile Ruhlmann's considerable talents included interior decoration, fabrics, the epitome of chic Deco furniture.
Top: Ruhlmann executed this gouache of one of his bedroom designs in 1913.
Above: Elephant chair, vintage 1926, the ultimate in comfort and luxury, was one of Ruhlmann's most used chairs, as well as the one later most reproduced, adapted, and copied.
His elegant secretary, right, combines macassar ebony wood with ivory handles and suede interior. Ruhlmann's fabrics, below, were exclusive to his highly prized interior designs, printed on silk and cotton.



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entertaining

The sleekest greetings of the season: Savvy notions from great gatherings—top hostesses' and hosts' private holidays

By André Leon Talley

Setting it splendidly: Cut crystal, an abundance of silver for a warm after-opera dinner on cold winter's night . . . in Irene Amic's Charles X Paris dining room

December, traditionally, is a time to pull out all stops, a month of jeweled evenings. Dinners may be built on a grand scale or be preciously small-sized; menus, classically simple or splendid. What makes the season special, invariably, is a sense of sumptuousness: when fresh wreaths are culled from private vineyards, dining rooms filled with nonstop candlelight, caviar spooned out by heirloom vermeil, gay and glorious lights blinking from atop a boat deck.

Public or private, the best sort of holidays tend to be laid on with a lavish hand. Here, in their own words, is what some well-known people do: working flowers, orchestrating music, ornamenting multiple Christmas trees, setting up a season or a single big day and then collapsing afterwards.

christmas at sea:

PAT BUCKLEY

"I try to create a traditional Christmas under very difficult circumstances—on a boat! For the past few years, Bill and I have chartered the *Celestial*, a seventy-foot boat, and sailed in the Caribbean.

"I begin preparation three weeks in advance in New York, making puddings, cakes, and gingerbread cookies. I take two trees on the boat—an artificial one with sparkling colored lights to go in the saloon and then a real tree to be put up on deck, when we are anchored at harbor.

"Both trees are decorated with antique ornaments that belonged to my great-grandmother, my grandmother, and my mother. I go down to the Caribbean with three duffel bags stuffed full of them. I also string those wonderful blinking lights on board. Guests are usually driven insane by my rushing about in 110-degree heat with my trees. Needless to say, I succeed in keeping the electrical circuits blowing.

"Christmas Eve, we have a very late supper of caviar and smoked salmon, which I've also toted down from New York in duffel bags. We listen to Handel's *Messiah*, have the Christmas cakes and puddings, and cheeses.

"Christmas Day, a full-fledged traditional English dinner starts at around 3:00 P.M. There's turkey, purée of chestnuts, sausage stuffing, mashed potatoes, green peas, and parsnips—usually for six of us. With lights strung along the boat's lifelines, we are the best-dressed boat in the harbor; but usually by Christmas Day, nobody else at anchor speaks to me, they're so furious at my blinking lights. But I just sing happily along, caroling my way through the day. After the meal, I collapse in my cabin. And I suppose they all say, 'Thank God, she's resting!' "

roman dinners:

ELSA PERETTI

"At this time of year, in my new home in Rome, I do a big *pasta fagioli*, very traditional Italian food. I serve it simply: a good red wine, a marvelous salad, fresh bread, and a sorbet. We eat in front of the fireplace.

"Roman light is very dramatic, streaming through the windows by day; at night, I light white votive candles. At table, I use all my own glasses and flatware. I may add objects found at sea for decoration.

"My favorite flowers are huge Bourbon roses, but they're difficult to find in Rome at this time of year. Sometimes, I just go out in the countryside and pick my own dried grasses and weeds to create a sense of transparency at the table. These dried arrangements are mixed with very Baroque arrangements, as I love a feeling of less control in flowers' design. I often leave the center of the table empty.

"After dinner, I play Caballé's recording of "Casta Diva" from *Norma* on my new laser sound system. It's a perfect sound, and the glow of the fireplace increases the drama."

country traditions:

JEAN AMORY

"The English have a saying: over-egging the pudding. That sums up my feeling about Christmas. I haul out antique Christmas china with holly on it, put mercury glass candlesticks, balls, and orbs throughout the house. That and a special assortment of Victorian porcelain—Santa Claus cookie jars and other objects. This year, I discovered the Christmas Store in San Francisco—with everything from cards to ribbons to decorations. It's just added more fuel to the fire, now.

"Recently I've been doing a Jack Horner pie for the table, something normally done for children's parties. I cover an old round hatbox with pretty paper, fill it with small presents attached to long ribbons. Last year, I put a huge teddy bear on top, all done up in velvet bows.

"Christmas Eve, I prepare individual baskets of smoked salmon sandwiches. Believe it or not, my children, who are adults, also love to have peanut butter and jelly. Sandwiches and lemon cookies are placed inside picnic-style baskets tied with tartan ribbons. Each member of the family then can nibble throughout the night; around the room are huge bowls of popcorn or the best Hawaiian potato chips—from Maison Glass on 58th Street in New York City. My son loves egg-

(Continued on page 258)

Evening greetings: Bourbon roses, votive candles, "Norma" playing on a laser sound system

JACQUES DIRAND

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100's

(Continued from page 256)

nog, there's plenty of that. My daughter makes a splendid Fish House punch with lots of ingredients.

"Christmas Day, after all the excitement, I collapse at noon. My children take off to ski in the Adirondacks."

paris nights:

LOULOU DE LA FALAISE

"In Paris, the emphasis isn't so much on grand-scale decoration and entertaining. Holidays are more a personal than a social occasion.

"What's important to me is to invite amusing people. The second most important thing is lighting, natural candlelight. Thadee and I come home after work and light endless candles around the apartment: ones on the staircase, in all the rooms. Thadee climbs on a ladder to put fifty-two white candles in the chandelier.

"People come to my house less for the food than to be amused and have fun. I always seat people, even for a buffet: it makes for a peppier conversation. I have one big room where I set up round tables with white linen skirts. I always use white, as I think food looks more attractive against it.

"For large evenings, I invite different groups of people at different times, starting with those who come for dinner at around 8:30. Another group mingles in for after-dinner around 10:30. The real latecomers arrive as the candles are melting down, there's a beautiful late-evening glow. I love it when the candles get dimmer as the evening progresses."

christmas in los angeles:

MIGNON WINANS

"For years, we went to Sun Valley for the holidays. Now, we try to capture the same kind of celebration here in Los Angeles.

"On Christmas Eve, I like an old-fashioned menu since we have all ages here. Last year, the entire William Wilson family came in from Rome: the Ambassador, Mrs. Wilson, two daughters, and six grandchildren. We had Gloria and Jimmy Stewart with one daughter, Cesar Romero and Connie Wald. Food is always traditional turkey; my cook does a great purée of chestnuts, a super dressing. There is a variety of plum puddings, mincemeat and pumpkin pies.

"Decorations vary. I love things that give a candy-box gaiety to round tables; I often put a jeweled Magi arrangement in the center of a table or dining-room side console. Then I also put two tiny Christmas trees about a foot high under crystal hurricane lamps on the table. Antique deer recline on mantelpieces.

"Tablecloths are a big thing with me, and I try to bring something new to old ones each year. This year, I'm putting ecru lace tablecloths I found in Venice ages ago over Valentino Più tableskirts that I had made in Rome."

after-opera suppers:

IRENE AMIC

"In Paris, I like it when everyone is around the table for a supper after the opera, and the food swings by on mobile serving trays. That way no one has to get up or be disturbed between courses. I have a Charles X dining room with the walls exactly as they were painted in 1830, a blend of plaster and marble dust. There is no electricity in the room, so candles always create a dramatic foil to the surroundings.

"For a supper for four, the menu is always a mix of Greek, Roumanian, and Bulgarian dishes at this time of year, and I put wine on the table in Napoleon III crystal decanters.

Grape-ivy wreaths, garlands of periwinkle, deer to watch from dining room windows

The food is served in a collection of antique Russian silver chafing dishes and tortoiseshell cutlery. Dinner begins with caviar and blinis served with melted butter and cream, then my special treat—*tarama*—which is made by mashing cod eggs with oil, lemons, pepper, and cream. It comes with a purée of aubergines, cucumbers Russian-style, a meat *coulibiac* with a yogurt sauce made from a traditional Bulgarian recipe."

family pleasures:

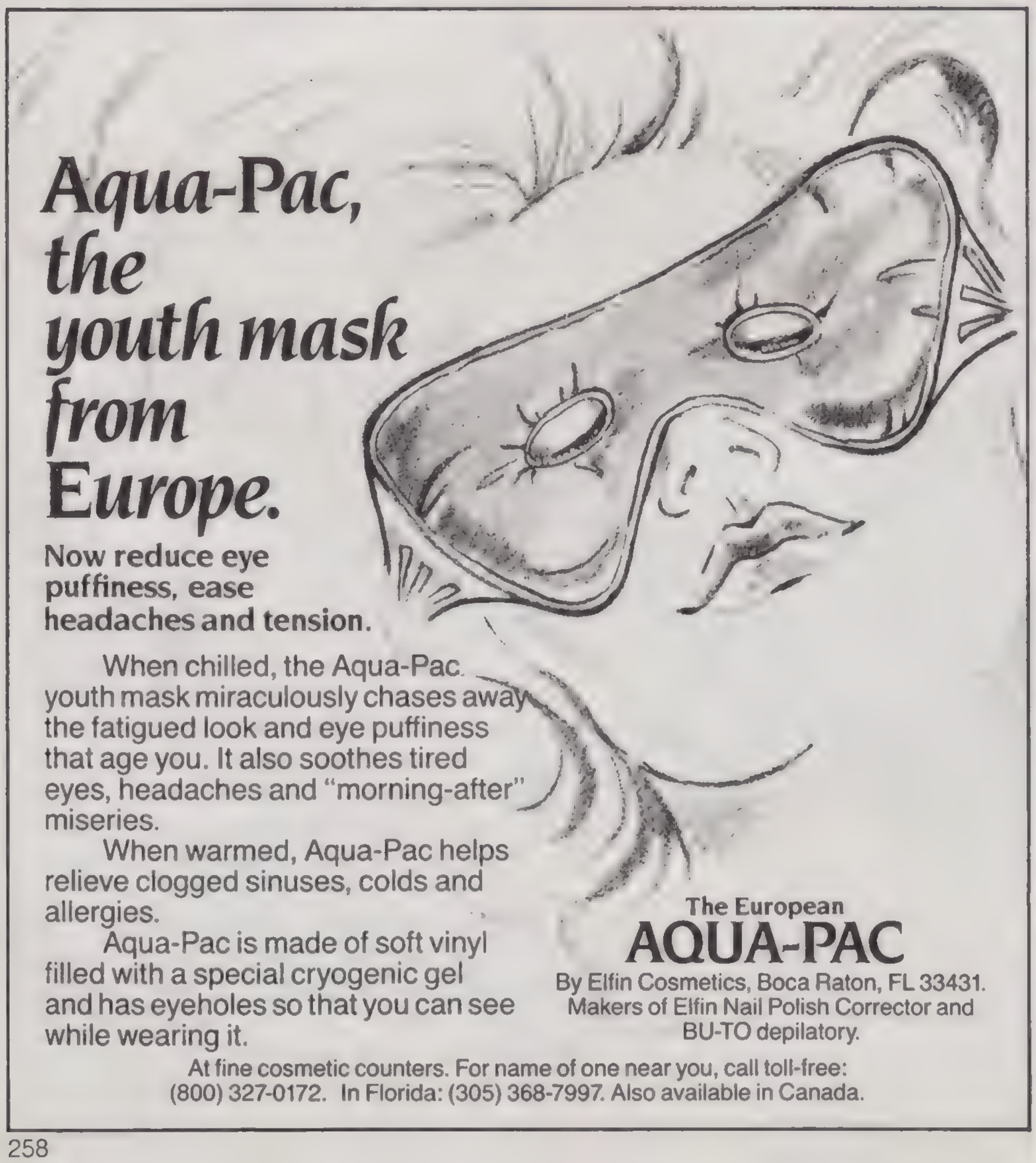
ANN GETTY

"Christmas is the time when all my children turn up at home and except for a few big

(Continued on page 260)

Rich beginnings: On Sevrès porcelain plates once in the household inventory of Napoleon Bonaparte, Lincoln Foster's first course—black caviar massed in a hollowed lemon

CHRIS CALLIS



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(Continued from page 258)

events, such as my husband's birthday celebration, that are organized and decorated, I keep to the quiet, family side of this time of year.

"I string Christmas trees throughout the house that were created for me by Eleanor Ford, an interior decorator. A teddy-bear tree, with bears dressed like all the members of the family, goes in the library. I have a "mouse" tree, and an Oriental tree, all papier-mâché hangings, which goes into the large yellow living room. Huge orbs of fresh flowers are hung like chandeliers in our courtyard. And all over the house, there are hanging baskets filled with greens and candles.

"Christmas morning, we all come down in robes, eager to open our presents, then have a big breakfast—traditional food and a lot of it. The day is then very casual, made for family and friends. The next afternoon, we pack up and go off to ski, follow the snow from Utah throughout the Rockies."

virginia country holidays:

LINCOLN FOSTER

"For holidays at my country house, as I do all year, I try to incorporate a sense of nature into the celebration. At Morland, I have great gardens; all the vegetables, flowers, and fruits—including nectarines, pears, peaches and apples—are brought into the scheme. My grape vineyards produce a very good Cabernet Sauvignon as well as a Chardonnay. For the season, grape ivy is made into wreaths, which are hung over the house's fireplaces. Vermeil candelabra which I've collected over a twenty-five-year span (seventeen of them working at Tiffany & Co.) are laced with garlands of periwinkle from the estate. Flowers are always an essential at table. Without them, a table isn't complete. I like islands of Morland's roses mixed with Queen Anne's lace arranged in Baccharat fluted and nonfluted bud vases in varied sizes. These are placed around crystal wine decanters, one for each guest.

"Very often, does can be seen gamboling on the lawn that faces the dining room. There are rabbits all over the estate, and I like to mimic them with a collection of antique rabbits on the table. I have a great eighteenth-century wooden rabbit from Japan and beautiful rock crystal rabbits with cabochon ruby eyes created by a wonderful sculptor, Andreas von Gerlof. White Spadini porcelains on a Sheraton sideboard represent the four seasons.

"I enjoy everything about the country, gardening, the animals. After the busy life of Tiffany's during the week, the outdoors and some cooking can be quite relaxing. One menu I prepare myself is boned chicken breasts stuffed with paté and Camembert, served with wild mushrooms and peas.

"I feel that meals should never be overwhelmingly heavy, but at any time of year I plan meals around desserts. As a young man, I always holidayed at my grandmother's house on Lake Geneva; afternoons with guests such as Charlie Chaplin and Noel Coward were spent out of doors, listening to 78 rpm records and consuming sweets. My idea of sheer ambrosia is chocolate meringue, which I do with a glaze; but I also like pies with two or three fruits from the orchards beautifully sliced and arranged in layers.

"I came to Morland five years ago as geese were migrating South over the frozen Potomac; it was New Year's Eve. New Year's Eve is a very symbolic time, and I like the Scottish way of ringing in the New Year. For a New Year's party at Morland, I'd like something less formal than a sit-down dinner; I would have an orchestra in for dancing, the party running through the dining room, the library and salon. And of course, Scottish style, lots of spirits." ▽

Season's gleamings: At Lincoln Foster's, at-place wine decanters, Venetian linens

A grand—and galley-cooked—dinner, a tree's antique ornaments and fuse-blowing lights: the pleasures and perils of a sailboat Christmas

CHRIS CALLIS

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food in vogue

Splurges for holiday cheer—best cookbooks, mail-order extravagances...Moon-struck at Mezzaluna where the smart set clamour for pizza and pasta

By Barbara Kafka

The fact remains that I, with the best will in the world, have never completed my Christmas shopping before December rolls around and that my life is complicated in the pursuit of the ideal present by the pleasant need and desire to entertain heavily at this time of year. Food, fortunately, is a safe and usually welcome gift as long as it doesn't require immediate eating on arrival—upsetting dinner plans. Gifts that can be sent, all wrapped, by simply picking up the phone are ideal. Cookbooks, if the friends are cooks, are simple and welcome presents; and this winter has provided a spate of good, new ones.

If there are friends who cook and deserve yet more extravagance, there are a few lavish culinary gifts to delight them. I find that the best presents are things I would like to have myself, the ones I have a real struggle divesting myself of. Each year I make a trip to Vito Giallo's tiny store at 966 Madison Avenue in New York City. He has exquisite taste and a hoard of one-of-a-kind antiques, sometimes odd, that make perfect gifts. There are crystal decanters for the wine buffs and silver master salts. Now, I will have to hurry to get there before you.

Since most people do cook for the purpose of entertaining, books that address the problem intelligently with an understanding that we cannot spend our entire lives at the stove or cough up our last pennies in order to entertain are to be recommended. Marian Burros' *You've Got It Made* (Morrow) tells how to prepare ahead for any-size party in easy stages, and Laurie Burrows Grad's *Make It Easy Entertaining* (Tarcher/Houghton Mifflin) simply limits time and effort.

Pierre Franey, who is clearly the current master of rapid preparation, has brought out a truly creative book, *Pierre Franey's Low Calorie Gourmet* (Times Books). It is as if the need to work with restraint has fostered a new burgeoning in his work. Of course, the entire world seems to be on a diet. This book is worth having—diet or not.

For the bakers, there are two extraordinary ones this year. I would find it hard to choose between them and would recommend getting both if at all possible. Marion Cunningham has written *The Fanny Farmer Baking Book* (Knopf). With her own talent for baking and a lot of research, she has carried the great Fanny's commonsense tastes, attitudes, and feeling for everyday applicability right on into the present. The book is full of American classics like chiffon pies, layer cakes, and breads as well as Marion's own inventions, so right they seem to read as classics. Flo Braker's *The Simple Art of Perfect Baking* (Morrow) is quite a different book although there are, inevitably, overlapping recipes. I must admit to prejudice here since I wrote the introduction to this book, which I wouldn't have done unless I thought it spectacular. The book has so much general information on ingredients and every phase of technique that it could serve as a general introduction to baking. The recipes have a more European, more elegant orientation than those in the Fanny Farmer book. I don't even like to bake and I found this book inspiring.

A charming small book is *Ginger East to West* (Aris) by Bruce Cost. It tells all about ginger and has some terrific recipes. If it seems too eccentric all by itself, you could give it with Jennifer Brennan's *The Cuisines of Asia* (St. Martin's/Marek). This ample book takes you on a succulent tour of the foods of China, India, Indonesia, Japan, Korea, Malaysia, the Philippines, Thailand, and Vietnam. Succulent meals can be made from its pages—many of them with ginger.

Originally, many of the recipes in *The Gold and Fizdale Cookbook* (Random House) appeared in the pages of Vogue. Now collected in book form, they convey the urbane form of these talented duo pianists and littérateurs. Reading it is like being a house guest at the most artistic of weekend parties.

When your mood isn't white linen: vibrant, hand-painted cloth to festoon a holiday table.

There is no doubt that the foodnik book of the year is *In Madeleine's Kitchen* (Atheneum). Opinionated, creative, and resolutely French, the author, Madeleine Kamman, has many acolytes and students. She stirs controversy as she goes.

That should take care of the friends who cook. For those who don't or who do but may be overwhelmed by the season, I recommend foods that need no cooking and are a delight.

From L.A. Desserts (113 North Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles CA 90048; 213-273-5537), you can have your friends sent the most heavenly eight-inch walnut torte that will generously spoil eight people. It comes in a lovely white tin *(Continued on page 264)*

Celestial splendor at Mezzaluna: a gallery of half moons, ceiling of clouds. Even more heavenly, perfect-meal pizzas and pastas.

Top to bottom KATHY TODD, RANDOLPH GRAFF JEFF MCNAMARA

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(Continued from page 262)

with pink tissue and ribbons, costs $24 including shipping. It will last four weeks unrefrigerated and three months in the refrigerator, so it cannot arrive inopportunely.

Perfect Endings also wants to tempt the sweet tooth of your friends with a four-pound Cointreau chocolate cake that is dark, rich and moist. It costs $35 and is available at Neiman-Marcus and Macy's.

For those you would rather send substance rather than sweet, call immediately Ducktrap River Fish Farm, Inc. (RFD 2, Box 378, Lincolnville ME 04849) at 207-763-3960. For $21 inside New England or $24 (allowing for air shipment) outside New England, they will send a handsome pine box enclosing six of the most delicately smoked trout I have ever tasted. They do have larger boxes and smoked salmon as well. Talk to them and rest assured that your friends will be treated lavishly.

I don't know if it's true about never being too thin or too rich but I certainly am sure that there is never too much caviar. For the ultimate in luxury, send the love of your life (certainly nobody less) a little something from Petrossian's newest shop and ultra-elegant restaurant (58th Street at 7th Avenue, New York NY 10019 at 212-245-2214). For only $985, you can send an extraordinary presentation stand and underliner dish made for them by Christofle in silver plate. Its function is to show off and serve caviar. It is thermally lined (like underwear) to keep the caviar at the correct temperature and comes with three different tops so that you can slip in a 250 gram, 500 gram, or 750 gram tin of caviar which, having been so lavish already, you must certainly include. At a more modest but still sensationally expensive price, you can instead give either a caviar ladle or two caviar palettes ($120 for either present). They are made of silver plate with deep-blue lacquer handles and vermeil bowls—since neither the service ladle nor the palette that touches your lips should be of silver, which interacts with the sturgeon eggs.

If these presents are a little rich for your pocketbook, you can go to the restaurant and see the artifacts and eat the caviar there. It will hardly be for nothing—allow a hundred dollars at least per person—but would be an ultimate post-opera touch. They are open until 1:00 A.M. in an Erté-inspired setting in one of New York's landmark buildings. Stick to caviar, smoked salmon, Champagne and vodka. (More on the pleasures of caviar on page 357.)

There really are better jams. Unfortunately, they also command better prices. André Surmain, late of New York, now of Mougins, is having made strawberry, raspberry, and apricot jams. They are rich with whole fruit, don't have too much sugar, and have just a fillip of lemon juice to balance the flavor. A box of three one-pound jars is available from Henri Bendel (10 West 57th Street, New York NY 10020) at $30. Well, I did warn you.

I've made it clear before that I love centerpieces: flowers, fruits, artifacts; but sometimes a truly spectacular tablecloth can do the same thing. For your holiday table or that of a friend, nothing could be more festive than one of the brilliantly colored hand-painted tablecloths by Mandy Morrison (45-41 47th Street, Woodside, New York 11377)—example on page 262. Prices start at $350. Such a strong design demands a simple, strong plate. One we would love is the black stoneware from Mark Krasne in Los Angeles. It is available from the Frank McIntosh shop at Henri Bendel for $45.

When in doubt, you can never go wrong with a copper pot of any size the budget affords. Zabar's (2245 Broadway, New York, NY) is famous for being cut-rate gourmet and has good, heavy, tin-lined Mauviels (French copper pots from $9.95 for a butter melter to $300 for a stock pot). Call 800-221-3347.

Finally, a restaurant has understood how Americans eat pasta. . . as a main course. Strangely enough, the very chic setting of Mezzaluna (which means half moon and in the kitchen is a two-handled semi-circular chopper) attracts as many of the elegant, New York-based Italian crowd as it does Americans. In part, the super-elegant design of the restaurant at 1295 Third Avenue is responsible. A ceiling painted with clouds, Florentine terracotta floors, Ginori china and stainless-steel flatware by Alessi represent the high points of Italian craft and design. Impatient New Yorkers are found waiting up to forty-five minutes in line to get into this no-reservations space.

That people are willing to tolerate touching chair backs with the ones at the table behind them, and accept having waiting customers hover over them, may come as no surprise to those who have seen people prefer the crowded bar room of Harry's Bar in Venice to the more spacious upstairs. Much of the food at Mezzaluna owes a debt to Harry's Bar. Among the first courses is a list of carpacci where assortments of vegetable, cheese, and herb toppings are added to the Venetian favorite.

There are other salad-y first courses and then we come to the point of the place, the pastas and the pizzas (pizzas available only at lunch and after 10:30 p.m.). There are no main courses; this is it, folks, and it is terrific. The pastas change daily and many of them are unusual. For fall there is the classic *pappardelle con funghi porcini*. . . great fat boletus mushrooms. . . and *tortelloni di zucca in salsa rosa* which is one of the trendy new dishes from an ancient recipe.

The pizzas are made in wood-burning ovens with varied combinations of vegetables and herbs and nary a hint of heavy tomato sauce.

The desserts are typically Italian and just to my taste: A selection of cheeses, various fruits and fruit sorbets. The wines are well chosen, and aside from the Champagnes, entirely Italian. No white is over $16, no red over $24; this is one advantage of an all-Italian list. Effort has been made to pick the best and to go beyond the obvious. Try Pomino Marchesi de Fresco Baldi at $13 for white and the Vennegazzu Loredan at the same price for red. ▽

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Satin Striped Crepe de Chines, 20 colors	1.00
Striped Silk Satins, 15 colors	.50
Jacquard Crepe de Chines, 20/25 colors	1.00
Spun Silk, blouse wt., 10 colors	.40
Silk Tapestry Brocades, 25/30 choices	1.00
Shantung Silks 54", 20 colors	.60
Dyed Taffeta, 12 colors	.80
Chinese Dupionni, 6 colors	.40
THAI SILKS	
Dress Weights, 30 colors	.80
INDIAN SILKS	
Raw Silk Naturals and Dyed, 6/8 choices	.40
Deluxe Indian Silks, 16 patterns	1.00
Indian Jacquard	.50
Narrow Stripe Dupionni, 17 patterns	.50
Due June, 20 new patterns	

ITALIAN SILKS	Sample Set Deposit
Silk Dupionni, suit weights, 10 colors	.80
JAPANESE SILKS	
Polka Dot Crepe Print, 9 choices	.80
Striped Dyed Noil, 7 choices	.60
Morocaine Crepe, 5 colors	.80
Charmeuse w/Crepe Back, 10 colors	.80
WHITE/NATURAL SILKS - 30/40 Samples	
Pongees, Habotai Silks, China/Indian Raw Silks and 13 other assorted white silks	1.50
WOOLENS	
Gabardines, 58", 10 colors	.40
Flannels, 58", 10 colors	.40
COTTONS	
Cotton Poplin, Dyed, 36", 10 colors	.60
Cotton Ikats, 45", Color Patterns	.60
Chinese & Indian W te Cottons	.40
Javanese Batiks, 40 15/20 choices	.60

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Swell times in Vienna... Morocco: the ultimate trip...Caribbean flash

By Richard Alleman

t is one of the world's most spectacular social events. Once a year in Vienna, the city's State Opera House provides the impossibly romantic setting for the Opera Ball. Attended by royalty and luminaries from all over the world, this is a night of Champagne, dancing (seven orchestras), roulette, glamorous women in gorgeous gowns, handsome men in white ties and tails. The Opera Ball is the climax of a sensational nine-day Viennese fling planned for this February by New York City's Metropolitan Opera Guild.

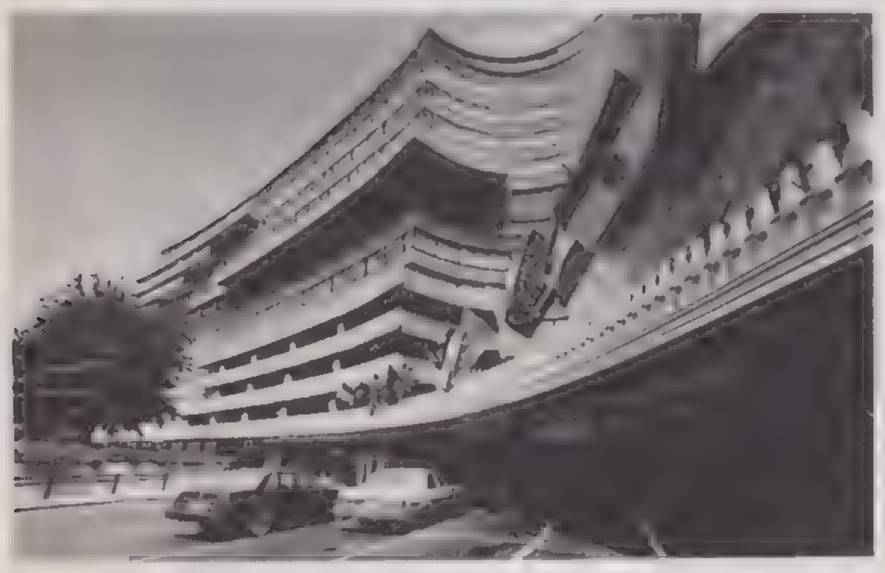
Even without the ball, this would be a magical trip. Accommodations are at the ultra-luxurious Imperial Hotel—a former palace. Nights are spent attending operas and operettas at the State Opera and the Volksoper. There are also special private musical performances, gala dinners and receptions, and the chance of overnighting, mid-trip, in Budapest or Salzburg without ever checking out of the Imperial.

Dates for this splendid time: February 8-16; price: $3574—includes round-trip air fare between NYC and Vienna, hotel, most meals, wine, opera tickets, limos, guides. *Note:* The same program is also available for $3072 with first-class rooms at the Hôtel de France. For further information on The Metropolitan Opera Guild's Vienna Opera Ball week, call the Guild at (212) 582-7500—or see page 274.

ومنهم جبرئيل

The ultimate of right-place/right-time combinations: Morocco in April—when the desert is a dazzle of flowers and days are still crisp and invigorating. This is the time the American Museum of Natural History in New York City has set for a two-week Moroccan adventure. Besides visiting exotic sub-Saharan towns such as Tineghir (*below*), Ouarzazate, and Erfoud, this "Discovery Tour"

will explore the great cities of Tangier, Fez, Rabat, Marrakesh, and Casablanca. Throughout the trip, top-notch hotels provide accommodations: El Minzah in Tangier, El Mansour in Casablanca, Palais Jamai in Fez. Cost: $1750—includes all land arrangements, but not air fare. Dates: March 29-April 13. See page 274 or contact the Museum of Natural History at (212) 873-1440.

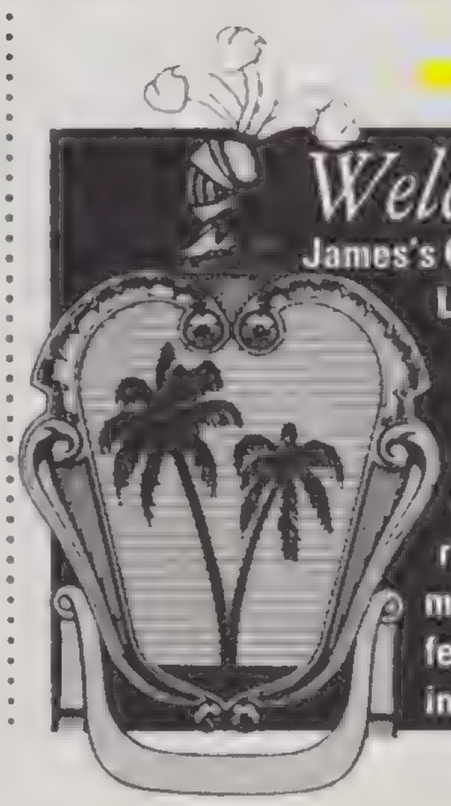


Rio: elegant evenings

Rio de Janeiro's new Equinox restaurant is the watering-hole-of-the-moment for the city's socialites/TV personalities. Housed in a pretty villa in fashionable Ipanema, Equinox has a handsome bar/lounge downstairs, tiny dining salons upstairs. The good food is created by a Paris-trained Japanese chef; wine list features excellent Brazilian wines unknown in the U.S. Reservations: 267-2895.

Weekend at Watergate

For many, the name still has potent historical significance; but for those who know it well, The Watergate Hotel is simply one of Washington's great places to stay. Its charms: huge rooms, superb service, pool, shops—all steps away from the J.F. Kennedy Center for Performing Arts. Now, for the first time, The Watergate has a weekend package. A bargain at $155 per couple, it includes Saturday night at the hotel, breakfast, two tickets to a Kennedy Center performance.



Welcome to the club

On the beachy West Indian island of Antigua, the posh St. James's Club debuts December 21. A Caribbean branch of St. James's Club in London—where celebrity members such as Gregory Peck, Liza Minnelli, and Steven Spielberg stay and dine while in Britain—the Antigua facility features ninety ocean-fronting rooms and suites, five villas, three restaurants, a crack Austrian chef, five tennis courts, marina, health club, horses, and small casino. In-season rates begin at $300 a day for two, including meals. *Note:* Nonmembers are welcome as first-time guests at St. James's (a $10 guest fee is levied)—but must become full members of the club before making subsequent visits. See page 274 for further information.

Top FPG-PHOTOWORLD, right MARCUS BROOKE

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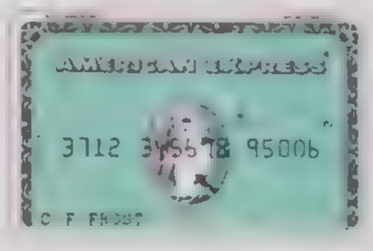

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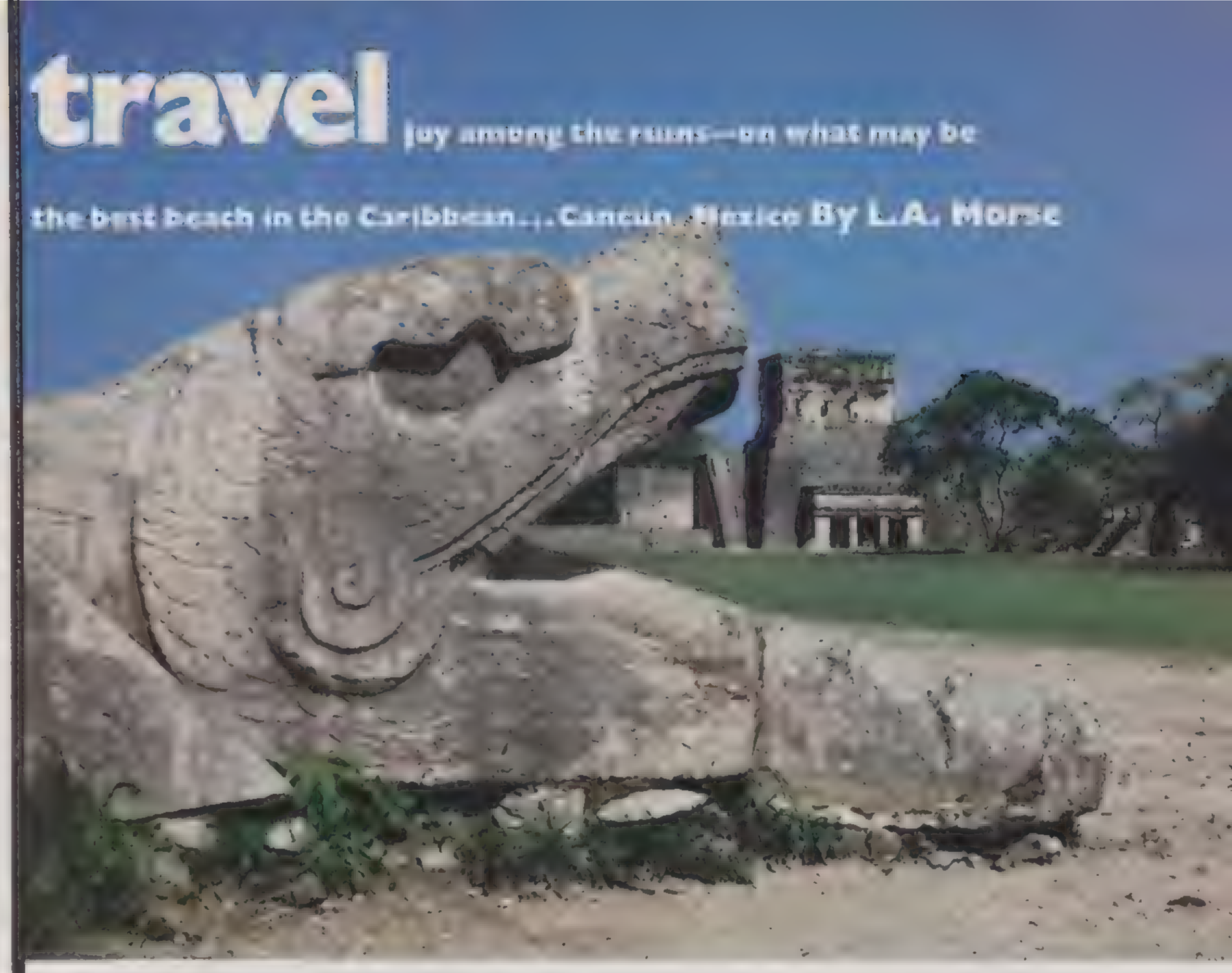
travel

joy among the ruins—on what may be the best beach in the Caribbean...Cancún, Mexico

By L.A. Morse



It started with the beaches. On the north side of the fourteen-mile-long island, they are small, separated by rocky outcroppings, and face onto the warm, calm, brilliantly turquoise water of the Bahia de Mujeres. On the Caribbean side, the beach is wide, slopes down from tall dunes, and stretches unbroken for nine miles. The sand is like talcum powder, white and fine, cool even on the hottest days. The water is an impossible blue, a shimmering, opalescent aquamarine broken by the white froth of the incoming surf. It is the kind of beach that great resorts are built upon.

And it has been built upon: Cancún is the brainchild of the Mexican government, designed to lure North American dollars away from the more established Caribbean destinations. Fifteen years ago, the island was a deserted, brush-covered strip of sand. Construction started about twelve years ago, and the first visitors arrived two years later. An instant success, Cancún is living up to the original meaning of its name, a Mayan word that translates as "Pot of Gold."

Besides the beaches, there was a great deal to recommend Cancún to the planners as a place to build a new resort. Located at the northeast tip of the Yucatan peninsula—the "thumb" that separates the Gulf of Mexico from the Caribbean—it is as close to the major eastern and central cities of the United States as most Caribbean islands: one and one-half hours from Miami and New Orleans, two from Houston, three and one-half from Chicago, almost four hours from New York.

There was also a large area available to accommodate long-term growth, and a fishing village a few miles away on Isla Mujeres that could provide the seafood. The important Mayan ruin of Tulum, perched on a cliff overlooking the turquoise Caribbean, was eighty miles away; and Chichén Itzá, one of the greatest ruin sites in the Americas, was 125 miles away. Both could be easily visited on day excursions. Deep beneath the limestone surface of the peninsula, there were vast reservoirs of pure water: Cancún would be one place in Mexico where it was perfectly safe to drink the water. . . and to eat the salads. And finally, the region had an average minimum of 240 sunny days a year. The site, as they say, was a natural.

Cancún's first hotel opened its doors ten years ago; and now hotels edge the beaches, either in small clusters on the north side, or in splendid isolation on the main beach. Most are low-rise structures, five to eight stories, built wide within spacious grounds; even the largest hotels, with only two hundred to three hundred rooms, maintain a sense of scale that is not overwhelming. Accommodations on the beach range from a youth hostel that charges less than $5, *(Continued on page 270)*

Above RICHARD ERDOES, below COLOUR LIBRARY INTERNATIONAL

Two views of the Mayan mystique: above, Temple of the Jaguar at star archaeological site Chichén Itzá; right, Caribbean beach at Cancún—guarded by statue of Mayan god Chac-Mool

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cancún

(Continued from page 268)

to very moderately priced hotels like the Carrousel, to small individual houses in the Villas Presidente, to a Club Med, to the new fourteen-story Hyatt Regency (the tallest building in Cancún) built around a spectacular, glass-domed circular atrium, to luxury resort complexes like the pyramid-shaped Sheraton.

In terms of location and setting, the Camino Real, one of Cancún's first hotels, remains its most dazzling. Long and low, with sloping sides and a marvelously simple design, the building is reminiscent of a Mayan temple at Chichén Itzá or Uxmal. Spanning the point where the two sides of the island come together, the hotel commands views in all directions. The grounds are expansive and lushly landscaped with several small beaches and a rocky point with a lighthouse and leathery iguanas sunning themselves on the boulders. There is, of course, a large swimming pool; but the surprise is a private saltwater lagoon in which giant turtles swim. With a choice of shaded open-air bars and restaurants, it would be tempting never to leave this tropical seclusion—but there is more to Cancún than sun and sand.

While most of the resorts are on the island of Cancún, "town" is on the mainland several miles away. Avenida Tulum runs through the city, and the half-mile-long section between Avenidas Coba and Uxmal is the main drag. Here, the broad tree-shaded avenue is lined with stores and restaurants—souvenir stalls and *supermercados*, sandwich stands and lobster houses. At corners, street vendors sell glasses of freshly squeezed orange juice and cups of tropical fruit.

In the evening, the wide sidewalk bustles with strollers, shoppers, and the occasional curiosity such as a jaguar cub named Tequilla tied outside a gift shop. This is the heart of commercial, tourist Cancún, yet it is refreshingly low-key: there are no bright lights or neon, virtually no hard sell or aggressive hustle; instead there are just balmy nights, a relaxed pace, and the good humor of shopkeepers trying to entice passersby with the claim that they have "different junk."

Cancún . . . "It started with the beaches."

The restaurants on Avenida Tulum offer seafood, mariachi music, and cater to tourists, but the next main street over—Avenida Yaxchilán—is where the Mexicans go. The street is lined with open-air restaurants serving grilled chicken and meat, and delicious local treats such as *queso fundido* (a kind of Mexican cheese fondue).

If Cancún's charms are mostly quiet, an exception is one of its most recent attractions—the new bullring, presenting bullfights every Wednesday afternoon between February and May. The arena is very small, so your $12 admission puts you right on top of the action. This is no distant spectacle; you can almost touch the bull, and you get a vivid sense of the danger involved in facing an angry two-thousand-pound animal. You're close enough to see the matador's face, to read his expressions, to see the nervousness and determination when he does not succeed, the elation and pride when he does. While this is not a major-league bullring, and while the performers may not always be terribly skillful, the excitement of having the drama occur only a few feet away from the spectators more than compensates. In a way, the bullfights are much like Cancún itself—accessible, reasonable, unpretentious, and completely engaging.

Even though Cancún is just ten years old and still expanding, the rough edges of its newness have already been softened by rapidly growing tropical vegetation. Even more important—especially for Cancún's future—the area's development is being carefully controlled.

Fonatur is the government agency that planned Cancún, and it remains responsible for nearly everything that goes on there. While some people may feel that a built-from-scratch resort is "artificial," what planning really means is that the kinds of problems that occurred in such places as Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta will be avoided in Cancún: the splendid beach will never have wall-to-wall hotels; housing for workers is built at the same time as new hotels, so there will not be slums and shantytowns. Planning also means that, for those who prefer some place simpler and less sophisticated, the nearby fishing village of Isla Mujeres will continue to be small, quiet, and uncommercial. Only a short ferry ride from Cancún, the five-and-one-half-mile-long island seems separated more by time than by distance, a 'sixties Margarita-ville that has survived pretty much intact into the 'eighties.

There are few cars and fewer roads. Streets of the town are mostly sand or cobblestone and are edged with palm trees and with fading pastel-colored houses. There are small casual restaurants that serve terrific freshly caught lobster, conch, and fish. There are good beaches, and there is excellent snorkeling. But there is little else to do, except to savor the pleasure of being very far away from everything. It's clear from the sounds of French, German, and Italian heard in the hotels and cafés on Isla Mujeres that Europe has discovered the island. The North Americans who come are the types who stay for several months, hanging a hammock in a thatched-roof hut and sliding into a soft, slow rhythm. It's that kind of place.

From the waterfront esplanade on Isla Mujeres, you can just make out the shapes of the hotels on Cancún. A world away . . . or only a ferry ride. The best part is you don't have to choose: you can have them both. ▽

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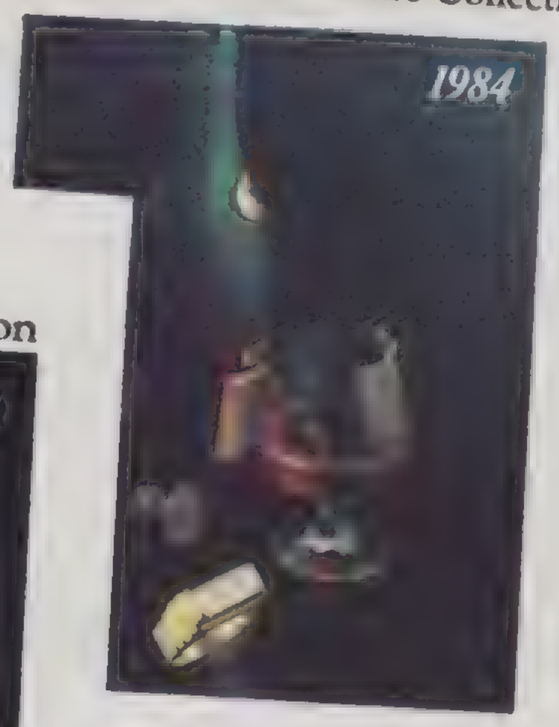

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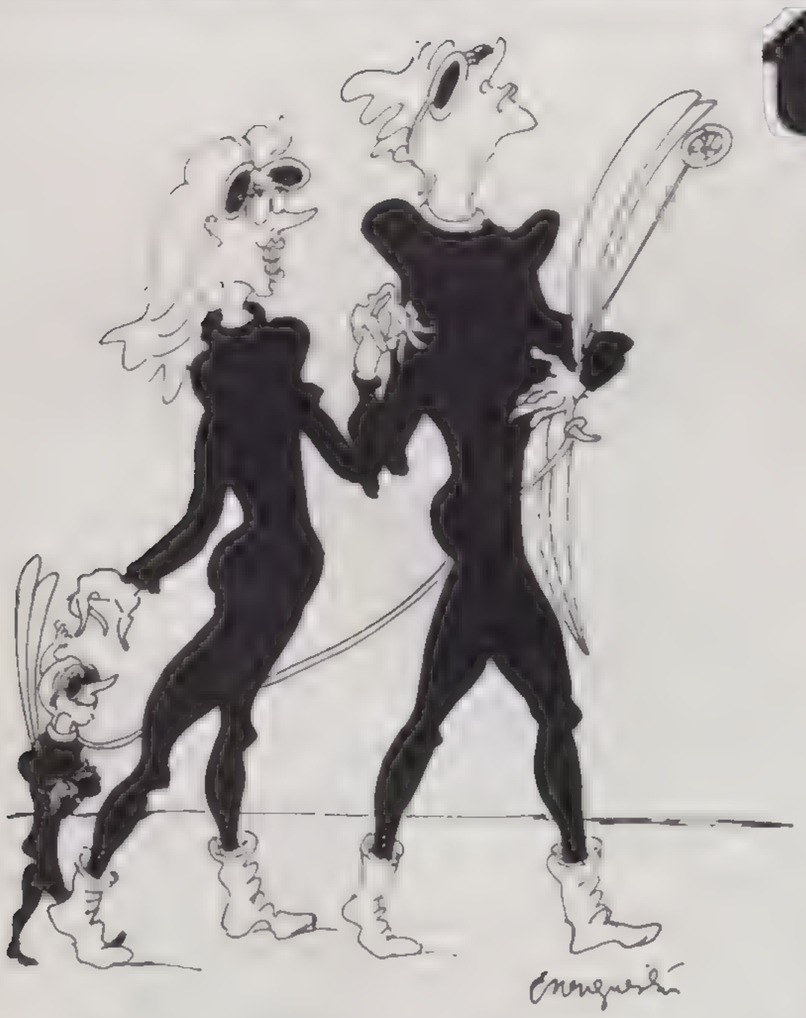

Seasons greetings from Gstaad—

where the living is lavish,

the skiing is easy, and Christmas

is merrier than anyplace else

on earth **By Jeanne McCulloch**

It is Christmas in Gstaad. High above the chalets and snowy mountains, a big golden hot-air balloon glides silently by. At first glance (and it is ours, my husband and I having just arrived for a two-week stay), the golden balloon seems absurdly out of place. To me, Switzerland has always been the land of the rustic and the quaint, an entire country that sounds like cowbells and smells like milk chocolate. In my version, a little girl named Heidi lives in the Alps with a herd of goats, and shimmery symbols of affluence do not go floating by overhead.

But we are in Gstaad, and Gstaad is no ordinary Swiss village. It's a place where evening gowns are as essential as long underwear, where movie stars and political exiles lurk around every corner, where the Swiss picturesque blends surprisingly and happily with international chic. It's a place full of surprises. The balloon, it turns out, can be rented for three hundred Swiss francs (about $150) per person and will take a group of four or five up in the clear Swiss skies for an afternoon of breathtaking views and Champagne. Over the course of our visit, the balloon becomes as much a part of the landscape as the church spires and the Alps, reminding us that there is more than one way of looking at a Swiss village and that, in Gstaad, fantasy reigns.

Because it is Christmastime, the town of Gstaad is awash in colored lights and tourists. Because it is December 23 and there is (unusually) not enough snow to ski, everyone is in town buying last-minute presents. All up and down the main street, people in moon boots and mink flash shopping lists and traveler's checks, chattering away in at least six languages. Town, we discover, is a pleasant place to visit. It's small, but packed with European boutiques (lest you forgot your sequins) and sport stores (so you can spring for a jazzy new ski suit). Because everyday things always look more appealing abroad, we stock up on tubes of mustard and vials of sweetened cream in the local market.

Further down the street, I stop at a stationery store to buy stocking presents (we're at a family reunion, there are lots of stockings to fill). Some funny little buttons catch my eye: white, oblong, they announce in flowing script, "Gstaad, my love." I consider the American equivalent, "I love New York." How flat the latter seems, while the former is tender, romantic. A slogan embracing a ski resort. My sister comes up behind me. "I just saw Julie Andrews coming out of the market," she says. Julie Andrews. I picture a nun with a guitar. You know—Sister Maria, "Edelweiss," "Climb Every Mountain." "Forget it," my sister says. "White chinchilla and a Range Rover." How silly of me.

Some of the sight-seeing in Gstaad takes place indoors and one of the best places to do it is at the Palace, an enormous regal-looking

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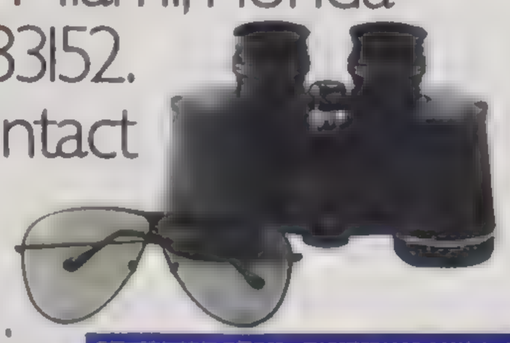

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hotel up a winding road from the center of town. Tea at the Palace is served every afternoon in a big cozy room on the main floor. A fire crackles in a large stone fireplace, a piano player plinks away, and everyone sinks into a huge soft leather chair while waiters wheel around trays of perfect pastry. Picture windows line the back of the room, providing a view of the mountains and a subliminal message: it's cold and blustery out there, you're warm and toasty in here. Aren't you happy? Have some tea and whipped-cream tart.

At teatime, hotel guests come out of their rooms to form new multilingual clusters around pots of Earl Grey: slinky models in leopard sweatsuits, couples in his-and-her fur boots (knee-high), a table of blond boys we swear we've seen in underwear ads. A woman in tight leather pants with a beeper goes around kissing everyone (the hotel physician, we wonder?). People-watching, I learn, is a habit; and like any habit, it starts out slowly and becomes embarrassingly addictive. Soon we've lost ourselves to all but the parade, averting our gaze only long enough to compare notes and locate our teacups.

Even when there's no snow, there's plenty to do at the Palace. They have squash courts, two swimming pools, saunas and massage, all available to the public for a minimal fee. (They also own the golden balloon.) At night, a dance floor slides over a swimming pool, and the place turns into a popular discothèque known as the "Greengo." Here, for thirty francs ($15) at the door, you may find yourself shimmying next to Roman Polanski.

The day after Christmas, we finally get our wish: a good thick blanket of snow falls overnight, and we take to the ski slopes. Skiing in Gstaad offers a variety of possibilities, depending on skill and energy. One option is to take a *télécabine* up to the top of any of the three mountains in the area, each of which has a good assortment of easy and more difficult slopes. Another option is to ski from village to village and, at the end of the day, take the local train back home (simply flash the conductor your lift ticket to get on the train free of charge).

Generally, Gstaad is known as a novice ski resort. They're not in the business of intimidating people, they just want everyone out there having a good time. "Bunny" slopes are nice for beginners, and they make intermediate skiers look like pros. Legend has it that if you keep your eyes peeled (people-watching again) you'll find Roger Moore navigating Gstaad's finest bunny slopes. I don't swear to that, because I didn't see him. I did, however, spot George Hamilton. He was hard to miss: a tall man with a dark tan, wandering about the ski lodge decked out in a silver Mylar spacesuit.

The most challenging skiing in Gstaad is the Wasserngrat area—this is also the home of the exclusive Eagle Club. The Eagle Club, a handsome stone building on top of the mountain, is where old European money mingles with fast-track L.A. over potato salad and apple juice. Tall English lords and bleached blond sun bunnies. Everyone drags around his own ski "guide" (the dignified word for instructor; God forbid anyone should think you can't ski). The day we were there, an Italian businessman asked, "After Gstaad, where do you go *next*?"

George Hamilton is not hard to miss: a tall man with a dark tan, decked out in a silver Mylar spacesuit

"After Gstaad? Well, home," I replied.

"No, no" he insisted, "I mean where will you be *going* next!"

Those who can't wangle an invitation to the Eagle Club—and it's awfully tough at Christmastime—needn't despair. Every ski area has its own lunch spot, and some have outdoor sun decks. The Eggli restaurant won our award for best views and best mountaintop bratwurst, though the cafeteria-style restaurant in nearby Saanenmöser ran a close second in both competitions.

One of the best ways to see Switzerland is cross-country skiing or, as we came to call it, "ski wanderin' ". You can go wanderin' all over Gstaad and its environs, though our favorite place was in Lauenen, about twenty minutes away by bus. Here, *(Continued on page 274)*

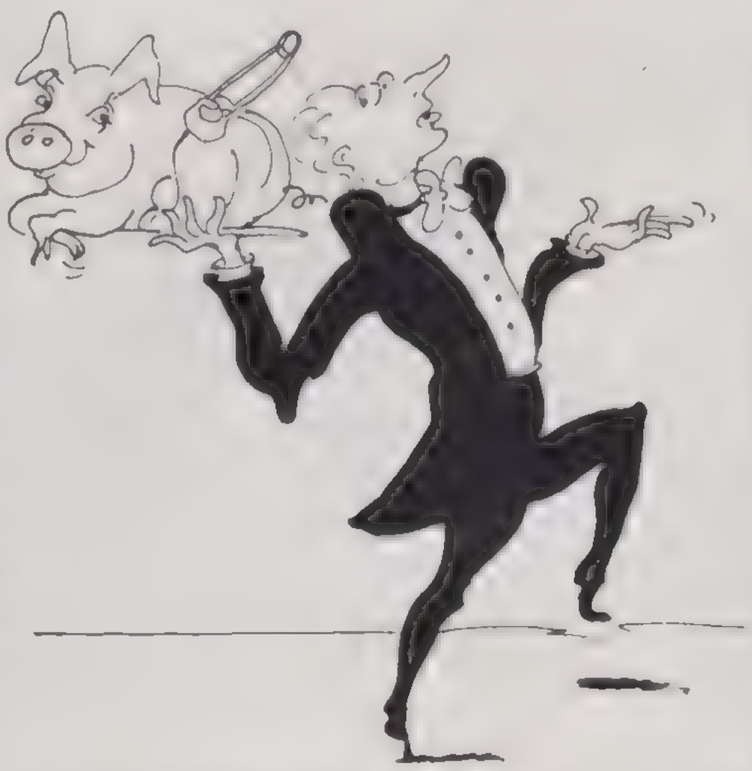
gstaad

(Continued from page 273)

the trails wind through forests, over bridges, alongside brooks that actually babble. The small downhill area next door will satisfy those in the group who can't bear to go a day without working on their snow plow. At lunchtime, everyone piles into "Freddie's," a local restaurant that serves fresh trout (swimming in the tank outside the building until you order it) as well as a fine steak and *frites* combination, and luscious fondue.

As for dinner, Le Cerf, in the town of Rougemont, is a legend. This is strictly traditional Swiss cuisine. For an appetizer, you eat Bündnerfleisch, thin slices of dried meat, followed by fondue or, our choice, *râclette*. *Râclette* is a hard mild cheese that comes to the table in a big wedge. The end of the cheese is melted over a Sterno flame until it bubbles, at which point you scrape it onto your plate and eat it with baked russet potatoes and *cornichons*. Capped off with a bottle of *Fendant*, a light Swiss white wine, this makes a fine and filling meal. Heartier eaters can have a chocolate fondue for dessert. The night we went to Le Cerf, someone in *Lederhosen* was playing a saw. Someone else did a little yodeling. Now this was Switzerland.

The next night is New Year's Eve—and we are invited to dinner at the Palace. This is the part where you pull out your evening dress and put on your best open mind. I teeter into the Palace at ten o'clock. (Teeter, because I have spent a week in ski boots; high heels feel strangely like walking on twigs.) The coat rack at the front door would send the Wild Life Reserve into permanent spasm: rows upon rows of fur—spotted, striped, combed, and dyed. Further on, the big cozy tea room is done up like a child's birthday party: all streamers and party hats. Women in Saint



Laurent dresses rush by blowing kazoos, men in tuxedos sport green paper baseball caps. Our party is led to one of the three main dining rooms, each of which has its own buffet. The band doesn't speak much English, but they do a swell Michael Jackson medley, and all the music from *The Big Chill*. The buffet (all you can eat) is wonderfully obscene: caviar, lobster, *foie gras*—followed by the roasts: duck, lamb, and beef. For dessert, our old friends the tea pastries. At midnight, everyone hugs, kisses, sways back and forth and gets misty. Someone comes through the room carrying a baby pig in a diaper, and there is a mass scramble toward the poor little creature. "I just touched him!" a woman in feathers announces triumphantly to no one in particular. We ask her why. In Switzerland, it ends up, it's good luck to touch a pig. I add this to my list: golden balloons, Julie Andrews in chinchilla, baby pigs in diapers.

After dinner, we move back to the tea room, where a more subdued crowd (all worn out from pig touching no doubt) is sipping brandy. Photographers hover around a young man who turns out to be the Shah's nephew. He sits near us with a group of friends, all about eighteen, all elegant. In the next room, someone spots Joan Collins and the photographers run. Since our party hats are wilting, we decide it must be bedtime. Outside, a light snow falls as we head down the hill. Behind us, one of the bands tries a little Frank Sinatra and the muffled sounds follow us home. "Stand-gers in de nacht....dah, dah, dah, dah-dah...."

On our last day, we succumb to total fantasy and take an evening sleigh ride through Gstaad—clip-clopping far past the lighted boutique windows, past the darkened ski stations, out onto the open road beyond town. It's Christmas in Gstaad, and we're joggling along with bellies full of brandy, trying to sing the harmony to "Silent Night." You talk about your happy endings. ▽

MARGUERITA BORNSTEIN

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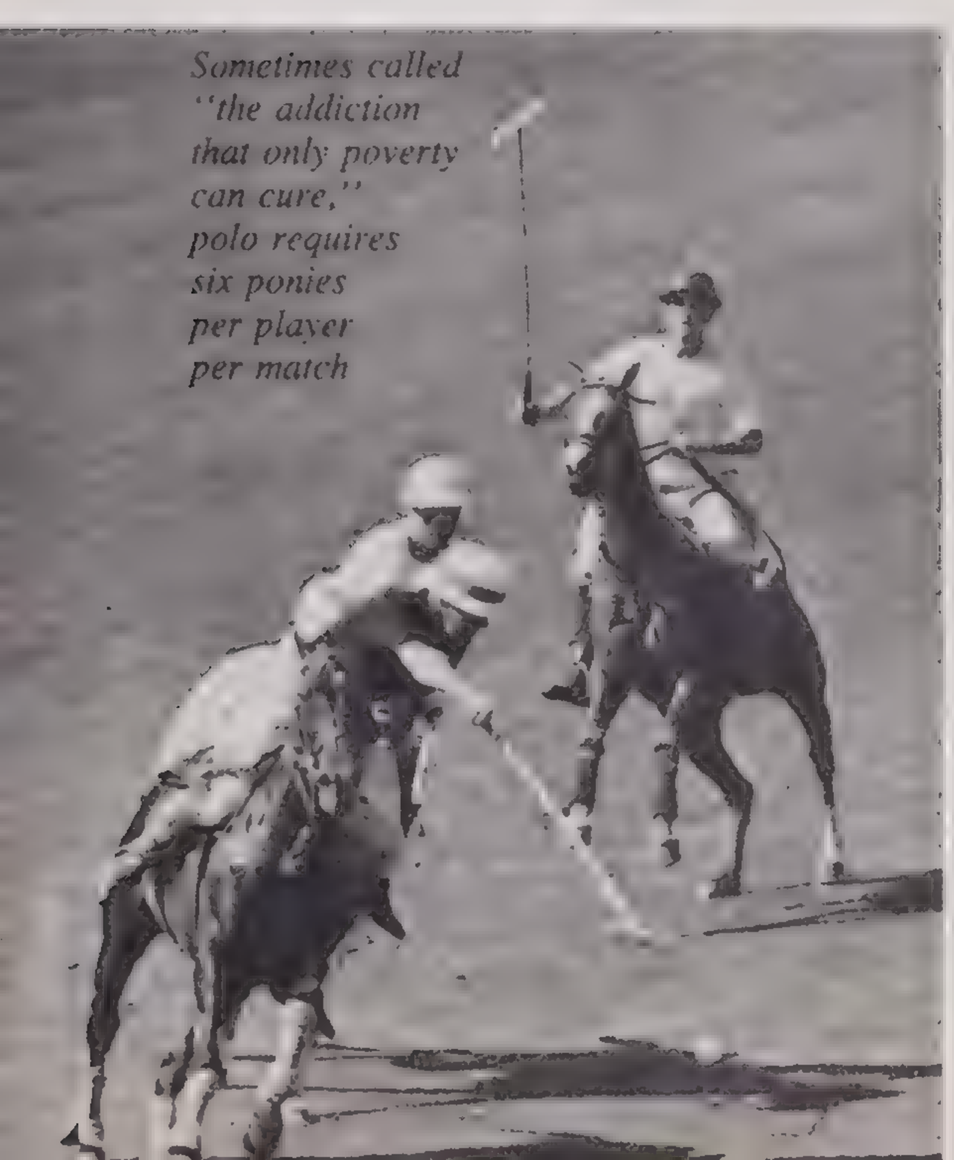
travel

Civilized pursuits: the passion for polo, croquet, black-tie dinners, and Champagne afternoons in Palm Beach and Boca Raton, two glamour cities along Florida's Gold Coast

By William P. Rayner



Sometimes called "the addiction that only poverty can cure," polo requires six ponies per player per match

BETTMANN ARCHIVE, INC.

The last time I spent an entire winter in Boca Raton was the year that the stick shift was replaced by the automatic transmission. Historically, that places my visit about halfway between the 1920s—when the famous Florida architect Addison Mizner dreamed of making Boca Raton into the Venice of the Americas—and the present.

As for the present, the city of Boca Raton has become a hub for a group of first-class year-round resort communities that have been established there in recent years—The Saint Andrews Club, Boca Grove, Boca West, and the Woodfield Hunt Club. While all these have the standard life-support systems (golf, tennis, swimming, and the like), they also have another nearby attraction that sets them apart from most communities—namely polo. The Royal Palm Polo Club, now in its twenty-sixth season, has nine polo fields and is host each winter to some fifty games, attracting teams from all over the country. While it was possible to see polo in the stick-shift era, it was nothing then as compared to now.

A great part of the credit for the renewed interest in polo is attributable to another Florida resort some twenty-five miles north of Boca Raton and seventeen miles west of Palm Beach. It is the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club at Wellington, started seven years ago by William T. Ylvisaker. To the best of my knowledge, Ylvisaker is the only modern developer to follow the example of the sixteenth-century Persian Shah who laid out the city of Isfahan around a polo field. From the end of December through May, each year, Ylvisaker's 1650-acre pleasure dome—with eleven polo fields and three practice fields, each ten times the size of a football grid—is host to matches between teams and players from all over the world. In any one season, players from Spain, Argentina, India (represented by the Maharaja of Jaipur's team), England (Prince Charles has come to play), Mexico, Brunei, Brazil as well as Pakistan come to Palm Beach or to Boca Raton to shoot with wooden mallets a three-inch bamboo-root ball in the direction of the eight-yard-wide goals. During the six periods or "chukkers," each of which is played for seven minutes, the ponies travel up and down the field at speeds of up to thirty miles an hour. The action is so intense that riders must change their chargers after each chukker.

Polo is not only hard on the ponies—but hard on the pocketbook. A minimum of six quality ponies is *(Continued on page 278)*

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palm beach/boca raton

(Continued from page 276)

needed per player. The six horses cost upwards of $25,000—plus yearly maintenance of another $30,000 to $40,000. Because of this, polo is not soon going to replace jogging as exercise. But in Palm Beach and Boca Raton (neither town has a marathon), it has become a very popular spectator sport. Last year over one-hundred thousand spectators came to view the Sunday games. This year, to satisfy the demand, Palm Beach is planning matches for Saturday as well as Sunday. In fact, polo has become so popular worldwide that in November of 1983, twenty-six nations met in Buenos Aires to discuss the possibility of including polo in the 1988 Olympics.

Part of the reason for the renewed popularity of the sport can no doubt be attributed to the *après*-polo activities such as the luncheons, black-tie dinners, charity balls, steeplechase and polo balls that surround the weekly matches. Polo is not so much a sport as a way of life steeped in tradition for player and fan. Those who play it claim to be addicted—an addiction, it has been pointed out, that only poverty can cure. For those who watch it, there is no yelling or cheering from the bleachers, but rather a restrained clapping that from a distance sounds like wind in the trees. Because the game has, until recently, been played by only a few of the most privileged (and strongest and best coordinated), the rules have changed little. There remains about polo a civilized Victorian quality associated with the British Raj tradition of hard play and impeccable tailoring.

As with any sport, there are rituals. Football has its half time, baseball the seventh-inning stretch, but only in polo do you top off play with a stirrup cup of Champagne. And at what other game do the fans arrive with wicker hampers and linen tablecloths in their Rolls and Mercedes for tailgate parties? To what other sporting event do you bring your Labrador retriever?

In addition to polo, Boca Raton and Palm Beach have also become important centers of another less vigorous, if more intellectual stick and ball game. It is croquet. At the St. Andrews Club in Boca Raton and at the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club at Wellington, it is played on moss-soft grass by enthusiasts with the concentration of chess players and the dedication of born-again Christians. Palm Beach Polo and Country Club is the only place in the country that has its own resident croquet pro. For those who stay at the monumental Breakers hotel in Palm Beach, it is not necessary to go to the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club at Wellington or to the St. Andrews in Boca to play croquet: The Breakers, with its 140 acres of gardens and one of its two eighteen-hole golf courses right in the center of town, is to Palm Beach what Central Park is to Manhattan. It is also the winter home of the American Croquet Association and the summer home of the Emily Post Etiquette Camp for young people. You learn etiquette down there and then you learn polo. ▽

GOLD COAST NEWS

One of the East Coast's most seductive settings, Palm Beach County is a cluster of communities anchored by the glamorous resort cities of Palm Beach and Boca Raton. Separated by twenty-five miles, the two cities share dreamy, almost subtropical climates—but are by no means twin cities. Palm Beach attracts mainly escapees from winter cold—while Boca Raton is a thriving all-year place with enclaves of clean high-tech industries. In fact, the high-tech boom here has resulted in Boca Raton's being nicknamed "Silicon Beach."

Boca's newest planned community, the Boca Grove Plantation, spreads over three-hundred acres, provides country-club amenities (eighteen-hole golf course, eleven tennis courts) to residents who live in luxurious condominium apartments, patio houses with pools, Mediterranean townhouses, or million-dollar-plus villas.

Next door to Boca Raton's Royal Palm Polo Club, the dazzling St. Andrews Club is another country-club-style development with homes, restaurant, spa facilities, two eighteen-hole golf courses that curl around waterways....At the established Boca West community, the newest addition is The Island—a complex of ultra-expensive houses. These stand almost hidden by tropical trees and flowers with open views of the lagoon.

Near the Gold Coast beaches of Boca Raton, there's more good living at The Sanctuary—lavish houses with sunken gardens overlooking the water...and at the Boca Marina Yacht Club, where shiny cars park at the front door and sixty-foot yachts tie up at the back ready to slide smoothly through the channels into the Intracoastal Waterway.

Boca's tallest landmark remains the legendary Boca Raton Hotel and Club near the end of the regal, palm-lined Camino Real Drive. The hotel and its additions span the history of the city—from the turreted, Mizner-designed 1920s Cloister building to the modern and functional Tower. The Boca Raton Hotel and Club also has lovely villas that circle its golf course and a new balconied seventeen-story Boca Beach Club complex.

While Boca booms, Palm Beach keeps its classic star quality. Its Breakers hotel is more than a hotel—it is a luxurious community with two eighteen-hole golf courses, fourteen tennis courts, croquet lawn, Olympic-sized heated pool, beach club, cabanas, shops. Designed after an Italian palazzo with fountains, twin towers, vaulted ceilings, The Breakers is continually refurbished and repainted. This year, the focus has been on redoing the Venetian Ballroom—with 330 yards of Fortuny fabrics for the walls, new curtains for the ceiling-to-floor windows, and sixteen new chandeliers to provide soft light.

To accommodate The Breakers' many fans, the six-hundred-room hotel added One North Breakers Row nine years ago—a low-rise building of condominiums. And now rising on The Breakers' oceanfront is Two North Breakers Row, aiming for a 1986 opening.

—Despina Messinesi

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VOGUE'S view

Great takes: new shortsuits
...Perry Ellis' America...
Paris shoe wizardry

By André Leon Talley

glancing back

Through the looking glass, lightly: 1984's twists and turns in fashion, new attitudes

Looking back at fashion notions, 1984 was a year of amusing change: with excitement on both continents about the masculine, menswear influences that poured forth in torrential doses. The look held up successfully at YSL: Always true to his form, he gave charm to mannish tailoring. Loulou de la Falaise, YSL's in-house muse and design assistant, jazzed up his crisp houndstooth, *below*, by putting on the dog with animal-spot accessories.

In Paris, Ungaro's curvaceous provocation reached a peak in slender "little nothing" draped dresses. Stephen Sprouse overloaded N.Y.C. fashion circuits with high-voltage color and matching Jack Sprat-lean leggings. London streets loaded with angst-filled youth drenched in tulle. They added Regency rake jodhpurs, riding habits—and launched a new mood. Ralph Lauren fused Oscar Wilde-style dressing gowns and pants for easy evening; trailblazing Jean-Paul Gaultier's mad-hatter accessories highlighted a new attitude about color, texture on texture, explosive minglings of inspirations: '84 London streets, Dickens, dandies. (*"View" continued on page 282*)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT by SPROUSE

SWEPT AWAY by UNGARO

1984: A BOUNTY OF OSCAR WILDE ROBES AND MENSWEAR DRESSING, REGENCY RAKES, LONDON NEWS

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST by RALPH LAUREN

PYGMALION by JEAN-PAUL GAULTIER

A MAN AND A WOMAN by SAINT LAURENT

GREAT EXPECTATIONS: LONDON STYLE

MARIO TESTINO, MATS GUSTAVSON, TIM SHEAFFER, BERTRAND MARIGNAC, PIERRE SCHERMAN, PAMELA HANSON
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view

NEWSWATCH: Perry Ellis America for Levi Strauss—an affordable new collection of relaxed, easy pieces for men and women. "I wanted to capture in clothes the spirit of a very active way of living," notes Perry of this joint venture with a company that first outfitted the Wild West in the nineteenth century. "These are clothes for weekend living, for wearing at-home after work, for the sort of fresh, out-of-doors style that is truly American."

MANOLO BLAHNIK, BRUNO JUANINI R. Hair by Joe Mendez for Le Salon, makeup by Bobbi Brown

American style: spirited, casual ease from Perry Ellis for Levi Strauss . . .

Hot, colorful shortsuits: new late-day options, polished dressing

slang fashion:

walking suits with abbreviated pants. In a season of brief skirts and mannish tailoring, they're an unexpected look for evenings. Perry Ellis likes pieces in rich raspberry linen with a blue T-shirt, *left*. "For warm places by day, women want shorts for coolness. At night, the look moves to a casual dinner—say, on a veranda in Barbados." In London, shoe wizard Manolo Blahnik recently paired a ten-year-old YSL blazer, *below*, with Armani shorts—for dinner with Boy George. Blahnik moccasins are made of anteater skin. *("View" continued on page 286)*

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wheels are extra cost options.) Diesel availability in Jan. ** Protection Plan: 2-year unlimited-mileage, limited warranty on entire car, except tires; 3-year unlimited-mileage, limited warranty on

View

Roger Vivier, above, at work on his new shoes; at right, his country home in Périgord. Paper maquettes, below, of Restoration-style court evening pumps with "broken" heels: a Vivier signature since he did shoes for Dior, 1953-1963

High stepping: vintage Vivier

What Lenôtre is to the world of formal gardens, Roger Vivier is to high-fashion shoes. "My work is a matter of French taste," says this master shoe designer. "A Parisian alchemy in style, fashion."

For ten years, beginning in 1953 when Christian Dior opened his shoe boutique, Vivier made shoes for Dior: translating the look of eighteenth-century boudoir mules and scuffs to evening shoes, pumps, day boots. "I am as amused doing an African sandal like a mask as I am a shoe à la Pompadour. In any shoe," says Vivier, who works in a castle in Périgord, "there must always be a balance of seriousness and fantasy."

Top: Witty "shadow portrait" shoe; above, diamanté-heeled pump

Rooster-comb sandals, Chantilly lace boots: shoes of wit and fantasy

Left: Maquettes for a new African sandal boot. Vivier studied art in Paris before, in 1937, beginning his shoe-designing career. His shoe models are worked out like sculpture

Velvet mule, left, with rococo topaz work was inspired by Madame de Pompadour, made in '64

For Yves Saint Laurent, in the 'sixties, Vivier's outlandish wit and fantasy hatched African sandals with rooster combs worked out in plumes, Ben Franklin patent pumps. "Monsieur Roger Vivier is a great artist," says YSL. "The extreme elegance of his shoes definitely affirmed the silhouette of my dresses."

"What is exquisite about Vivier's shoes is the mounting of his heels," adds Diana Vreeland, who owns a dozen of his pilgrim pumps and rock-star vinyl boots. "There is exact balance."

On December 4, "Architecture du Frivole," an exhibition of Vivier's work, opens at Christian Duvernois' New York Façade gallery; it runs through mid-January. A new Vivier shoe shop is scheduled to open on Madison Avenue, too, early in 1985.

("View" continued on page 288)

ERICA LENNARD

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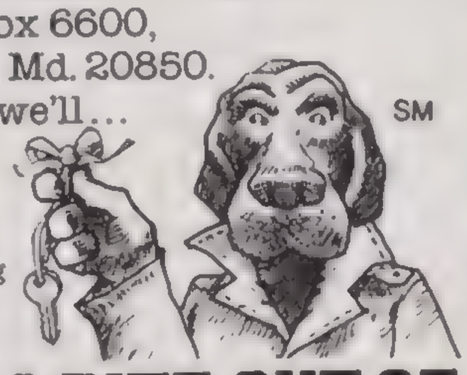

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view

watching:

A romantically Spanish seaside wedding: when Venice's Leonello Brandolini d'Adda married Mariá Sala in Spain. For the ceremony, a baroque church's entire marble floor was strewn with fresh wild rosemary. At the reception, the bride—in white lace and El Greco-blue taffeta from YSL—led everyone, including Loulou de la Falaise, who'd come with the Paris dress, onto seafront terraces for dancing....

Watching: shoe designer Maud Frizon, newly moved from France to the U.S., riding pillion to-and-from N.Y.C. stores on a Honda Intercepter 1000, painted American flag colors....

Watching: Bethann Hardison, who heads her own New York modeling agency, dining with David Bowie, Al Pacino at Mick Jagger's. Her London weekend luggage: a Swiss schoolbag. Her dress: chiffon with denim!

Shape of things to come: At Saint Laurent couture, a svelte black wool dress, above, with no sleeves, clearly curvaceous lines. Bright brick-red suede graphically cinches hipbone and waist. The watchwords: utter femininity.

HORST, RANDOLPH GRAFF, BERTRAND MARIGNAC

RICHES FOR CHRISTMAS What could beat slippers of needlepoint? Baron Philippe de Rothschild's are above; Brigid Berlin, in NYC, now does similar petit point designs. Made-to-order, at $2500.

NEWSWATCH: Barry Kieselstein-Cord's new NYC Bergdorf Goodman shop, new silver objects (box, *below*) for the home. For him, "It's a whole new medium." *("View" continued on page 292)*

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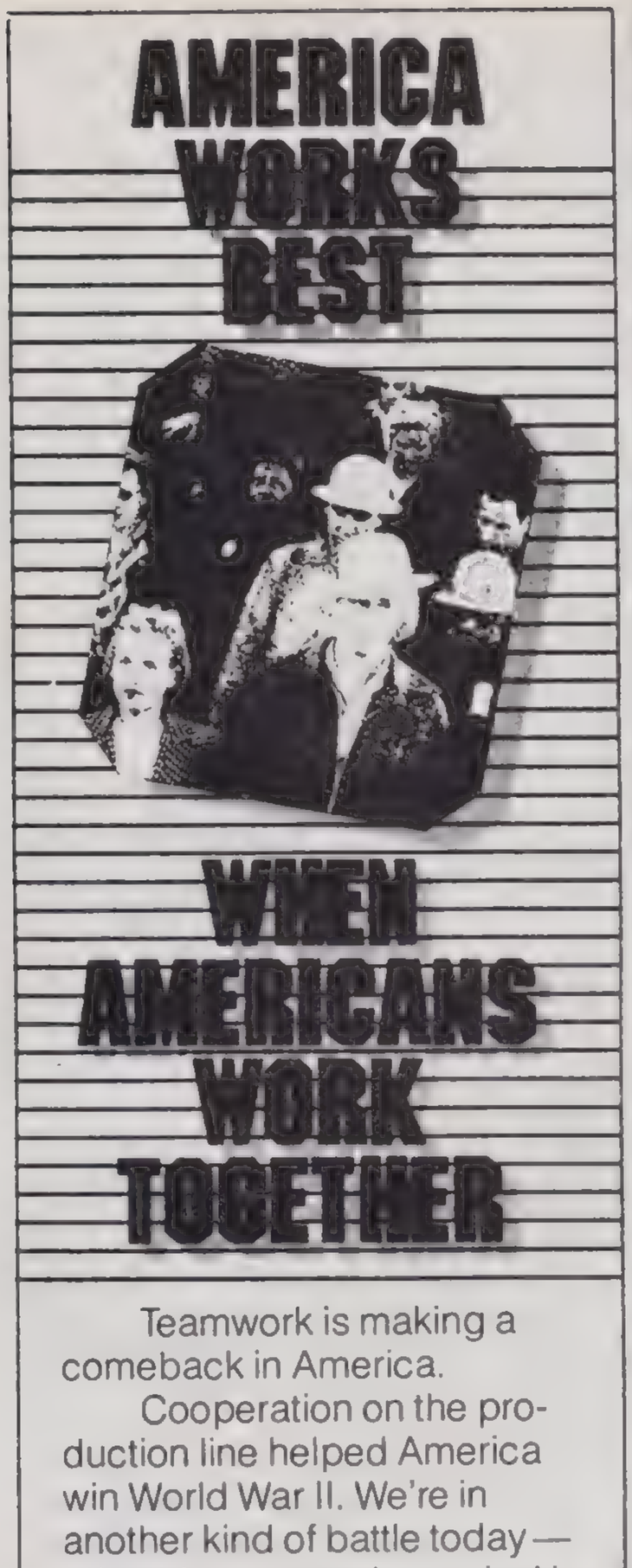

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view

RACY PLUMAGE

Topping off a season of menswear: a new sense of wit, style, folly

Marie Antoinette made three-foot-high feathers a standard fashion in eighteenth-century France; Carole Lombard dazzled with a hair cascade of white plumes in her film *Love Before Breakfast*. Now, in a season of overtly masculine influences, designers are looking backwards to step forward with new, breezy ornaments for hair. Accessory designer Judyth van Amringe is taking Edwardian hat bodies, piling plumes at the sides: "Plumes and feathers have a sensuality like fur. It's another kind of flirtatiousness."

Mari Blume—a twenty-five-year-old talent from Boone Grove, Indiana, who designed hats for Broadway's *Sunday in the Park with George*—makes spiral and twisted knot headbands of bugle beads. "They are to be worn with gut instinct, never in true seriousness. They're for feeling instantly wonderful."

In real life, the new feathered friends look modern when worked with a casual hand. "Pin one over the shoulder of a tweed jacket, even for day," says accessories designer Wendy Gell. "I also like it in the middle of the plunging neckline of a little black dress at night. It is provocative when worn with an unexpected touch. A long plume pinned to a glove is also a truly grand gesture." Young girls, now, are tacking bright feathers and glitter notes—very much a dashing style—to Jean-Paul Gaultier riding jackets.

("View" continued on page 294)

ROMANTIC PLUMES TAKEN BEYOND THEIR BLACK-TIE

DRESSING MOLD: CHARMING BITS, NOT SERIOUS ITEMS . . .

An extravagance of veiling, soft plumes from Tia Mazza, *above:* worn as fast and fashionable ladies once might have. Wendy Gell's plume, *right,* clips in the hair, on a jacket

MARIO TESTINO, DOMINIQUE ISSERMAN, ADGER W. COWANS. Hair and makeup, above, by Rick Gillette; right hair, Orlando Raphael, makeup, Kevyn Aucoin

Harlem struttin'

In December 1927, Duke Ellington and his orchestra opened at Harlem's Cotton Club: "It was a classy spot," Ellington once said; and it attracted everyone from financier Otto Kahn to Horst and Cole Porter. When the new—filmed—"Cotton Club" opens this month, tap-dance magician Gregory Hines and sultry Lonette McKee, above, will illustrate the swank style of heyday Harlem. Costumes are by Milena Canonero, who won awards for "Chariots of Fire" and "Barry Lyndon."

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Shine on: new takes on jewelry, on handbags ...Olympics influences, denim charm...designer moves to watch for

view

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

What's coming? Come spring, some interesting switches on established notions of what's dressing for an evening or a day. Designers, often, are taking acknowledged nighttime fabrics, using them for flirty clothes to wear by day, working pyjama or long-skirt shapes, too, for daytime dressing. Saturday —city-dressing—camp shirts, jogging pants, and bomber jackets may turn up in tulle or soft silks; Ralph Lauren is working pale washes of charmeuse for shorts and extended-shirt dresses. New Norma Kamali T-shirts, tanks, and flippy skirts show up in black or white chiffon; are meant, by day, to be layered or paired with lace pieces. Are designers' clocks off? Not really, the best items have charm and wit; mixed with more usual linens or knits, a feminine presence.

Looking new again: denim...and that's something of a surprise. For spring, it's even shown up in major European collections: as crisp pieces at Krizia and Thierry Mugler, as "real clothes" with a sportive twist in the hands of Claude Montana. Closer to home, what's new for the most part is denim worked in a generally sleek, newly body-conscious fashion: crinkled denim stirrup "ski" pants, as Gene Ewing does them...or, at Sav by Alice Blaine, a short blue jeans skirt with a contoured back seam that closely, flirtatiously, follows the shape of a woman's body. Jeans styles, too, now are coming with some different fabric twists: the narrowest black cotton-knit "jeans" at Stephen Sprouse or jeans-style silk shantung pants in Diane Von Furstenberg's new "couture" collection. For designers, the appeal: Another—well-loved—way to get the skinny-pants look in dressing.

Good news: After some seasons of accessories, overwhelmingly, in dark textures and deliberately dull matte finishes, jewelry, bags, and belts now are taking on new shine...and the new gloss is showing up in a host of patent leather portfolios, shoulder totes, and neat envelope handbags. The attractive patent leather difference, now: at Carlos Falchi, black patent is splashed with bright spatter-paint patterns; new designer Jill Stuart has patent leather bags with the gleaming look of an oil slick. Watch for shiny silver, too, to brighten the look of new geometric-shape earrings and bracelet cuffs. One of the most extraordinary around is M & J Savitt's giant gleaming silver cuff. Its ornament: a crystal-y piece of rutilated quartz—suitably sized for a rock garden.

New moves: Artwear—the downtown New York City gallery/shop, granddaddy of art-level jewelry—is expanding, this month, to a second SoHo shop; the original West Broadway Artwear store will be filled, solely, with art/accessory works by Artwear owner-designer Robert Lee Morris. In the new shop you'll find granite stone floors, granite rock garden, computer client files, a super-modern-gallery style: "We've grown up," says Robert Lee Morris—much like the notion of jewelry as art-to-wear....Computers, oddly enough, are what's changing the look now of stockings and socks: it's new weaving/printing technology that's allowing for this season's leg coverings with complex textures and charmingly intricate patterns. In a fashion sense, that means: a wealth of new tights—in bleached pastels or strong acid colors—worked in geometric or summer-sweater weaves, new screen-printed patterns and sheer shadow plaids. Frankly feminine ankle socks come in cool open-netting styles, "nets" with the look of natural jute. Paris fabric and furnishings designer Sophie Canovas, for one, has a new line of whimsical print anklets for Bonnie Doon: All patterns woven by computer.

"Designers are taking acknowledged nighttime fabrics for flirty clothes to wear by day"

Last summer's Olympic events may be long gone for most people; they're not, it seems, for designers of serious workout wear. That means: Olympic-like crests on ''sweats'' and little gymnasts' suits at Ralph Lauren Bodywear, cyclists' looks (reminiscent of the U.S. cycling team's nine-medal sweep) at, among others, new firm Bonnie August. Americans' general fascination with cycling—and even tougher triathalon competitions—is spawning a host of new one-piece, space-age-fabric skinsuits or ''Triathatards'' (at Gilda Marx). The idea: to work out—or at least dress—like a champion.

Worth watching: In spring, for Calvin Klein fans, two new Calvin Klein collections of shoes. As with his clothes, that means a somewhat lesser-priced ''Classifications'' shoe group, another that's simply pure Calvin....Further-into-the-future news: Norma Kamali's first stab at creating cosmetics and perfume, planned for '86 from Warner Cosmetics. No mean feat, but typically Kamali, she promises some things that are ''totally different.''... When Barney's New York opens, this summer, a new full-scale women's store, fashion followers will, it seems, have an appropriate place to ease their feet—eat splendidly—too, after shopping. Bice, Milan's famed fashion-world and journalists' hangout, is opening around the corner a New York outpost, their first in the U.S. restaurant....Come fall, look for the hand of Anne Klein designer Donna Karan in an entirely new Donna Karan line. Louis dell'Olio will continue to make Anne Klein designs; Karan will also be an Anne Klein consultant. —KATHLEEN MADDEN

Le nouveau parfum **PARIS** d'Yves Saint Laurent.

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YVES SAINT LAURENT

Calvin Klein Jeans

WHAT TO ENJOY RIGHT NOW... AND WHAT TO LOOK FORWARD TO IN FASHION

THE SMALL PLEASURES THAT GIVE A DIFFERENT DELIGHT, A DIFFERENT EDGE

The real strength of the season—the real delight in fashion now—the availability of wonderful "things-to-add"—accessories in the strict and not-so-strict sense of the word. Single ornamental pieces that are all you need to make a change—a change in the way you look, a change in the way you feel. There are times, obviously, when changes in fashion are changes of an all-out nature. But more often than not, the changes that count involve something small, something fast, something unexpected that gives a twist and a lift to whatever else you're wearing. No questions, this is a month to find those things and to make the most of them. What follows: a sampling of the best, the season's key "finds."

Perfect symbol of the season's small, but totally irresistible look-changers: a belt—a classic tailored man's belt . . . completely of pavéd rhinestones—dazzling enough on its own to transform any pair of trousers—tweeds, flannel, gabardine, whatever. Or, an equally effective alternative: a belt of shiny fake crocodile with a buckle of "diamonds." . . . Another small, effective change starts with a different stocking for evening—sheer black with a garland of the tiniest "diamond" flowers . . . or stockings flashed with a rhinestone arrow pointing down the leg—each choice, a lot racier, a lot more provocative than something unadorned; a lot newer than something lacy. In a similar vein, the impact of a new evening pump—a classic spectator; this time, in black satin, punched with rhinestones. Or an evening envelope of black sequins, with animal spots of purple, red, and gold sequins.

Nighttime temptations have never been more numerous—or more accessible. Suddenly, there are wonderful hats for evening—witty, offbeat, unserious, "unhatty," highly ornamental. Hats to wear in a rather nonchalant way—with hair that's easy, un-done . . . with clothes that are a little more easygoing, with a sweater and pants, for example, and not something very "dressed"—the dazzle, in the hats themselves: a cap of silver sequins with a flirty white taffeta bow . . . a miniature pillbox of colored sequins with little sprigs of colored feathers . . . or a soft hat in a glittered grafitti design, with the surprise of an open top.

If you do nothing else but reach for a pair of gloves, you can do a great deal . . . if the gloves happen to be black leather with black embroidery and black fox cuffs, or black leather with cuffs of sheer black tulle. There are literally dozens of versions—from wrist- to shoulder-length—and each one can give a different turn, a different look to whatever it touches.

Or you can do "nothing" but slide on an armful of bracelets . . . bracelets of silver wire with big, icy chunks of stone. Or ribbons of stone set in black leather (surprisingly un-tough) to add at the cuff of a jacket, blouse, or sweater—the "lift" is instant. Even a new pair of glasses can work ornamentally at night—modern, thin, black-rim glasses with tiny stones set in to sparkle above the eyes. Glasses that can replace earrings—they have the same kind of impact.

What always gives a certain edge: clothes that work as accessories; clothes with a different kind of presence. One of the best examples this season—a wonderful oversized polo shirt of black silk charmeuse. It's a top you can wear day, night, and keep moving over a number of different pieces: the pleasure increases proportionately.

Another source of pleasure this month: the season's wonderful new robes. There are traditional shawl- and notch-collared shapes in a variety of fabrics—from terry to cashmere to silky cotton knit to dazzling gold lamé for every degree of dressing—or "un-dressing"—at home. Key to their pleasure: the luxurious feel, the ampleness of cut, and the easy way they slide on.

If you're thinking ahead to warm-weather dressing—and December's resort news can easily get you in that frame of mind—you become aware of other kinds of fashion changes. Changes in mood: The shift to a more overtly feminine, more beguiling way of dressing continues. Changes in shape: Even familiar pieces have a slightly different look to them. Pants, for instance. One of the most prevalent new shapes: walking shorts, which you find in every texture, every area of resort dressing, from tropical-printed silks to cool, tailored ivory linen. You'll find full-length trousers that are cropped a little shorter, sometimes with a higher waistband. And fuller, softer pull-on pyjama pants as an inviting new option in casual dressing—pyjamas as relaxed, as unpretentious as a man's.

Sweaters have a different aspect. Especially appealing: new, small, abbreviated, almost midriff tops in sweatery knits and interesting textured fabrics. Or you'll see more classic shapes given an extra twist: an oversized polo sweater in creamy textured knit; a hand-knit turtleneck with a shirttail hem. Also worth watching—a new silky kind of cotton knit for a new kind of sweater dressing—a charming longer cardigan over matching pants.

Where coloring is concerned, what comes across strongly this month: the use of white as a resort "color." For the past few years, we've seen it play a part in city/day dressing; now it's back in a much more natural environment. And there is something inherently appealing about cool, clean white sharkskin walking shorts with a white jersey top . . . about a charming leg-baring white cotton piqué sundress . . . a sleek white maillot . . . or a small-fitting white silk dinner dress that plunges to a low V front. In contrast—and sometimes in combination—hits of sharp, bright color—in a new tropical print or as a single bold stroke.

What's abundantly clear at this point: the emphasis on bareness that comes with resort dressing continues to be expressed in different ways. In the constant revealing of bare arms and bare shoulders—in everything from a carved-out little T-shirt top to the most spectacular strapless evening dress. And the continuing focus on bare backs—again, it's something that applies across the board—bathing suits to new evening dresses—and it easily underscores the season's more feminine nature.

In the end, this is a December that lives up to the expectations of a more festive season. In its ornamental pleasures—from the "smallest" elements—our starting point—to the singular splendors of couture evenings . . . In its breeze of warm-weather dressing that signals inviting changes to come . . . In its marvelous special effects: in extraordinary new colors and textures of makeup, including a whole new category of glitter and body ornamentation that gives new meaning to the word "adornment." It's a makeup that inspires beautiful fantasies . . . and this is the moment to indulge. A moment for unique pleasures, for once-a-year discoveries and enchantments; the first of many in this issue, on the following page.

Sancte Deus
Sancte Fortis
Sancte Immortalis

The church as Paradiesgarten—Garden of Eden. On a hill overlooking Bamberg, West Germany, there is St. Michael's Church, with the splendid soar of a cathedral and humble, white-washed walls of a village chapel. Almost fragrant with herbs, its remarkable ceiling, painted c. 1615, is a botanical border, a monumental herbarium with almost six hundred sprigs seemingly tossed by a generous hand. The sweetness is in the modesty of the decoration, in the reverence for life and everything growing, and in the devotion of the task—a labor of praise.

Denis Piel

A WORLD OF

PLEASURE

In fact, on these pages, we've created the best of all possible worlds. A glorious escape to a glorious spot—Baden-Baden, Germany—where the centuries-old spa tradition continues to flourish in the most luxurious, most remarkable way (more about it on the following pages). And, in this ideal setting—fashion that's truly the best of its kind, both for evening, and for casual laid-back day dressing. What starts here, in essence, a modern real-life "fantasy"—the kind of dream vacation we'd all love to have—enjoyed on these pages by Laetitia Firmin-Didot, *right*, and Rosemary McGrotha, *preceding page*, and photographed for Vogue by Denis Piel...

A WORLD OF PLEASURE...

Preceding page: a dream opening! A wonderful study in relaxation: in color and texture. Details, last pages. Beauty Note: Key to the overall effect: the soft color makeup. Estée Lauder's Copper Lights eyeshadow; Lilac Lamé lip color; a dusting of Pink Silk over Goldlit Rose blush. . . This page: At the Casino where, on occasion, the chips are of gold and silver--the ultimate fur jacket: from Yves Saint Laurent couture, a lush, full, rounded bolero of white mink; . . and a dazzling array of "Baroque" jewelry against a simple, modern black wool turtleneck. Details, last pages. Beauty Note: A more dramatic look for evening, focused on a brilliant, luscious red mouth. From Yves Saint Laurent Beauté, Lipstick #46. All these pages. Hair, Ezel for Bumble and Bumble; makeup, Margaret Avery.

Denis Piel

A SPA IDYLL

BY KAREN ANDEREGG

At a certain harried moment—when "the world is too much with us"—it is simply time to change worlds.

An hour or so by Mercedes from Frankfurt, Germany, lies the rare and rarified world of Baden-Baden. Sheltered in the Oos Valley between the Black Forest and the Baden vineyards, this historic resort combines modern spa facilities with elegant accommodations, marvelous entertainment with complete relaxation. You are removed to a time and place of ultimate luxury.

Although there are other excellent hotels in Baden-Baden, Brenner's Park-Hotel—the scene of most of these pages—eclipses them. Here, the impeccable service, the charm and elegance are definitely and deliciously Old World—nineteenth-century, to be precise.

Initiates request a room that overlooks the River Oos for the graceful sight of it by day, the soothing sound of it at night. (Here, duck tussles with trout for tossed scraps of bread: this is the *only* stir that ruffles Baden-Baden's serenity.) In vast rooms—fresh with flowers and fruit—are Persian rugs, brocaded silk and eiderdown bedding, here a chaise longue, there a crystal chandelier. And outside, a balcony under a green and white striped awning where one takes late-afternoon repose wrapped in the thick-as-*Schlag* terry robe that's also part of the furnishings.

More flowers and fruit appear on the breakfast tray, along with a different printed message each day announcing current Baden-Baden enticements. Always, with one reminder: you are to forget stress and pressure; to regain *(Continued on page 306)*

A WORLD OF PLEASURE...

In the Black Forest. A sunlit afternoon. The air, pine-scented, "charged" with ozone. The seduction of place, of perfect serenity. The seduction of style--at its best, from Yves Saint Laurent couture: a dream of a coat--caramel silk satin, square shouldered, just big enough, with an enveloping shawl collar of mink, mink continuing down the front. Underneath: his new ankle-length trousers in black flannel and a caramel cashmere turtleneck. It sets a standard for a kind of classic, easygoing, but definitely sophisticated, and "heightened" way of dressing. Silk satin, Abraham. Details, last pages.

Denis Piel

A SPA IDYLL

(Continued from page 304) equilibrium; to relax.

Here, life is ordered, organized, meticulous—even the river, with its cobbled banks and little bridges like croquet hoops. The vineyards along the hills look formally planned, but it is only Brenner's Park that is so: a harmonious arboretum of three-hundred-year-old oaks, magnolias, maples and silver poplars, tulip trees, copper beeches, and Chinese ginkgos, all thriving—like the populace—on the healing, ozone-charged air constantly refreshed by nearby Black Forest *Tannenbäume*.

On hotel grounds, privet and boxwood are groomed into niches where benches invite pause . . . promenades lined with statuary and fountains—tonalities of grey, beige, stone colors—lead finally into the rose garden, an extravagance of roses—rose trees a full story high, roses of every color, in every stage of bloom.

The air, the promenades, the parks all urge the guests to walk. So do the doctors: the Terrain Cure, it's called. And it's just the beginning . . .

One of Baden-Baden's earliest enthusiasts was the Roman Emperor Caracalla who came to cure his rheumatism. The nineteenth century brought more royalty: Queen Victoria, Kaiser Wilhelm I, Napoleon III.

The lure—then and now—was "the cure": mineral water to sip (warm, slightly briny) or to submerge in—under a doctor's supervision. Spa treatments run from the seriously therapeutic and rehabilitative to the purely, delightfully cosmetic; guests, from bruised European athletes to robust weekending couples to the fatigued, aged, and infirm.

In Europe, it is commonly accepted that "taking the waters" relieves gout and arthritis, ills cardiovascular, gynecological, even psychological. But today's new emphasis at Baden-Baden on anti-stress and fitness programs reflects more modern spa concerns—and these are the programs *(Continued on page 406)*

A WORLD OF PLEASURE...

A modern ideal: striking the right balance between activity and rest. An ideal setting: Brenner's Park-Hotel, where you see Laetitia Firmin-Didot, right....A modern balance in fashion: the romantic hat balanced by the raciest cotton T-top. Something else this simplicity allows for: the full impact of extraordinary triangular-cut diamonds set in an oversized 18k-gold hoop that fits around the ear. Marina B., Geneva, Switzerland....Beauty Note: A new makeup ideal—a monochromatic palette. Here, soft browns from Lancôme, with Rose Sand lips. Details, last pages.

Denis Piel

Denis Piel

A WORLD OF PLEASURE...

In a place of endless temptations Brennet's [illegible] are extraordinary starting points. The background here, for two different styles of casual dressing, has different color palettes. Opposite, for fall, a cheery black and white Norwegian Knight's high-neck white cotton top, cut away in on the shoulders, with roomy black cotton knee-length pants, strapped around the waist. In another situation, Rosemary, this page, and ultra-classic pieces: soft colors, a silver cashmere polo sweater, a navy [illegible] from Calvin Klein with [illegible] [illegible] Details, stage, last page.

A WORLD OF PLEASURE...

A different routine—geared to relaxation, to pleasure. This page, taking time for tea at Brenner's Park. A time for something different, something a little bit more. The pale-blue nails. The dazzling impact of extraordinary rings that seductively curve to fit the finger: on one hand, gold, gunmetal, diamonds, and a ruby; on the other, diamonds with a pear-shaped ruby, a pear-shaped emerald. Both, Marina B., Geneva, Switzerland....Beauty Note: The delicate shimmer of pale, unexpected color in makeup. Here, for lips, Starriest Lilac from Flame Glow, and Sally Hansen's Blue Fantasy Frost on nails. Something more classic, yet unexpected, right: proper suit dressing—with walking shorts. Here, at Schloss Neuweier restaurant, nestled in the wine country of Baden-Baden, Calvin Klein's new pale ivory linen suit—with his slightly oversized jacket, camp shirt, and shorts. Diamond pin, Cartier. Details, stores, see next to last pages of this issue.

Denis Piel

A WORLD OF PLEASURE...

Time alone...and a wonderful place to enjoy the solitude, left, along the banks of the River Oos, with its clear water, trout, families of duck. And in this—in any—casual setting, a different take on warm-up/jogging pants: natural grey cotton knit, with wide creamy suspenders; a terrific white, oversized turtleneck; sun-shading hat. Pants, Dorice France; top, Perry Ellis Portfolio....Another almost solitary pleasure (the farmer just happened on the scene!), right: an early-morning walk in the vineyards above Baden-Baden. Another new—different—casual take: pyjama dressing, now with the relaxed attitude, the easygoing charm of a man's pyjama. Here, Laetitia in a big, loose fitting, cream-colored shirt-top; cream cotton twill pull-on pants. From Marithe & François Girbaud. Details, stores, last pages.

Beauty Note: Not to be forgotten in any of these outdoor situations—sun protection and its follow-up. As for the latter, Lancaster's After Sun products to care for skin and hair.

Denis Piel

A WORLD OF PLEASURE...

Making a transition, from work to relaxation, Rosemary, this page, at the Brenner's Park indoor pool. In a perfectly relaxed mood of dressing, pale linens from Calvin Klein: his classic, fly-front ivory dress, long, belted, as easy to wear as a shirt...under an equally easy going balmacaan of flax linen. ...In memorable surroundings, right, the ornate gilt and glass of the Chinese Mirrored Room at Favorite Castle, a nearby museum—one of the season's "treasures," a wonderful robe. This one, from Ralph Lauren, in white terry, cut just like a polo coat. Details, stores, last pages.

A WORLD OF PLEASURE...

The key to this kind of deep relaxation: not only a change of scene, but a complete change of pace. In Baden-Baden, a soothing calm, a slow, measured passing of time that allows for a total "letting go." The key to a new leisure dressing: the ease, the relaxed attitude of a warm-up reinterpreted for more femininity, more charm, more style. Perfect example, opposite, Laetitia, in the rose garden and the most beguiling, loose-fitting jump suit of pale-pink silk, with an unexpectedly luxurious little padded silk jacket to slide on top. From Naf Naf-Paris....Another take on leisure dressing, this page: variations on a more classic theme: soft, cuffed, high-waisted trousers—in white terry!—and a wonder ful, thin white linen camp shirt, both from Ralph Lauren. Details, stores, last pages

Denis Piel

A WORLD OF PLEASURE...

And sometimes a world of contrasts...between day and night. Perfectly illustrated on these two pages, at Iffezheim, the racetrack of Baden-Baden, starting, near right, with a wonderful new style to casual: Laetitia in OMO Norma Kamali's oversized, broad-shouldered, black silk charmeuse polo shirt. Here, with the narrowest white stretch riding pants (H. Kauffman & Son Saddlery). Jewelry Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC... On the other side, opposite: Rosemary and a ravishing vision of evening from Saint Laurent couture: his bias-cut strapless dress of shocking marocain crêpe, with a jet-sparkled black velvet rose, velvet bolero (crêpe, Bianchini). Details, stores, next to last pages.

Denis Piel

A WORLD OF PLEASURE...

Striking: the outdoor chess game at Brenner's Park Hotel, this page, with its bold, large-scale black and white pieces. Equally striking: the effect of the most luxurious Canadian chinchilla coat, from Revillon Couture—big and rounded, long, patterned all over. And worn—effectively—over the narrowest black-and-white cotton pieces: Norma Kamali's small, carved-out white cotton knit T top, black-and-white cotton striped tube skirt. Earrings, Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC....A different game, right, back at the Casino. And a different approach to dressing for a "smaller," easier kind of evening: black cashmere that's totally simple, sophisticated, body-conscious: Zoran's oversized, bare-back pullover super-narrow pull-on pants. (N.B. This evening scene was staged mid-afternoon; the baby—and friends—didn't work "overtime".) Details, stores, last pages

Denis Piel

A WORLD OF PLEASURE...

THE BEST SPAS IN EUROPE BY SHIRLEY LORD

Surrender to pleasure . . . go to a spa . . . but where? In Europe? Here? What's the difference—if any?

Once upon a time "spa" meant only specific mineral springs in Belgium . . . much later it came to symbolize such curative waters around the world. Although there are still many springs, or "real spas," in this country, the habit of "taking the waters," drinking and bathing in them—at places like Poland Springs, Maine, and New York's Saratoga Springs—has long been over.

Not in Europe, however, where a spa vacation connotes "taking the cure" and the spa programs, under strict medical supervision, are based on drinking the mineral waters (day-long drinking from the fountains, always a part of the great old European spas, is actively encouraged), bathing in them, and often using the steam, mud, or water itself in specific treatments.

You could say a spa visit to Germany begins aboard a Lufthansa flight where low-calorie, salt-free meals are available by special order, and brochures (picked up at their offices) list the top European spas and give fitness advice. The queen of spas in Germany is certainly Baden-Baden, but there are other choices.

At Wiesbaden on the Rhine, there's a large choice of treatments that use the thermal waters famous for helping to ease rheumatism, arthritis, and other more general aches and pains. The routine there, from steam room to cold to hot thermal pools, can be strenuous, but is always exhilarating.

On the lake of Tegernsee, south of Munich, the Hotel *(Continued on page 398)*

One of the pleasures of any spa vacation: the chance it offers to catch up—a chance to catch up with yourself most of all. Right: Taking time out at Brenner's Park....Beauty Note: And, for this kind of away-from-it-all living, a chance to go easy on makeup. Here, on Laetitia Firmin-Didot, the most minimal, most natural-looking makeup. From Princess Marcella Borghese, Vino Sensuale lip color; and the unexpected—subtle—charm of colored mascara: Violet Notte on upper lashes; Blue Notte, below. These pages: make-up, Margaret Avery; hair, Ezel for Bumble and Bumble. Details, last pages.

Denis Piel

FROM PARIS...
SINGULAR SENSATIONS

On the subject of adornment—of all-out ornamentation and luxury on the highest level—the couture always has the last word. And this season, everything was that much more spectacular. On these four pages, memorable examples—evening dressing at its most seductive, most glorious....At ***Yves Saint Laurent,*** *elements of fantasy, of pure enchantment. Starting, left with his dazzling, provocative hair ornaments: spiky, sequined tiger lilies in brilliant colors...and cascading beaded earrings....What makes the Saint Laurent evening coat, right, so remarkable—the contrast of its simple, "tailored" shape and the extravagant all-over embroidery, curlicues of gold sequins on black, black satin lapels*

Beauty Note: Evening makeup with a difference: pure, understated, gently shimmered. From Yves Saint Laurent Beauté, platinum shadow for eyes (Eyeshadow #1) and on the lips, pearly opalescent pink mixed with a deeper shade (Lipsticks #45 and #30). These four pages Hair, Suga of Suga Salon, NYC. Details, last pages

Avedon

FROM PARIS...
SINGULAR SENSATIONS

A different dimension to dressing at night...
at ***Chanel,*** *left,* ***Karl Lagerfeld's*** *ravishing bare-back*
turtleneck dress of shimmered panne velvet, cut on the bias,
under an enveloping cape-coat of panne and black silk velvet
Beauty Note: Ornamentation in makeup— shimmers of gold for a
dramatic change. From Chanel: Black and Gold Dual
Eyeshadow brushed on eyes, even in hair; Golden
Glow with Ingot Highlighter on lips; Blanc de Chanel
all over.... Dazzling bravado,
right: in ***Emanuel Ungaro's*** *unique pyjama dress rig.*
The wrap-front top of black chiffon with aqua
flowers, tiny "pearls" and "diamonds;" matching narrow
bias pants; contrasting-color silk hip band. And
his remarkable "cocoon" of black lace printed with deep red
flowers, edged in feathers...and everything's
wrapped in a long, sheer shawl of black lace
and gold lamé. Details, last pages.

Avedon

A NEW SPIRIT OF ORNAMENTATION

a new sense of delight…from the look of bared shoulders—everywhere—and dazzling body-painting… to the temptation of lace, jewelry, fur. Throughout, it's that extra ornamental touch that makes dressing this season a special celebration, a special pleasure

HERE AND ON THE PAGES AHEAD, A GLIMPSE OF THE NEW, PROVOCATIVE WORLD OF ORNAMENTATION— ORNAMENTATION THAT STIRS THE MORE FANCIFUL SIDE OF THE SPIRIT. ONE WAY, IN THE VERY SPECIAL EFFECTS OF HIGHLY ORNAMENTAL MAKEUP— MAKEUP THAT GLIDES ON, SHINES EVERYWHERE... FOREMOST, ON BARE SHOULDERS, NOW, ENHANCED BY ENCHANTING NEW SHEER LIQUIDS AND SHIMMERED POWDERS, ROLL-ON GLITTER STICKS AND PALE "BUTTERFLY" COLORS MIXED WITH IRIDESCENCE... THE DESIGNS HERE, INSPIRED BY MATISSE, TAKEN FROM "LES GOUACHES DÉCOUPÉES" RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN PARIS. THE ARTIST, MASA OHTAKE FOR SHISEIDO, USING THEIR MAKEUP. GLITTER, IL MAKIAGE. DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

Hiro

THE SPECIAL EFFECTS OF ORNAMENTATION THIS SEASON: BARENESS AT THE NAPE OF THE NECK, THE SHOULDER... THE SIMPLE—AND PERFECT—PLACEMENT OF A JEWEL-ENCRUSTED BAND. HERE, FROM GALANOS, THAT MESSAGE IN TWO BEAUTIFULLY NARROW EVENING DRESSES, EACH SLASHED WITH JEWELS AND EMBROIDERED SEQUINS. RIGHT, HIS BLACK SILK CREPE, COMPLETELY BARE-SHOULDERED, ABOUT $5390. MARTHA; HIRSHLEIFER'S, FOREST HILLS AND MANHASSET NY; NEIMAN-MARCUS; AMEN WARDY, NEWPORT BEACH CA; SUITE 101, BEVERLY HILLS; I. MAGNIN.

Dominique Issermann

LEFT, FROM GALANOS, IN IS NEARLY WEIGHTLESS STEEL-GREY SILK PANNE VELVET, SHIRRED FROM BODICE TO HIP. ABOUT $5600. ELIZABETH ARDEN SALONS. TO ORDER AT HIRSHLEIFER'S, FOREST HILLS AND MANHASSET NY; NEIMAN-MARCUS; AMEN WARDY, NEWPORT BEACH CA; SUITE 101, BEVERLY HILLS; I. MAGNIN. BEAUTY NOTE: A RICHER, MORE LUXURIOUS MOISTURIZER—ANAÏS ANAÏS CREME PARFUMÉE POUR LE CORPS. HAIR AND MAKEUP, RICK GILLETTE. ALL DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

A NEW SPIRIT OF ORNAMENTATION...AT GALANOS

n jewelry this season: unique presence…unique presents…a lasting delight! Across the board: unique pieces—bolder, stronger—with a new focus on texture and mobility; more ornamental in delightful, individual ways. On these two pages, symbols of the season. And, starting here, more of the what's new, what's best…pleasures to give yourself, or someone else.

Richard Minadeo's big big bracelets, completely encrusted with stones and beads in a lavish play of pattern and color; equally effective on lamé or flannel. …Narrower, slide-y bracelets at M&J Savitt in sterling silver (you'll see lots of sterling) with vari-shaped, vari-colored stones, to wear by the armful.…From Jessica Rose at Artwear: unusual flexible bracelets of malachite, amethyst, moss agate, green aventurine in wired beads or shards that flutter and move.

From Alex & Lee, pioneers in the focus on texture: singular, oversized pins—like mixed-media art in a melding of stones, metals, natural materials; each distinctive enough to be a one-and-only piece of jewelry.… Another key direction in pins: small bar pins. Laurence de Vries does geometric and Art Deco designs in onyx and enamel. Clean, modern, timeless; they'd look wonderful worn in multiples on the lapel of a tweed suit, the shoulder of a sweater; individually on the band of a hat.…In the freewheeling spirit of the season: M&J Savitt's free-form sterling bar pins with dangling vari-shaped cubic zirconia.

Also at M&J Savitt, the most beguiling earrings anywhere: of sterling silver and stone, they look and move like mini mobiles.

The watches worth watching are more sportive in design; have loose, flexible metal bands which move freely, and clever new concealed closings that add to their bracelet look.

SYMBOLS OF THE SEASON'S JEWELRY NEWS, OPPOSITE, TOP TO BOTTOM: BULGARI'S SILK CORD NECKLACE WITH ANCIENT BRONZE COINS SET IN GOLD RINGS THAT MOVE AND SLIDE. BULGARI AT THE PIERRE HOTEL, NYC.…A SLEEK, MODERN, ALL-BLACK WATCH, JEAN LASSALE. FRED JOAILLIER NYC; DALLAS; HOUSTON; BEVERLY HILLS.… BARRY KIESELSTEIN-CORD'S MAMMOTH 18K-GOLD CUFF, AS SENSUOUS AND VOLUPTUOUS AS A SMALL SCULPTURE. BARRY KIESELSTEIN-CORD SALON AT BERGDORF GOODMAN…THE UNBEATABLE CARTIER WATCHES, THIS PAGE, WITH LOOSE "BRACELET" BANDS. TOP: AN 18K-GOLD TANK WATCH WITH DIAMONDS. BOTTOM: PANTHÈRE WATCH, 18K GOLD AND STEEL

Penn

VOGUE PATTERN #9192

NOTHING, BUT NOTHING, BEATS LACE FOR INSTANT ORNAMENTATION, ALL-OUT ALLURE AT NIGHT. AND NOTHING BEATS THE SPECIAL-EFFECTS POTENTIAL OF THE LACE SHIRT AND SKIRT THAT YOU SEE HERE...THAT YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF. THIS PAGE: IN BLACK, A ROSE-PATTERNED, MID-THIGH SHIRT TO WEAR— OVER A SILK CHARMEUSE BRA, BARENESS, A CAMISOLE—BUTTONED, AND TUCKED INTO BLACK VELVET TROUSERS OR A SKIRT. OR, TO WEAR—OUT AND UNBUTTONED— AS A VERY BEGUILING JACKET. VOGUE PATTERN #9192, VIEW A. FABRIC, WHELAN LACE & FABRICS. THE SIDE-SNAP BRA, OMO NORMA KAMALI. THE TROUSERS, ROBERT TONNER FOR TUDOR SQUARE

THE ORNAMENTAL CHARM...OF LACE

Dominque Issermann

CHARMING, AND A BREEZE TO WEAR, RIGHT: A DOUBLE, SCALLOPED SKIRT OF GOLD-COLORED LACE; CLOSE-FITTING OVER THE HIPS, FLOATING OUT FROM THERE. ONE OF THE MOST UNEXPECTED WAYS TO WEAR IT—WITH A SIMPLE CASHMERE SWEATER. VOGUE PATTERN #9148, VIEW A. FABRIC, WHELAN LACE & FABRICS. THE CREW-NECK SWEATER, BURBERRYS.... BEAUTY NOTE: A CHARMING LOOK IN MAKEUP: PALE AND LOW KEY. THE PRETTY LIP COLOR, OPPOSITE, MERLE NORMAN'S HEATHER MIST. HAIR AND MAKEUP, THESE FOUR PAGES BY RICK GILLETTE. FOR DETAILS, SEWING INFORMATION, STORES, SEE LAST PAGES.

THE ORNAMENTAL QUALITY OF FUR IN THE UNEXPECTED LUXURY, OF A SHORT FUR JACKET WITH NEW, ROUNDER, FULLER SHAPING... NOT QUITE A BLOUSON OR A BOLERO, BUT PRETTIER... WITH MORE CHARM. AND, A KEY SHAPE OVER ANY KIND OF NARROWNESS, FROM DAYTIME TROUSERS TO EVENING DRESSES LIKE THESE.... RIGHT: BY GALANOS FOR GALANOS FURS, ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR RUSSIAN BARGUZIN SABLE JACKETS—ROUND, FULL, ALMOST CAPED IN THE BACK, HERE OVER A BLACK EVENING DRESS, ALSO FROM GALANOS. NECKLACE, FORTUNOFF, NYC. JACKET, ABOUT $35,000. BERGDORF GOODMAN; NEIMAN-MARCUS....

LEFT: ANOTHER BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED CROPPED JACKET— FROM REVILLON COUTURE, A SLIGHTLY LONGER, RICH BROWN RACCOON, WITH UNEXPECTEDLY WIDER SLEEVES. HERE OVER REVILLON'S DARK BROWN SWAKARA EVENING DRESS. DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

THE ORNAMENTAL CHARM...OF FUR

Dominque Isserman

joy to the world

Rising in stately seclusion on Lake Lugano, the Villa Favorita houses one of the most spectacular private art collections—a triumph of discernment and good fortune. Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza, pursuer of masterpieces, is an extraordinarily generous man who loves to share his art with museums around the world. Many of his paintings, however, are now simply too fragile to travel. On these pages, a conversation with the Baron, and some of the magnificent Old Master paintings on wood that will never leave Lugano. **By Barbara Rose**

The face of divine grace, as portrayed by Venetian master Gentile Bellini in "The Annunciation," painted c. 1465 *(near left):* The Virgin Mary receives the joyous tidings from the angel Gabriel that she will conceive the Christ child. Gabriel's spray of lilies (detail, *opposite)* is a sign of the season—spring—as well as a prophetic symbol of Christ's resurrection. Executed in oil on a poplar panel, "The Annunciation" is one of many Old Master paintings that probably never will be loaned out.

Astonished. That is the only word to describe my initial reaction on seeing the art gallery of the Villa Favorita. The grand villa and its beautiful grounds lie along Lake Lugano in Switzerland, not far from the Italian border. Today, Lugano is a place of pilgrimage for art lovers like myself who come to see the extraordinary assembly of masterpieces belonging to the man who has become one of the most famous art collectors in the world: Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza. It is true that the Baron inherited many important works from his connoisseur father, who originally established a *pinacoteca* or picture gallery connected to his baronial residence; however, the passion, intuition, perseverance, not to mention wealth, that the present Baron has dedicated to rebuilding his father's original collection of Old Masters, has made the Villa Favorita gallery perhaps the most important private collection in the world.

I had seen the part of the Baron's Old Master collection that toured American museums recently. I was unprepared, however, for the splendor of the Italian, German, and French primitive paintings, the great Renaissance paintings like Gentile Bellini's "The Annunciation" *(opposite)*, Albrecht Dürer's shockingly intense "Jesus Among the Scribes" (page 345), the majestic portraits by such masters as Piero della Francesca, Domenico Ghirlandaio, Lucas Cranach, Hans Memling, to mention but a few of the most precious. Nor could I have conceived of the power of the cold sensuality of the nearly life-size "Adam and Eve" (page 346) by the German master Hans Baldung, whose few rare paintings are so highly prized. These paintings had not come to America, nor would they ever travel because they were painted not on canvas but on wood, the usual support for Renaissance paintings. Today, experts agree it is unwise to permit paintings on wood to travel, which means that, to see masterpieces of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is now the viewer rather than the picture who must travel.

My visit to the Villa Favorita concerned organizing an exhibition of Baron Thyssen's latest passion: nineteenth-century American landscape painting. The Baron is proud to announce that his grandmother is American and cites that connection as the reason he is attracted to American art. I had the good fortune to have a private tour of the art gallery by the best guide to the collection, the Baron himself. Although I thought this a unique privilege, the following day, when I went to see the paintings again, there was the Baron lecturing to a group of tourists who had no idea who this knowledgeable art expert was. Later, the Baron's curator, Simon *(Continued on page 346)*

Horst

Baron Thyssen's father, son of German industrialist August Thyssen, acquired the Villa Favorita *(above)* in 1932. He initiated the collection, specializing in German and Dutch Old Master paintings. One of the works he purchased is "Portrait of a Woman," *(below)* by the Master from Ulm, who painted it on a pine panel sometime between 1470 and 1480. The flowers and rosary in her hands (detail, *opposite)* suggest she was a simple-living, pious burgher's wife. After his father's death in 1947, the Baron expanded the collection and opened the villa's picture galleries to the public.

Horst

"Jesus Among the Scribes" *(below)*, painted on poplar by German master Albrecht Dürer in 1506, is one of the most important and celebrated works in the collection. Dürer worked at top speed, completing the painting in only five days, a fact he proudly noted on a painted slip of paper in the lower left corner of the picture. The artist contrasts the youthful hands of Jesus with the crinkled hands of the grotesque old scribe at his side, (detail, *opposite)*, creating one of history's most artful choreography of fingers. The long gallery *(above)* linking the villa's living quarters to the picture galleries was built by the villa's previous owner, Prince Leopold of Prussia.

(Continued from page 341) de Pury, told me that the Baron quite enjoyed sharing his knowledge with others and that he often gave incognito tours. It was obvious that the Baron's involvement with the possessions he had amassed during his lifetime, partly through inheritance, but mainly through shrewd buying, was exceptionally intense. Clearly, he felt a concrete intimacy with artworks that was the contrary of the somewhat restrained and abstracted relationship he seemed to have with people, despite his evident wit and charm.

A generous man, Baron Thyssen has tried in every way to share his treasures with others, organizing traveling exhibitions and, as soon as World War II was over, opening the gallery of the Villa Favorita to the public. Recently, he has begun to house temporary exhibitions of unique quality in the rooms of the residence itself. Two years ago, he negotiated the grand coup of persuading the Soviet Union to lend him their Post-Impressionist paintings. Hundreds of thousands of visitors made the trek to Lugano to see the rooms of the Villa Favorita hung with the Russian treasures.

Recently, I saw Baron Thyssen in New York City where he stays in a comfortable hotel suite. I was not surprised to find him concentrating on a painting, which looked odd hung on the wall of a hotel room. "There it is, I knew I would have it," the Baron said as he examined his new purchase. "All my life," he explained, "I wanted a Goya oil sketch for one of the tapestry cartoons. And now I've found it." Certainly, I thought, there was no child in the world as *(Continued on page 400)*

A born collector: Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza *(right)* has doubled the size of his father's collection and guided it into new areas—European and American painting of the last two centuries, furniture, silver, and carpets. *Above:* A view of the galleries with Old German panel paintings in the foreground. *Left:* "Adam and Eve"—distinctly unashamed of their nudity—painted on pine c. 1538 by Hans Baldung, Dürer's most gifted pupil.

Horst

VOGUE GOES TO THE movies

Christmas is high season for Hollywood as the movie business trots out its Oscar contenders. This year's crop has it all—high style, steam-room sex, grass-roots nostalgia. Here, the people who make movies tick. And the stars who render fantasy real

MYTH AMERICA

hollywood tells us the way we are

By Andrew Kopkind

Hollywood has always hated to make a point when it could as easily get a laugh or raise a chill. "If you want to send a message," Sam Goldwyn once cracked to an idealistic young writer, "go work for Western Union." The rule is occasionally broken, with a rush of self-congratulations, when the safety of the nation or the health of the movie industry is at stake. During World War II, for example, the studios eagerly volunteered for temporary duty on the propaganda front; and in the McCarthy era, which coincided with the rise of television, Hollywood re-upped for a tour in the Cold War, turning out cautionary tales of Russian spies and crypto-communist body snatchers to lure errant audiences back to the theaters.

From time to time, a director (usually, but not invariably, a European) will take a political idea, package it as a love story or a family drama, find a complaisant distributor, and score a hit: such a marketing strategy got us Costa-Gavras' *Missing* and Warren Beatty's *Reds*. For their pains, the directors win points for integrity and, often, a trip to the Oscars. But by and large, producers with big bank loans and HBO sales to worry about take it on faith that politics and popcorn do not mix.

If Hollywood movies do not regularly clamor about causes or promote the national interest, they always send subdued—even subliminal—signals about the national mood. American movies are about America first, and only secondarily about love, crime, and intergalactic war. In that sense they are intensely—but nonspecifically—political.

For years, European critics of American export culture have railed against the transatlantic cinema deluge. They feel swamped by the silly situation comedies, the gangster glut, and the high-tech juvenilia that command a huge share of the world's ticket-buying market, and they read each new reel as a sales pitch for American values. Of course they read too much: civilizations that can celebrate Jerry Lewis have scant moral authority to condemn *Porky's*, but they probably will survive both.

Still, it is true that any year's output of American films accurately reflects the prevailing cultural consensus. The glossy musicals and suburban romances of the 1950s, the black comedies and alienated melodramas of the 1960s, the hyperspatial fantasies and narcissistic morality plays of the 1970s: all were cannily cued to the current consciousness of the domestic audience. They echoed the dreams, enlarged the expectations, or exorcised the fears already at large in the land, which is precisely the function of propaganda. We are not used to calling movies like *Pillow Talk*, *Five Easy Pieces*, or *Star Wars* political; and yet they (and others of their decades) signaled a complex constellation of values, attitudes, and ethics: in short, an ideology that made some wacky sense of the way we were then.

Which brings us to Hollywood in the 1980s, and the baffling question of how the moguls can make sense, and profits, of the way we live now, in a polarized culture with a fractured consensus and a society at loggerheads with itself. The answer—judging from the current crop of pictures—is that they can't, or at least they can't very well; and the result is a set of messages so garbled that movie-goers must be excused if they flee from polyplex cinemas in malls all over America with raging migraines.

Some mischievous muse of the movies must have decreed that each generation get the cinematic themes it deserves, and the punishment this time takes the form of patriotism, family values, and, for want of a better word, countrification. A society that screams, almost in unison, "USA! USA!" for every star-spangled half gainer or high hurdle has to expect *The Right Stuff*, *The Natural*, and *Red Dawn*. If in *Bambi*'s 1940s it was "nice to be nice," it is now good to feel good—about America, the flag, the national pastime, the space program, and the Pentagon budget.

Fifteen years ago, the archetypal Hollywood man was an anti-hero, an outcast on a motorcycle, on acid, and on the run: Peter Fonda in *Easy Rider*. Now the theme song from that movie, Steppenwolf's "Born To Be Wild," is used to advertise Detroit-made yuppie automobiles, and the Hollywood hero hits bases-loaded home runs and breaks on through to the other side of the ionosphere: Robert Redford as the mythic *Natural* and Sam Shepard with *The Right Stuff*. The nightmare of nuclear war once produced the devastating satire of *Dr. Strangelove*, with its wicked caricatures of presidents, Politburocrats, Nazi rocket designers, and, of course, Dr. Kissinger. Two decades later, the holocaust has a hopeful side. When Russian bombs wipe out Washington, Omaha, and a few other expendable sites, high school kids take to the hills and keep the faith in John Milius' *Red Dawn*. The end of *Strangelove* was the end of the earth; this time there is life, and victory, after the bomb.

But are we getting straight signals? The patriotic frame and the heroic mold of the new movies are invariably contradicted, or at least complicated, by the action inside. The Mercury Program astronauts who are bound for glory turn out to be a dreary and self-serving lot, either beastly to their wives, overanxious about their media images, fixated on their commercial futures, or concerned about their competence. The only hero in *The Right Stuff* is the pre-orbital Chuck Yeager, and it's hard to take him seriously when we see him selling batteries and spark plugs every night on TV. "Lyndon Johnson," who makes a few appearances in the film, is every bit as ridiculous as Peter Sellers' "President Merkin Muffley" in *Strangelove*.

The patriotic gore gets watered down in Milius' guerrilla war as well. The football team that fights to the death is spunky and resourceful, but the most sympathetic and certainly the most *(Continued on page 402)*

Clint Eastwood. The coolest man in movies over the past twenty years, also the meanest. And now he's hotter than ever—taken seriously as an actor, no less—since he opened up in Tightrope and showed some hard-won emotional depth: a little bit of flesh goes a long way on a lean persona. Still, Clint's no new man. This month, in City Heat, he's sharing a screen with Burt Reynolds—the Jack of Macho to Eastwood's King. Vulnerability flees when studs collide.

Silk screen of Clint Eastwood by Andy Warhol (made from a photograph by Eddie Adams/Gamma Liaison).

"She has a combination of intelligence and spontaneity that is extremely uncommon. My camera operator called it 'Meryl Streep Syndrome.' He meant the luminosity about her, something that shines... from inside, from her personality."
—ULU GROSBARD
director of "Falling in Love"

ACTING OUT
falling in love with Streep

By Susan Dworkin

Ulu Grosbard is a theater director *(The Subject was Roses; A View from the Bridge; The Price)* who every once in a while goes off with a couple of terrific actors and makes a movie. Most recently, it was *True Confessions* with Robert Duvall and Robert De Niro (and Grosbard's wife, Rose Gregorio). This year, it's *Falling in Love* with De Niro and Meryl Streep, who have been itching to work together again since *The Deer Hunter*. A gentle-mannered man who laughs easily, Grosbard still speaks with the trace of a Belgian accent: as a youngster, he escaped the Nazis with his family, went to Cuba, then to New York City. He attended the University of Chicago with Elaine May and Mike Nichols and became part of the golden theater generation forged in the Kennedy years—Jon Voight, Dustin Hoffman, Gene Hackman, Jane Alexander, Robert Duvall—that later set the standard for serious film acting.

With Grosbard's background, it's not surprising that he has none of the hallmarks of a Hollywood director. He lives in NYC's Greenwich Village. He does not sweat power. He lacks cynicism. He even likes writers. In fact, he kept screenwriter Michael Cristofer around on the set of *Falling in Love* as much as possible; and if you want to know how unusual that is, read William Goldman's *Adventures in the Screen Trade*.

Grosbard actually talks about his actors as though they were repositories for "some small measure of truth" rather than surfaces on which light plays a tricky game. "*Falling in Love* has a new De Niro!" he says excitedly. "Nobody's ever seen this De Niro before. He's funny. He's *tender!* And Streep, she has a combination of intelligence and spontaneity that is extremely uncommon. My camera operator called it the 'Meryl Streep Syndrome.' He meant the luminosity about her, something that *shines* . . . from inside, from her personality." Of Streep the woman—who takes her family with her when she's filming and goes from *Falling in Love* directly to *Plenty*, and then directly *(Continued on page 404)*

Silk screen of Meryl Streep by Andy Warhol (made from a photograph by Jack Mitchell/ Outline)

MOVIE BUSINESS/MONKEY BUSINESS

By Lynda Rosen Obst

Where does a five-hundred-pound gorilla sit?
Anywhere he wants.

In my arguments with East Coast friends about commercial versus artistic values in Hollywood, I am always reminded of this joke: in the studio system, the only way that movies of personal vision get made is when five-hundred-pound gorillas want to make them. In Hollywood, a five-hundred-pound gorilla is a star, commonly called an "element"—a performer or director so formidable that a studio cannot afford to deny his or her wishes. It's the spoiled child syndrome: "What Baby wants, Baby gets." Because if Baby Spielberg, Baby Beatty, or Baby Bill Murray doesn't get, Baby will make his movies elsewhere. It is said that the then-head of Columbia learned this lesson well when he "passed" on *E.T.*, and let Universal pick it up and make hundreds of millions of dollars. The irony is that this same executive now runs Universal.

An "element" loads the dice in the decision-making process. So, for example, Barbra Streisand can make Isaac Bashevis Singer's *Yentl*, Costa-Gavras can hope to translate Milan Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, Jessica Lange can buy the film rights to Jayne Anne Phillips' *Machine Dreams*, and comedy mega-star Bill Murray can make the otherwise untouchable, angst-filled Somerset Maugham novel *The Razor's Edge* as his follow-up picture to *Ghostbusters*. The studio reasoning goes something like this: since Bill Murray's last picture grossed over $200 million (about $100 million of which went to the studio), he must have enough fans to generate at least two solid weekends' worth of business in *anything*. This reasoning can go awry, as in the case of *Rhinestone*, which, in the vernacular, "didn't open." The adjusted logic has Sylvester Stallone's fans coming out to see him only when *(Continued on page 404)*

Silk screen of Bill Murray
by Andy Warhol
(made from a photograph
by Barbara Walz/Outline)

Bill Murray, with his big, innocent eyes, morning-after demeanor, and his harmless lechery, is like a dissipate Little Rascal. This summer, he did the impossible. He starred in and stamped with his style a movie that outgrossed not one but two Steven Spielberg funfests and became the year's top box-office attraction: Ghostbusters. That alone qualifies him as a major part of the Zeitgeist, a heady position for a slob. But onscreen at least the only thing that seems to surprise him is maybe the fact that he's onscreen. Diffidence has rarely, if ever, been so appealing. Who cares if this fall Murray walked The Razor's Edge and got nicked? "Back off man, I'm a comedian." One of the funniest.

ME SHEENA, YOU WIMP

amazon women and wounded men

By Molly Haskell

What do men want? In a spirit of inquiry no less dispassionate, I pose this variation of Freud's famous query. Economically and politically, men are still in the driver's seat, and physically too. Yet in movie after movie (and book and play), they're all wilting with self-pity over their newfound sense of impotence, and their rough treatment at the hands of women, confused as to whether they can be sensitive and caring, and still Men.

Wounded men are the newest wrinkle in the war between the sexes. Sometimes the wound is literal. Robert Redford gets shot by a mysterious *femme fatale* in the beginning of *The Natural*, an act that sets the tone of mutual distrust between the sexes for the rest of the movie.

More often the wound is spir-

Diane Keaton is the point at which Hollywood colludes with reality. She is a woman of style and cool good looks, but curiously without vanity. As the fierce wife in Shoot the Moon, she allowed her natural radiance to run ragged— and bore her crow's-feet the way another actress would bare her breasts. She is the embodiment of contemporary woman without the sharp edges of movie tokenism. We know her, yet she retains her mystique (there is something latent about Keaton, some complexity). From dingbat to deadly weapon— in The Little Drummer Girl, she is both. Diane Keaton has shed her image to become herself. (At left, a self-portrait.)

Diane Keaton and Joe Kelly

itual, and the response is an inchoate cry of pain . . . or flight. In *Paris, Texas*, Harry Dean Stanton has drifted into a nomad's life because he was just too sensitive to hold down a nine-to-five job, and so much in love with his wife that he drove her crazy . . . crazy enough to set fire to their trailer; in the world of Sam Shepard (screenwriter) and Wim Wenders (director), when a man is caught between the duties of a husband and the call of the wild, the desert void is preferable to anything resembling civilization.

In *My First Wife*, the fascinating film by Australian director Paul Cox, a successful and self-absorbed composer (John Hargreaves) goes berserk when his wife (Wendy Hughes) announces her decision to leave him. The film becomes one long, almost embarrassing wail of bereavement, with the wife as little more than a witness to her husband's emotional orgy.

And no less an icon than Clint Eastwood shows chinks in the supermale armor, thanks to *Tightrope*. In the vacuum created by his wife's departure (she has opted for a classier marriage), he discovers both the seedier side of his sexual appetites and a powerfully protective and domestic love for his two daughters.

As a counterpoint to Eastwood's Mighty Man Fallen, we see shrimps and wimps—Dudley Moore and Gene Wilder respectively—elevated to romantic heroes. And even in the replaying of old action myths, the emphasis is on the vulnerability rather than the prowess of heroes and villains. *Greystoke's* Tarzan is baffled by his dual heritage, preferring ape sensitivity to aristocratic hypocrisy. *Bounty* gives us a Captain Bligh shrunken and psychoanalyzed. And surely the hidden appeal in the epidemic of *Carmens* is the opportunity for Don José to wallow, unshaven and unkempt, in his misery.

The image of a man left or upstaged by a woman, hovering on the edge of loserdom, carries an implied threat—or is it a warning?—that women's independence is a threat to manhood and the status quo. It would seem, for all our presumed progress, that no couple can withstand the strain of a competent woman. *Country*, which winds up as a hard-edged prairie version of *A Star is Born*, suggests that something in the chemistry of male-female relations requires the man to be—if you'll pardon the expression—"on top," both for his own self-esteem and for his sexual luster in the eyes of his woman. Sam Shepard is his usual sullen and charismatic self as *(Continued on page 404)*

In The River, Sissy Spacek is chased by a bull, pinned under a corn-picking machine, but still rallies husband Mel Gibson to save the farm. Judging from this season's crop of films, "it would seem for all our presumed progress that no couple can stand the strain of a competent woman."
Greg Gorman/Sygma

A NEW VIEW FROM THE COUCH

encounter with a casting director

By Susan Bolotin

Juliet Taylor started her casting career with *The Exorcist* . . . and moved on to do every Woody Allen movie since *Love and Death; An Unmarried Woman* (and others) for Paul Mazursky; *Pretty Baby* for Louis Malle. She worked on *Terms of Endearment* for several years. She has cast films ranging from *Julia* to *Network* to *Close Encounters of the Third Kind; Falling in Love, Birdy, The Killing Field*—all new releases, dozens more. Working out of a *hamishe* office in New York, not far from The Carnegie Deli (and The Russian Tea Room), Taylor, thirty-nine, has a style a little like that of an entrepreneurial therapist. Here, she talks about the modern art of casting.

On the challenge: There are fewer and fewer interesting actors around. Television used up a lot of people; it exposed them in an unfortunate way. Also, actors with lots of potential and lots of charisma are snapped up so early that they aren't developed as actors by the time they become famous. They never get out there and work and pay their dues the way people have to in order to get really good, to get their craft strong, to find out who they are. So there's always a little something missing.

On casting's appeal to women: When I first started casting, I worked for a woman named Marion Dougherty, who is now a vice president at Warner Bros. She always used to say that no man would do casting because you can't make enough money. It's certainly a profession that requires you to put your ego aside almost all of the time: either you're trying to make a director happy, or you're listening to an actor or trying to figure out what he's about, what he's feeling, what he's thinking. You really have to love that, and maybe that is a feminine trait.

Also, I find that many male directors like to have female casting directors; they seem to prefer taking women into their confidence. And though casting is a very creative job, it has certain limitations: you are basically satisfying someone else's vision. Many women, professional women, are still used to having limitations on how far they go. It's not new news.

On the casting director's most important function: Casting is 75 percent intuitive; anyone who did casting would ultimately come up with many of the same ideas. What separates casting directors is, first, your point of view. But second, the director should be well prepared and know everything about someone who's coming in for a reading. I'll say, this is an actor *(Continued on page 354)*

(Continued from page 353) who is absolutely marvelous, and this is what he's done, and he's particularly good at comedy, but he's not good at reading. Or, this guy is just a great interview and he's full of charm, but this is what you're going to get.

On changes in the profession: When I worked for Marion Dougherty, it was that period at the end of the whole Hollywood studio system when there were still cattle calls. It was hard to break bad habits that people had gotten into, of seeing—say for the role of a secretary—ten short blonde girls. Marion would call in three or four people, and they would always be very different. I think that's more the feeling of casting today. It's better to give really good, clear choices to a director on how to play the character."

On working with Woody Allen: Part of my job is warning actors about his eccentricities. For instance, he is famous for the fact that his interviews with actors last two minutes. Two minutes? One minute . . . thirty seconds! It's pretty devastating if you're not prepared.

On the swing toward casting by physical type: When I first started out, everybody was quite serious about acting and casting actors, partially because most of the directors I worked for were directors whose background was in the theater, who had moved over to filmmaking. Now there's a new breed of filmmakers, who know less about actors and who are very, very concerned with the visual effect of a face. Certainly that's how Woody casts. Scorsese certainly is that way.

On casting nude scenes: I've never had to deal with a situation of total nudity, but if there's a love scene and someone has to show her breast, you always tell the actress first so she has the choice of not coming in for the part. My experience is that if the part is good and nudity is called for and not just totally gratuitous, you don't get too many objections. But even if it is just a small part, and a thankless part, there's always somebody who will do it because she wants a job. ▽

How do you follow up a film that ended with a large astral fetus toying with the Earth? We'll find out this month when 2010 debuts, not nine but sixteen years after Stanley Kubrick first shocked audiences with 2001, the movie that launched the modern cinematic space age. On board are Roy Scheider, John Lithgow, HAL the thin-skinned computer, Bob Balaban (left), and Keir Dullea as the fetus.

CONAN MEETS ONAN

hardcore workouts are today's sex scenes

By Bruce Handy

People don't laugh, cry, or even smirk at the movies much anymore. They gape. And more often than not they're gaping at bodies. Strong, firm, lean bodies. Bodies that exercise ceaselessly and uncontrollably, twitching away like a bunch of tabbys under the catnip influence. Bodies that, interestingly enough, don't sleep together as much as they used to (up on the silver screen at least) because they're too busy flexing their biceps and stretching out their calves for the benefit of the camera.

Just as America has become less overtly hedonistic, standing tall instead of horizontal, so have her movies. When was the last time you saw a really steamy sex scene in a mainstream movie? Titillating coitus has been relegated to adolescent exploitation movies and foreign affairs. Respectable characters still make love of course, but the camera peeks in for only a moment or two and then gingerly cuts away to afterglow and pillow talk. Compare on the erotica scale last year's down-home *Silkwood* with 1978's torrid *Coming Home*, to name two relatively equivalent films (both liberal, cause-y romances). No contest.

But when was the last time you saw a really steamy workout scene, with deltoids contracting and expanding, legs pumping up and down as feet thud against track, droplets of sweat meandering across fields of tanned epidermis, all lovingly photographed in slo-mo close-up? When was the last time you saw a movie?

Today, Jon Voight's paraplegic character in *Coming Home* would be too busy training for the Special Olympics to even think about cunnilingus. It's everywhere, this Protestant workout ethic: in the new spate of sports movies like the *Rocky* Trilogy (if you can so dignify it), *Chariots of Fire, Personal Best, Raging Bull, The Natural, The Karate Kid;* in romances, like *The Year of Living Dangerously*, where Sigourney Weaver shapes up in Indonesia by swimming laps; in police thrillers, like *Tightrope*, where Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold court each other on a weight-lifting machine; in *films noirs*, like *American Gigolo*, where Richard Gere keeps in fighting trim with his gravity boots; in comedies, like *The Big Chill*, with its gratuitous takes on Meg Tilley's spread-legged stretching exercises; and even in the latest James Bond movie, *Never Say Never Again*, where Her Majesty's Secret Service finally sends 007 to the fat farm.

All this physical activity is changing the way audiences look at movie stars. More and more the public perceives actors and actresses not so much as personas but as collections of well-tuned body parts, the sum total of so many hours spent on so many different Nautilus machines: you remember Sigourney Weaver's sinewy arms, Mariel Hemingway's muscled thighs, John Travolta's well-defined pecs, Sly Stallone's obscene biceps. Marilyn Monroe, all soft and cushy, would look like a sponge paired onscreen with today's prototypical nature girl, Jessica Lange. Cary Grant's martini cool wouldn't stand a chance up against Richard Gere's buttocks.

Visual dissection is not a surprising mode of observation when Hollywood's hottest are literally being redesigned piece by piece by body consultants such as Dan Isaacson, Hans Buhringer, and Jake Steinfeld. A little more tricep, a little less abdominal—the attention to musculature is minute. Some actors alter their physiques from part to part. Take Robert De Niro's neck: he acts with it, going from thick-necked in *Raging Bull* to pencil-necked in *The King of Comedy*. How can you take somebody like that seriously as a Larger than Life Personality? You can't. All those who might once have been L.L.P.s are now so busy cranking out beauty books and crafting exercise regimens in their leisure hours that they don't even have time for newsworthy scandal.

John Belushi was the last of the naughty endomorphs.

These changes are not unique to Hollywood. Conservative, bottom-line America is still in the midst of its fitness boom. Noses hard to the economic grindstone, Americans work out more, or at least they mean to; and movies make money by telling people what they want to hear. It's only natural then that films are full of Universals, shin splints, and cool downs. Perhaps the long buildup to the '84 Olympics is partly to blame; more likely, the developing exercise esthetic was responsible for changing our perception of the games from sport to kitsch-patriotic theater—complete with *Chariots of Fire*'s gooey synthesizer theme.

What's odd is that exercise scenes *(Continued on page 403)*

In the teen-movie pantheon of knaves, fools, and lovesick twits, Emilio Estevez reigns as Black Prince, honing that role to perverse perfection in Repo Man. Hair shaved, a cross dangling from one ear, Estevez had the innocence of a punk Stan Laurel. Next, he's in John Hughes's The Breakfast Club with Anthony Michael Hall and Molly Ringwald from Hughes's Sixteen Candles, and Ally Sheedy from WarGames. Today the teen-flick A-Team, tomorrow the world.

Annie Leibovitz

MY LIFE BECOMES REEL LIFE

By Sydney H. Schanberg

Having a movie made about yourself may sound like the ultimate in excitement and ego-tripping. The reality was more like reality.

When my friend Dith Pran escaped from the prison of Cambodia in October, 1979, after four and one-half years under the murderous Khmer Rouge, I was indeed full of excitement. Euphoria is perhaps a better word.

It meant a second chance at life for both of us—he because he was finally free of fear and the threat of death and could reunite with his family in America, and I because I could stop punishing myself for my inability, when Cambodia fell to the communists in 1975, to take him with me out of the country.

Our connection began in 1972, on my second visit to Cambodia, where I would become the regular correspondent for *The New York Times*. Pran had been a tourist guide, but tourism ended when the war broke out in 1970, and by 1972 he had begun working for *The Times* as an interpreter and assistant.

There was an early kinship. We came to realize quite soon that our vision and our goals were the same. What propelled us both was not the intrigue of world geopolitics or even military strategy—but rather the tragedy of Cambodia as a nation pushed into the Indochina war by other powers, not in control of its destiny, callously used as battle fodder, its agonies largely ignored as the world focused on neighboring Vietnam.

What propelled us both, and bonded us, was the human impact—the ten-year-old orphans in uniforms, carrying rifles almost as tall as themselves; the amputees lying traumatized in filthy, overcrowded hospitals; and the skeletal infants rasping and spitting as they died while you watched in the all-too-few malnutrition clinics.

Obsessed with this story, I kept returning to Cambodia from my base in Singapore, ignoring reporting commitments elsewhere in Southeast Asia. I pushed Pran as hard as I pushed myself, but he would say, "I understand your heart." And while we worked fiercely, we also released tension when we could and romped and caroused together.

We went through years like this together. Then, in April, 1975, with the Khmer Rouge closing in on Phnom Penh, Pran and I—in a decision that was symbiotic—chose to stay on, in the capital, when the American embassy evacuated. We did, however, for safety's sake, send his wife and four children out of the country.

On the morning of the communists' entry into the city, five days after the American departure, Pran and I and two other journalists were seized by a party of angry Khmer Rouge who, their guns to our heads, announced they were going to execute us. We thought it was all over, but Pran began pleading—telling them we were not Americans, but French journalists who had stayed behind to report their victory to the rest of the world. He kept appealing, cajoling, begging, lying—for three hours. Finally—and we will never know their true reason—these cold, robotic guerrilla troops lowered their weapons and let us go. Pran had succeeded.

Once free, we were witness to a startling event. The Khmer Rouge had begun emptying the swollen city of its 2.5 million inhabitants—announcing a rural revolution, a rejection of the old, commercial ways and the creation of a new village communal society.

We took refuge in the French embassy. But the Khmer Rouge quickly stripped the embassy of its sanctuary status and said all Cambodians would have to leave for the countryside.

Desperate to protect Pran, we tried to forge an unused British passport in his name; but the French authorities looked at it, shook their heads in sadness, and told us it wouldn't work—the Khmer Rouge were certain to spot the subterfuge and might kill the rest of us in retaliation.

Pran said he understood. But it was I who did not understand, who could not cope with this terrible thing. In those final hours, we talked to disguise our inner churning but also to affirm our kinship. At 10:15 A.M. on April 20, 1975, we put our arms around each other and then Pran walked out the front gate of the embassy.

He spent the next four and one- *(Continued on page 402)*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT but is he Godunov for Peter Weir?

By Veronica Visser

Alexander Godunov's facial features, more Nordic than Slavic, have come in handy for movie casting. He's just completed shooting *Witness*, the most recent film of Australian director Peter Weir, set in the Amish country in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Godunov is cast as a love interest, an Amish farmer named Daniel Hochleitner. Harrison Ford stars—and plays his rival for the affections of an attractive Amish widow, (Kelly McGillis from *Reuben, Reuben).*

Godunov, famous for dancing, defecting from Soviet Russia, and dating Jacqueline Bisset, discusses his next coup—acting—demonstrating, as he does, another famous characteristic, the "Godunov personality." Back in 1981, two years into his defection, he explained his sulks and great depressions as part of the Russian temperament. Asking him in 1984 about the Russian temperament evokes a less cooperative definition: "What is the American temperament?" *Contentious.*

Godunov exemplifies the no-frills dresser in a crisp, plain black linen shirt, open at the collar to reveal his favorite cross from Russia. He does not credit any spiritual purpose behind his attachment to it. "It's just I like the cross that's from Russia." *Brusque*. He wears his trademark jeans as if to attest to the Americanization of Alexander and his new status in Western pop culture. His long, fine, albinoesque, almost transparent hair is the only delicate thing about *(Continued on page 403)*

Chris Callis

Comfort and Cheer: Basic Black & Bubbles

The long dark nights are here. To keep hope burning until spring, we celebrate: the grandest balls, festive dinners for two, lavish presents. The best for all these occasions when you are spoiling or being spoiled is caviar. Black pearls and limousines, midnight silky sable and black satin are the mind's setting for the highest grade beluga caviar and a tall thin glass of Roederer Cristal Champagne. Technically, caviar is nothing more than the processed, salted eggs of fish. The roe of trout, whitefish, salmon, and sturgeon from lakes and rivers all over the world have been used. Nevertheless, the best has always been that from sturgeon of the Caspian Sea. The most expensive and prestigious caviar is made from the eggs of the largest sturgeon, the beluga. The finest are large, firm, and range from light to dark grey. They are graded "000." They must be gently packed into light- and air-proof containers so the eggs will be plump and shiny without any oil oozing around them. You will eat them a few at a precious time from bone or gold-washed spoons without toast, lemon, eggs, or onions. There are other sturgeon caviars. A smaller fish is the sevruga, as is its roe. Still smaller is the ossetra caviar: this one has a distinctly fishy taste, and there are some who prefer it. Least expensive is pressed caviar, made with smashed eggs. It has a thick jam-like consistency and intense taste, and is used to spread on hot blinis—Russian buckwheat pancakes. Now, Petrossian, known for its elegant processing in Paris, has come to America with a new shop cum restaurant at great price in that most ornate of turn-of-the-century buildings, the Alwyn Court, in New York City. Here, you can sample the finest caviars, vodkas, and Champagnes until your pocket runs dry. *(For gifts from them, see page 262.)* *Given a choice, choose Roederer Cristal, the exclusive Champagne of the Czar. It was put into a clear bottle to differentiate it from all the other Champagnes when wrapped to the neck in a white napkin for pouring.*

Sheila Metzner

Diana Vreeland rampant (after David's portrait of Bonaparte) by Andy Warhol

"There is not a day in my life that I do not think about horses. On the hour, every hour. The first thing I heard outside my mother's apartment in the Bois in Paris was hooves, the whips cracking—don't forget I was born when one had to ride. This world seems natural to me. And correct," says Diana Vreeland.

"There's great dignity in the association of man and his horse. A man with his horse, it's glorious. All elegance and cleanliness, lean and shine, spit and polish, tweeds and the open air. On a horse, you're reaching towards heaven and there's no looking back."

Diana Vreeland, special consultant to the Costume Institute at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, has assembled her thirteenth exhibition—"Man and the Horse"—which runs through August 1985. As in her previous exhibitions, she mingles costume history with show-biz hoopla and fuses it with the power of her inventiveness—her own, always fantastic, interpretation. Whatever the subject—"American Women of Style," or "Yves Saint Laurent: 25 Years of Design"—her exhibits in the cramped basement level of the Metropolitan result in crowds descending like locusts. Her opening nights, with a black-tie gala dinner for the benefit of the Costume Wing, are as theatrical as the vignettes she plots for every gallery installation.

Mrs. Vreeland insists that this year's equestrian extravaganza should reflect a sense of *exactness, precision, total correctness.* *(Continued on page 404)*

bridled passion

HORSEBACK RIDING—THE SPORT OF KINGS AND WOULD-BE KINGS—IS ABOUT STYLE BEFORE THE FALL. "MAN AND THE HORSE," DIANA VREELAND'S NEW COSTUME EXHIBITION AT NYC'S METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, GOES BEYOND THE HABITUAL CHIC TURN OUT TO CELEBRATE A KIND OF SPIRITUAL ELEGANCE—AND THE DANCE BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST. BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Hunters break for lunch, 1880

Lady Worsley by Joshua Reynolds, 1779

Lady Charlotte Fraser photographed by Christopher Simon Sykes, 1984

Napoleonic children's boots

"Jockey" pages for George Paynter's wedding, 1934

Lord Daresbury, circa 1935

"Flying Childers with Jockey Up" by James Seymour, 1740

Jacqueline Onassis with her parents, Janet and John Bouvier, 1934

Sir Roger Burgoyne by James Seymour, 1740

Lady Sophia Pelham by Francis Grant, 1858

Exhaustion after a ride sidesaddle, early 1920s

"Amazone" habit, 1820

fAST TRACKS...

FREE-STYLE DRESSING, FREE-WHEELING BEAUTIES: JOANNA PACULA, CATHERINE OXENBERG

JOANNA PACULA —enticing-eyed,
Polish bred-and-born,
about to be seen
in her second
(the first was *Gorky Park*)
made-in-the-West movie

Her part: romantic,
comedic, a kibbutznik charmer
in *Not Quite Jerusalem*.
"Anyone who can explain that
title is an Einstein," admits Pacula,
a firmly avowed romantic herself.
Her dressing style, *left*:
free-spirited, easygoing—
silk charmeuse camp shirt cut
on a generous scale, lamé
"teddy bra" and skinny
pants—all, OMO Norma Kamali.
Opposite, Paul Stuart
canvas hat. Earrings, Fortunoff.
Hair, these four pages, by Christiaan;
makeup, Francesca Tolot for Cloutier,
L.A. Details, stores, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

FAST TRACKS...

Fourteen-hour filming days may be
less than fully glamorous,
but they carry a large reward:
for energized young actress Catherine Oxenberg,
a crack at playing Amanda,
Joan Collins' *Dynasty* daughter.
Through various incarnations,
says Catherine, it was determined Amanda
should be "sincere and have integrity;
but when put in a corner,
I would lash out. So far, I've been put in every
corner." A star's corner-drugstore
dressing, *far right:* neon-yellow
paillette dress; *this page,*
graffiti pants and silk jersey
T-shirt with "peace-sign" cutout.
All, Stephen Sprouse. Details, stores, last pages.

**CATHERINE OXENBERG —fresh (and
finely bred) new L.A. face;
in life, she has a Princess mother.
On TV's *Dynasty*, now, her
new endless-possibility part:
as venom's child,
Joan Collins' daughter**

Fashions in Living Valentino at his best, a style simply grand: Here, the impeccable ease of his villa in Capri. It's a house worked with an open hand, for a designer's world-spanning tastes. The tastes of a Roman who admires, in equal measure, Diaghilev and F. Scott Fitzgerald

A ROMAN'S HOLIDAY

Jacques Dirand

In Capri, where villas rise steeply over the Mediterranean, Valentino's Villa Cercola gazes down past terraced gardens of lush tropical plants to the secluded pool, crisply outfitted in white and navy blue. . . . Above: One of his favorite rooms, an alcove off the living room, as intricate as an Oriental mosaic, comfortable as a Turkish corner. Throughout the house—vaulted ceilings, cool marble floors, and a mix of his own wicker furniture for Valentino Piú (the red chair, for instance), and nineteenth-century antiques.

A ROMAN'S HOLIDAY **It's a life the privacy of a house above the sea, thrills of a ride on a modern seahorse...**

balancing shade and sun; indoors and outdoors; retreat—to

or a boat carrying all the pleasures of home out to sea—and the

In the villa's indoor dining room (opposite page, top), foliage hand-painted by one of the few remaining artisans capable of doing such work gives the feeling—and freshness—of eating under a bower. A pair of marble-topped French butcher's tables supports the window full of real ferns and flowers. Valentino is an eclectic collector: a silver Austrian samovar catches his eye, Dresden china (all on the console), and on the Neopolitan fruitwood table (c.1880), a wicker basket overflowing with wooden cherries, found in a Manhattan bric-a-brac shop. . . . The outdoor dining room (above), roofed in fragrant jasmine, bougainvillaea, ivy, is very much Valentino's world. He designed the lacquered table with its lazy Susan, the wicker sofa, white and green plates that accompany his trove of antique, corn-patterned ceramics. . . . Left: His eighty-eight-foot yacht, the "T.M. Blue"—the interiors all in white and navy, mahogany and straw matting. . . . Right: Valentino speeding solo on his Suzuki wetbike.

Jacques Dirand

A ROMAN'S HOLIDAY

Another kind of balance—the symmetry of the living room (left), with elaborate Meissen pots on the severe mantel, generous wicker chairs from Valentino Più, inlaid cube tables by master craftsman Renzo Mongiardino, and the wit of a tôle palm tree planted in each corner. . . . This page: Valentino's bedroom, occupied by a pack of ceramic dogs and a stately canopied bed, acquired in Naples.

Jacques Dirand

ideal weight

NEW THINKING ON LOSING, GAINING, MAINTAINING

Experts are just beginning to understand what it means to be at "ideal" weight. Now, it's not total body weight that counts but your shape, your age, your heart strength, and how fat you are

By Jack H. Wilmore, Ph.D., and Dorothy Schefer

Almost all the women in America have this in common: at one time or another they are weight conscious and dieting. As women, we believe that to be slender is to be feminine, appealing, attractive. Although we're showing more muscle, we still struggle to think "thin," to count calories, reduce waistlines, retrieve "figures." The less we weigh, the more we like ourselves; the smaller we grow, the bigger our self-esteem, the better our self-image. And although we're encouraged by reports of exercise's health-related benefits, secretly most of us hope our efforts at sweating and straining will reshape our bodies, thin our thighs, firm up sags, and whittle away yet more of our weight. What exercise can't do, we hope—we pray—dieting can.

Preoccupation with weight not only affects our health but our pocketbooks: In one year alone, Americans spent more than $54 million on legal but potentially dangerous over-the-counter diet pills and one billion dollars on "diet" foods. Our preoccupation with weight, however, is not without basis: according to a recent survey, 25 to 43 percent of the female population (ages twenty-five to fifty-four) are 10 percent or more above desirable weight; 17 to 28 percent are 20 percent or more above it.

Medical experts have found evidence that clearly establishes that those of us who are overweight are at a substantially higher risk for diabetes and high blood pressure. "Studies have never shown as direct a correlation between overweight and heart disease; but obesity increases your chances of developing the primary risk factors for heart disease," says cardiologist Lenore Zohman, M.D., director of the Exercise Laboratory–Cardiac Rehabilitation unit at Montefiore Medical Center, NYC. Now, a new Framingham Heart Study strongly links amount of overweight with increased risk for heart attack, stroke, and congestive heart failure—*particularly among women,* and suggests that weight gain after the young adult years is independently associated with increased risk for these cardiovascular diseases.

But even though reducing disease risk is important, it's not likely to be the reason most women want to weigh less. Regardless of how it makes them *feel*, most women believe they *look better* at lower weights. This is an important motivating factor, but even more important is a woman's health and feeling fit, efficient, energetic.

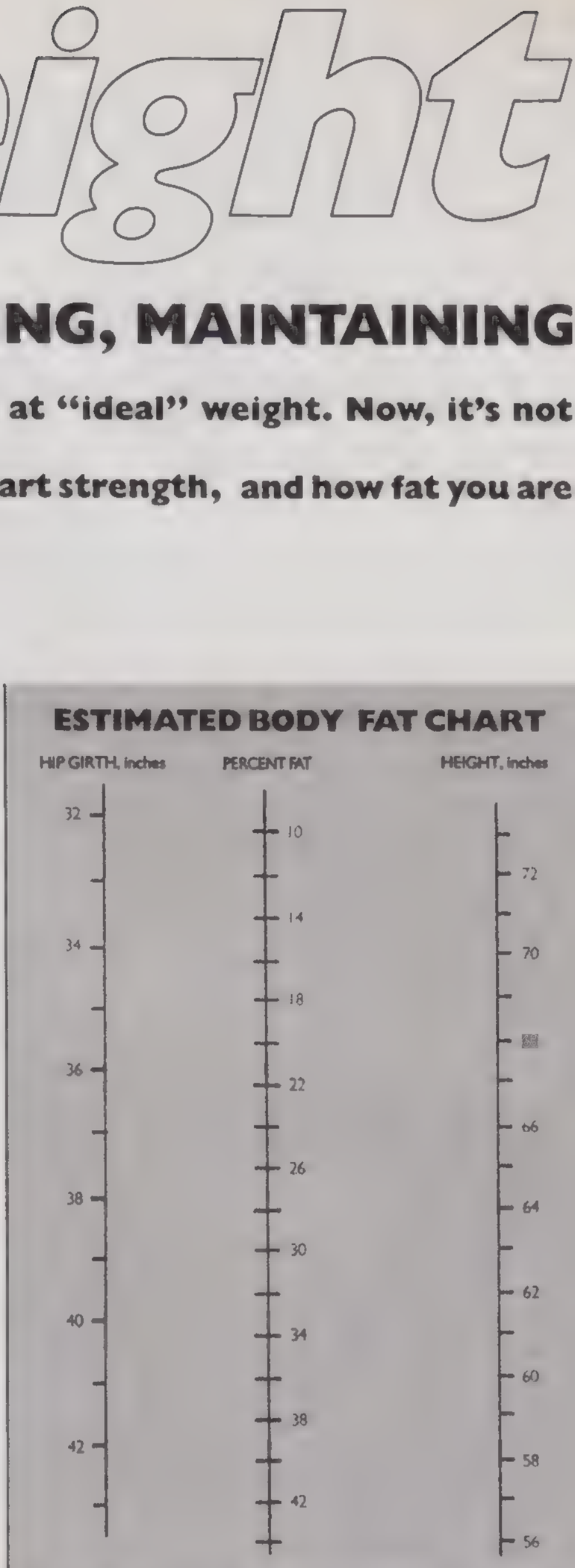
Critical to achieving "ideal" or "desirable" weight is realizing that your self-image may be totally at odds with reality. It's important to understand that body weight and shape are primarily determined by body type, which is largely determined genetically. This also includes body fat, patterned differently on each woman. Some women are destined to be lean, others fat; some to have wide hips, others narrow; some to have thick thighs, others thin.

No matter how hard you exercise—or how much weight you lose—you will never be able to *dramatically* reshape your body. This is a vital point for women to accept: not every woman can look "model perfect." If disparity exists between what's ideal and what's real, a woman risks developing a serious eating or weight disorder.

Bulimia and anorexia nervosa are the two most common; if either is suspected, professional assistance should be sought immediately. Once established, binge/purge disorders are difficult to treat; once treated, they may reappear.

WHAT IS "IDEAL" WEIGHT?

As experts continue to increase their understanding of weight theories, total body weight, easily read by bathroom scales, is no longer an accurate reflection of ideal weight; concern, now, is with *body composition,* or the percentages of fat and lean tissue that make up total body weight. *(Lean weight* is composed of muscles, bones, organs, and other non-fat tissue. *Fat weight* is



Determining your relative body fat from this chart requires knowing only your hip girth and height. Draw a straight line between the two numbers for your estimated body fat; e.g. a woman with 35-inch hips, who is 67 inches tall, has an estimated relative body fat of 20 percent.

total weight of the body's fat stores.)

Most important though, is knowing your *relative body fat* (the percentage of total body weight represented by fat weight). For example: A woman who is five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds, and who has 20 pounds of fat weight and 80 pounds of lean weight, has a relative body fat of 20 percent. A larger woman six feet tall, weighing 200 pounds, has 40 pounds of body fat. Her *relative* body fat is still 20 percent. It is this *percentage* of total body weight that is fat which is important in determining ideal body weight.

Keep in mind that what constitutes a "desirable" relative body fat isn't necessarily the same *(Continued on page 399)*

Many women seem to settle down to a fairly stable weight just five maddening pounds higher than "ideal"; others yo-yo five up, five down. Here, from experts, a choice of effective ways to lose pounds—and keep them lost—at last!

5 lbs. off!

Why weight tables don't work

By Shari Miller

"Ideal" weight tables have offered the promise that staying thin could help a woman to extend her life—certainly a most desirable health goal. The latest research, however, is challenging this belief. Physicians are realizing that all the facts on the effect our weight has on our health and longevity are not yet in—and that once they are, the weight tables we've all been consulting will be in for some major changes.

Where did the experts go wrong? Until recently, the standards for desirable weight were those published by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in 1959, based on tabulations comparing the build, weight, and blood pressure of each of their policy-holders with the average measures among all of those insured, and then factoring in the statistics for those insurance-holders who had died. Amid a great deal of fanfare, these tables were revised in 1983, with the result that desirable weight seemed to have shifted upward—a move many of the nation's overweight greeted with a sigh of relief. Not so, however, among all of the experts in the field.

MYTH: AGE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE

"One of the problems with the old *and* the new Metropolitan Life tables is that they do not take age into account," said Reubin Andres, M.D., professor of medicine, Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine and clinical director of the Gerontology Research Center/National Institute on Aging. "The current Metropolitan Life tables, according to my research, are best suited to forty-year-olds. If you're younger, the weights are too high; if you're much older, they're too low for optimal longevity."

As a *(Continued on page 399)*

By Joan Liebmann-Smith

"If only I could lose five pounds!" What woman hasn't wished away this mythic number on a daily or at least occasional basis? An extra five pounds seem to be the most difficult to lose and very difficult to keep off. (It's one woman's theory that these five pounds are sort of like $E=mc^2$: As one woman manages to lose them, they transmogrify to pad another woman's body.)

In fact, these "last" five pounds *are* hardest to lose. "The more overweight you are, the easier it is to lose weight quickly. It takes a lot of work for a person who is not very overweight to lose five pounds," said Harvey L. Katzeff, M.D., assistant professor of medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, one of the five diet and nutrition experts we queried. "And, initially, when you go on a diet, most of the weight loss will be water and salt. But five pounds is five pounds. You'll see it—and it has to come off somewhere."

Water is relatively easily and quickly lost by dieting, especially for women, whose hormones cause more water retention than men's. Getting rid of excess water can be accomplished naturally by eating a low-salt diet and by drinking liquids like tea and cranberry juice that have mild diuretic properties. But Dr. Katzeff warns that the use of *any* diuretic, especially when dieting, can be dangerous because it causes you to lose important minerals such as magnesium and potassium, necessary for heart and muscle action.

Even though four or five pounds of water loss may make you seem trimmer, as soon as you return to your normal eating habits, you'll put the weight back on because weight loss that's mostly water is regained faster than weight loss that's mostly fat. According to George L. Blackburn, M.D., Ph.D., associate professor of surgery, Harvard Medical School, and director of the Nutrition Support Service at the New England Deaconess Hospital, "If the average-sized woman loses five pounds in a week or less, four pounds will be water, and only one pound will be fat; it is therefore very likely that unless she sticks to her diet, it'll all be back within forty-eight hours."

Losing fat, however, is no easy proposition. "A normal-sized woman cannot usually lose more than one pound of fat per week. If she ate nothing at all, she would only lose two pounds of fat; everything else would be water and protein tissue," said Dr. Blackburn.

If you devote time—one and a half to two weeks—and energy—by exercising—to your weight-loss campaign, you can lose five pounds with a good chance of keeping them off. Sarah Short, Ph.D., Ed.D., R.D., professor of nutrition at Syracuse University, recommends a diet of no less than 1100 calories per day or "you'll always feel empty and tired." She also suggests that you divide those calories into five or six small meals so you don't get overly hungry, and that you eat very slowly, since it takes twenty minutes before you start to feel full. If you're not now exercising, Dr. Short advises that you start with very brisk walking (one mile in less than fifteen minutes). Tennis, bicycling, and other vigorous sports are also good, but whatever you choose to do, do it for twenty to thirty minutes at least four times a week.

Richard S. Rivlin, M.D., chief of nutrition service, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, professor of medicine and chief of Nutrition Division, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, suggests that along with lowering calories and increasing physical activity, you follow the other basic health rules of reducing dietary fat and eating more complex carbohydrates. He particularly recommends eating a lot of fruit and vegetables because, besides being good for overall health, they are low in calories and give you a feeling of fullness.

If you don't necessarily want to exercise regularly but are willing to change your eating habits, you can lose the five pounds in two weeks by cutting the fat out of your diet. "People get fat by eating fat," says Dr. Blackburn, "so the thing to do is go vegetarian." He suggests the following diet totaling about 1000 calories per day with less than 30 grams of fat. (This, like any diet, should get *your* doctor's okay.)

(Continued on page 398)

Suddenly there's something very exciting about swimwear! An [illegible] of swimming . . . In this [illegible] bodies! On these six pages—long, sleek, almost mermaid-like, in suits that simply pull-on, and have just enough glitter and shine to make them truly beguiling

From this season's range of striking blues—the bluest—an almost one-piece suit with a satin-y shine and a body-hugging fit reminiscent of the most comfortable leotard, *left*. Liza Bruce's Antron/Lycra cropped top and waist-high brief, with edges that can be rolled up or down to bikini proportions. [illegible] Team. About $87. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; The Endless Summer, Scarsdale NY; Bullock's, Mano's, Laguna Beach CA.

The big splash: swimwear's provocative new allure

A swimsuit with coloring and layering that comes right from ready-to-wear, *left*—Liza Bruce's thin crinkled, neon pink Antron/Lycra maillot with a pull-on black "spider-web" ornament. For Factory Team. About $85. Bonwit Teller; Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; The Endless Summer, Scarsdale, NY; Bullock's; Mano's, Laguna Beach CA. . . .

Beauty Note: When this much skin is exposed—Bain de Soleil Suntan Creme White with SPF 6. Hair, these six pages: Didier Malige for Jean Louis David at Henri Bendel, NYC; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details, last pages.

Hans Feurer

The big splash . . .

Two suits—worn as one, *left*—with the black lace tank pulled up, the strapless sequin orange maillot rolled onto the hips like a scarf—but each so thin, so surprisingly ornamental, that it could easily be worn alone. Or worn with the sequin maillot under the black, for a totally different effect, a most beautiful neckline. By Gottex. Of Antron/Lycra. Sold together, about $250. Late December at Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; Cameo Stores, Philadelphia; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; Macy's, San Francisco. To order at Macy's Herald Square. . . . A real diving tanksuit—with something more!—an almost weightless silver-flecked fabric, criss-crossed back straps, *right*. By Giorgio Sant 'Angelo for Capriccio. About $54. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Filene's; Davison's, Atlanta; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii.

Beauty Note: To offset such beautiful shine—skin that's well protected: Elizabeth Arden's Ultra Protection Factor 15 Suncare Sun Blocking Cream. Details, more stores, last pages.

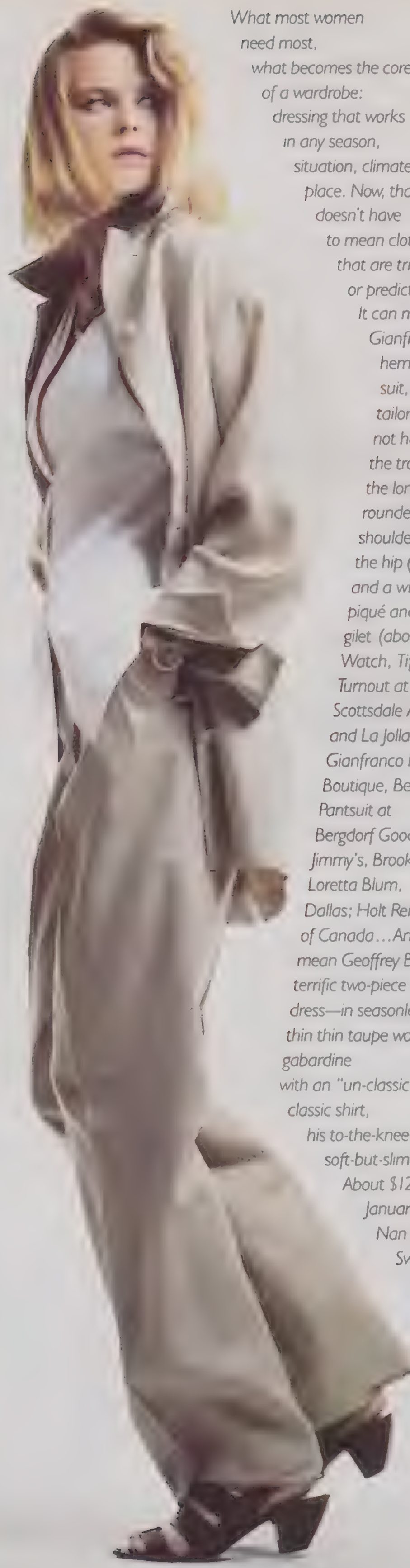
Hans Feurer

The big splash . . .

The most provocative shimmer, the most daring suit!—in burnished gold lamé—from OMO Norma Kamali, *left*. About $120. Macy's, Herald Square; Cameo Stores, Philadelphia; Caché, Florida; Ultimo, Chicago; Just Add Water, Dallas; I. Magnin. . . . More layering, more texture and shine from two scoop-neck maillots—each nearly as "barely there," as thin as a handkerchief and covered with unusual opalescent sequins, *right*. Both by Gottex, of Antron/Lycra. About $250 each. Late December at Bloomingdale's, NYC; Schwartz's Intimate Apparel, Chicago; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin, San Francisco; Liberty House of Hawaii Details, last pages.

Hans Feurer

Now, best day-in/ day-out clothes— the clothes you count on —have a racier beat, a softer look, a "this-minute" edge



What most women need most, what becomes the core of a wardrobe: dressing that works in any season, situation, climate, place. Now, that doesn't have to mean clothes that are trite or predictable. It can mean, this page, Gianfranco Ferre's hemp-color linen suit, meticulously tailored but not hard-edged: the trousers looser; the longer jacket rounded in the shoulder, tapered at the hip (about $1425); and a white cotton piqué and silk gilet (about $1140). Watch, Tiffany. Turnout at Femina, Scottsdale AZ. and La Jolla CA; Gianfranco Ferre Boutique, Beverly Hills. Pantsuit at Bergdorf Goodman; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Holt Renfrew of Canada…And, it can mean Geoffrey Beene's terrific two-piece dress—in seasonless, thin thin taupe wool gabardine with an "un-classic" classic shirt, his to-the-knee, soft-but-slim skirt. About $1290. January at Altman's; Nan Duskin; Rich's; Swansons on the Plaza; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; I. Magnin. These six pages: hair, Ray Allington, Alex Hilliard; makeup, Margaret Avery. Details, more stores, last pages.

Steven Meisel

a racier beat

In the season's freewheeling spirit, right, a look as "pulled together" as a two-piece dress, as undemanding as pyjamas. A closer-to-the-body cashmere sweater (about $650); and perfect trousers made of cotton and elasticized at the waist (about $375). Valentino Night, Mid Jan. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Saks Jandel; Valentino Boutique, Washington DC; Frost Bros.; Valentino Boutique, Beverly Hills; Frederick & Nelson. . . And, opposite, a very different option: Stephen Sprouse's Lycra skirt (about $68), in his typical short short length (a length more and more designers are flirting with now), and a big [illegible] Linda Dresner for Mr. Dante's Orbits Gallay, Beverly Hills; the essential accessory: a watch. Gucci Watches', center, sleek, modern, with a gold-plated case, a lizard band. About $195. Details, more stores, last pages.

Steven Meisel

More of the season's terrific pyjamas and pyjama-based pants dressing. Far left, Calvin Klein's generously sized silk camp shirt (about $220) and pleated pants (about $210) Altman's; Montaldo's; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Nordstrom, Utah....Slightly crisper, inset left, Genny's versatile cotton faille jacket (about $475), silk scoop-neck tank (about $225) and cuffed, wool trousers (about $300).. Charivari, NYC; Swansons on the Plaza; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Younkers, Omaha NE; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Pants and tank at Suzy, Great Neck, NY... The difference in the perennial white silk shirt, right: Now it has ornamental buttons, interesting shoulders. And, now you pair it with silk drawstring pants cropped at the season's racy, shorter length. From Soo by Soo Yung Lee. About $350 Late Jan. at Bloomingdale's; John Wanamaker; Burdines; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's. Jacket, Go Silk for L'Zinger Int. Details, more stores, last pages.

a racier beat

Steven Meisel

FURS: NEW DAYTIME DASH!

One of the most appealing fur directions this season: daytime looks with a bold, casual—almost rugged—feel. On these four pages, the key shapes, worn in ways that make them exceptionally sportive...One way to get at "bigness" in fur—without length—Grosvenor Canada's short natural Saga silver-blue fox jacket with drawstring waist, *above*. It moves easily into evening, yet captures the casual spirit of the season when it slides over overalls and a sweater. About $8000. Fur Galleria, Cedarhurst NY; Furs by Gartenhaus, Chevy Chase MD; Furs by Robert, Troy MI; Thomas E. McElroy Furs, Chicago; The Fur Centre, St. Louis MO; Szor-Diener Furs, Dallas....A perfect hacking coat, a perfect duffel—in fur!—in natural Canadian raccoon, *right*, with toggles and hood. Ralph Lauren for Birger Christensen. About $7500. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Dallas; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Houston; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Aspen; Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills. These four pages: hair, Alex Hilliard; makeup, Tomoko. Details, more stores, last pages.

Elisabeth Novick

FURS: NEW DAYTIME DASH!

A wonderful length for any coat—3/4 length—especially for a fur!—because it works over pants, any length skirt. *Left:* Bill Blass's black-cloud-dyed Finnish raccoon, square through the shoulders, double-breasted, back-belted—like a luxurious pea coat! For Mohl Furs. About $6000. Kaufmann's; Marshall Field's; Colbert's, Amarillo TX; I. Magnin, San Francisco. To order at Swansons on the Plaza....A charming, reversible 3/4 coat with a great blouson shape, right-to-the-thigh length, and a feathered brownish/black coloring that gives it a totally different spirit, *below*—in New Zealand opossum, from the Evans Collection. About $1500. Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rosendorf/Evans, Washington DC; Parisian, Birmingham AL; Evans, Chicago; Macy's, San Francisco; Nordstrom....From Revillon Couture, one of the most inventive fur collections this year—a black-and-orange "tiger-pattern" fox coat (one of a series, more casual than pale fox), *right.* It has the feeling of a bigger coat, with scale through the shoulders, yet a proportion that's manageable, easy to handle. Details, next to last pages.

Elisabeth Novick

VOGUE'S

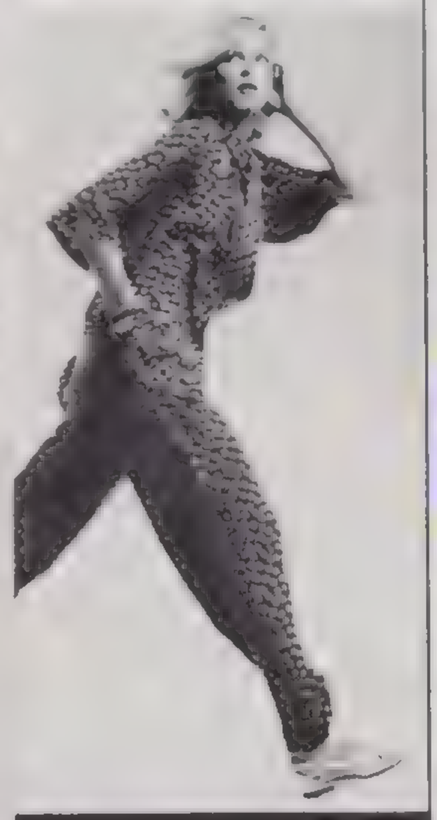
Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

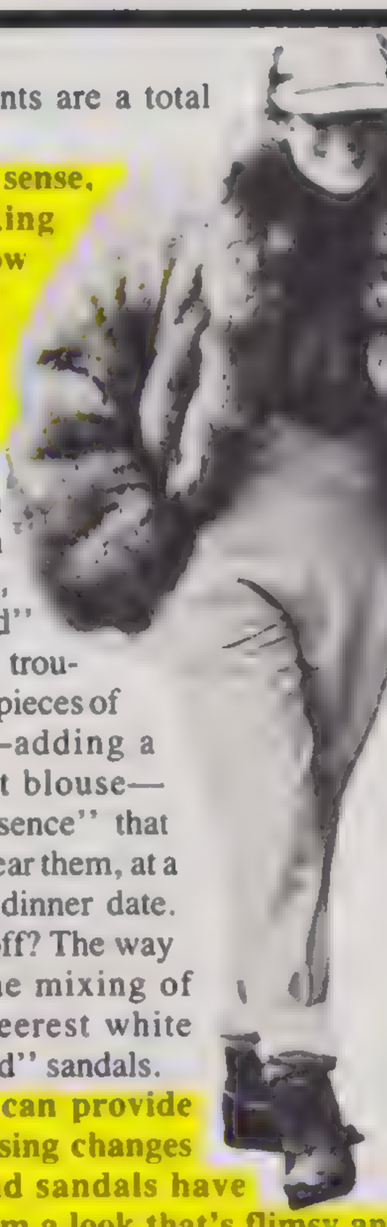
What works and what doesn't: when it comes to pants dressing and some new shorter lengths . . . or a versatile jacket; when it's getting real charm in a hat . . . a great new dress for city or resort wear

What's up? In this issue—and this season, clearly—some new thinking about pants. What's interesting is that many of those newest looks, in fact, are based on some very conventional—and familiar—pants shapes. What's changed, often, is simply a matter of length; but **a shorter pants length now doesn't necessarily mean a more casual look. And the key to dressing in many of this season's new pants is thinking of them as the bases of very polished dressing.**

A good example, the Valentino Night navy pants, *below:* they're cropped a bit above ankle, as are many of this season's new pants; they are, otherwise, simply narrow, classic trousers. To keep that slim, polished line, they work best with navy semi-sheer stockings, the lift of slim black ankle-strapped shoes with heels. With a small navy top, as Valentino showed them, the pants are a total turnout for evening.



In much the same sense, designers are working "walking shorts" now not simply as cool beachwear pieces but as the bottoms to total resortwear suit looks: cropped above knee, like Calvin Klein's white linen shorts, *bottom left,* they can be as "dressed" as any straight-legged trousers. By mixing white pieces of different textures—adding a longer jacket, a soft blouse—they've enough "presence" that some women might wear them, at a resort, to a lunch or dinner date. The key to pulling it off? The way the leg continues the mixing of whites: with the sheerest white stockings and "dressed" sandals.



Sandals, in fact, can provide some attractive dressing changes now; and you'll find sandals have come a long way from a look that's flimsy and bare-footed. Put with textured stockings or wonderfully woven cotton socks, rugged sandals take pyjamas such as the patterned Calvin Kleins, *left,* to a very pulled-together sort of warm-weather look. And those pieces—though they may be in silk and based on a man's pyjama idea—are intended for exactly that: to wear out, at a resort, not to be strictly at-home wear. Pants may be soft, but they're not voluminous. With a small T-shirt, navy stockings, and black flats, Calvin Klein's pyjama pieces take on an even more urbane look.

What's new, too: in a season of generally big furs, some shorter lengths. What gives them their modernity—and **what you look for now in a fur that's long or short—is a sense of ampleness.** The big silver fox jacket, *above,* may stop a bit below-waist, but it's broad-shouldered and ties with a drawstring. It could work as well over a city suit as the outdoorsy overalls and sweater that we put it with here; but you'll find it has much more in common with an easygoing parka than with some of the traditional—skimpy—notions of a shorter-length fur. It's ease—and neutral coloring—that provide versatility.

Ampleness now—when it comes to a matter of skirt length—may bring some interesting dressing options as well. Designers are showing tailored dresses now that are almost ankle length; they're belting them, adding polished sandals and stockings for streetwear. **Another way to consider these long dresses: as attractive alternatives to trousers and a shirt,** something to wear at home or to lunch, say, at a hot-weather resort. A long dress like Calvin Klein's, *right,* gives all the ease that a caftan once did—but with much more finish.

And while rethinking certain looks, you may want to look again at hats. There's a real freshness when traditional, quite "serious" hat shapes—like the sweepingly broad-brimmed one *below*—are worn with a certain—and quite intentional—irreverence. We put Norma Kamali's white fabric hat, *below,* with a bare cotton tank top, gloriously big-scale earrings, added a flamboyant Wendy Gell plumed pin: the hat provides a devil-may-care daytime ornament. And that's the switch: quite structured, grand hats worn with wit. Not as a grand garnishment to serious dressing. ▽

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HEALTH *style*

Getting the most from a vacation...ice cream, frozen tofu, yogurt—how they rate, calorically, nutritionally ...gaining fresh perspective, solving problems

Laughter is good medicine.

Laughter, it turns out, may do more than make us happy. New research shows that a good, hearty laugh acts like a mini-workout, revving up the cardiovascular, respiratory, and nervous systems. "Psychiatrists have long known that humor is emotionally stimulating, and that sharing laughter is a way to enhance intimacy," said William F. Fry, Jr., M.D., associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Stanford University School of Medicine. "The latest studies suggest laughter may also be a physical release—that the increase in heart and blood pressure rates and the muscle vibrations induced by laughing are often followed by a feeling of enhanced relaxation."

For these reasons—plus the fact that attitude is now thought to play a vital role in the healing process—many hospitals have started "humor programs," setting aside brightly painted rooms in which patients and families can watch upbeat films, play games, enjoy lighthearted time with each other. One group of health professionals who also share the notion that a smile is contagious: Nurses For Laughter, a national group that promotes the belief that smiling nurses can improve patients' well-being, make a stay in the hospital a little less trying.

If you're trying to cut down on fat in your diet, don't assume that ordering a broiled entrée will do it. Broiled meat, poultry, or fish is often basted with fat, so ask that yours be broiled "dry" or with a touch of lemon juice or wine.

—Adapted from the updated *American Heart Association Cookbook* David McKay Company

When stress is good news

It's common knowledge that stress affects our ability to cope and even can jeopardize our good health (see October Vogue). What's not so commonly known is that even positive events—the ones we've been working toward and dreaming of for years—can cause just as much havoc and damage to our health as the occurrences we'd consider unwanted. Getting married, for example, has proven to be more traumatic than getting fired or going bankrupt; and pregnancy, childbirth, and retirement are more stressful than mourning a close friend, according to the well-known Social Readjustment Rating Scale, devised by stress researcher-psychiatrist Thomas Holmes, M.D., University of Washington, and Richard H. Rahe, M.D., University of California at Los Angeles.

Although used in hundreds of ways, stress is defined by most scientists as the result of a physical, chemical, or emotional factor that causes a bodily or mental change, adjustment, or adaptation.

"The key word is *change*. If you have to adapt to an event, whether good or bad, it's likely to be stressful," pointed out Kenneth Greenspan, M.D., director of the Center for Stress Related Disorders at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, NYC.

"How stressful it will be, however, depends upon your sense of control or mastery of the situation. If you get a promotion, for example, and feel competent and worthy, you'll suffer much less stress than if you feel overwhelmed by the increased responsibilities."

Stress from *(Continued on page 392)*

CAROLYN GOWDY

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of your body
beautiful
like your face.

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The long-lasting lotion called Lubriderm. Developed for dermatologists. To make every part of your body beautiful like your face.

When stress is good news

(Continued from page 390)

good things also can occur when expectations of an event aren't met, or if you have very little experience or familiarity with it.

But if we make big changes in our lives that we consider positive *and* we feel in control, the result can be good stress, or eustress, pointed out Paul J. Rosch, M.D., president of the American Institute of Stress .

"These events don't have negative health effects the way that stress from being out of control does. Positive stress promotes well-being. In fact, some people thrive on eustress."

If you're excited about a wonderful change, how can you be sure that negative stress won't be lurking around the corner? Preventive measures are to learn as much as you can about the change and to balance your expectations by considering potential problems. Plan for all the minor changes that the big event may present. Then, as the event approaches, think about whether you're feeling stress.

"Common symptoms are fatigue, backaches, headaches, and being accident-prone," said Dr. Greenspan. "Lessen the stress with a relaxation technique or perhaps a vacation."

Then analyze the situation: Do you feel in control? Are there aspects over which you have no control? "People who try to change things that can't be changed suffer a lot of stress," pointed out Dr. Rosch. "Intervene only when it's possible to alter the situation and accept those things that you can't change."

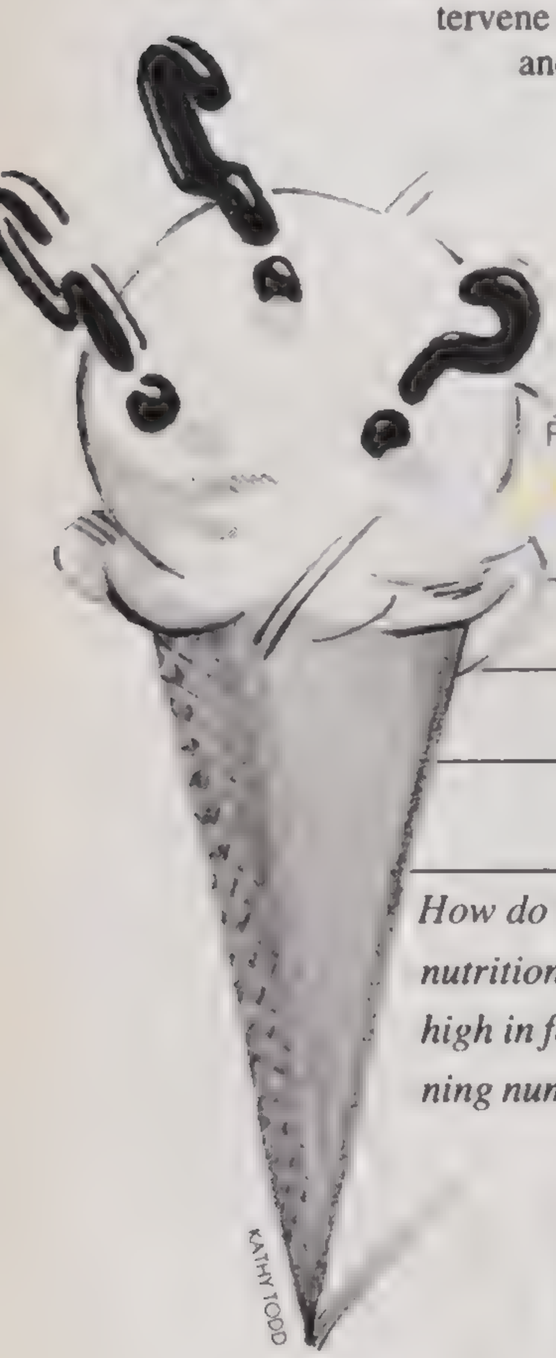
And finally, work aggressively at feeling good about a good thing. It'll definitely be worth it. —SUSAN LANG

style

A better vacation

With the holiday frenzy and even deeper freezes, the urge to get away becomes particularly strong. But it takes a certain attitude to reap the full benefits of a vacation at any time. "Many people go away and end up having a bad time, basically because they want the vacation to do more than it can," says Eugene Kennedy, Ph.D., professor of psychology at Loyola University in Chicago. "Before you take off, examine why you're going on vacation. If you're escaping discontentment at work or in relationships, a vacation will probably leave you unsatisfied. Instead, look at the vacation not as an escape but as a way to return to your life with a new perspective. For this effect, it may be best to keep plans flexible; the unexpected can offer some of the greatest pleasures, enrichments.

"The trend today in adventure vacations—an Outward Bound-type trip, for example—is a healthful one. But you don't need to go far to have an adventure, and the results—exhilaration and refreshment—are what vacations are all about."



Four-ounce serving of:	CALORIES	PROTEIN	CALCIUM	CHOLESTEROL	FAT	CARBOHYDRATES
ICE CREAM	134	2.4 gms	88 mg	29 mg	7.16 gms	15.8 gms
FROZEN TOFU	220	2.1 gms	16 mg	—	10 gms	30 gms
FROZEN YOGURT	145	4.6 gms	125 mg	10.3 mg	2.3 gms	30 gms
PLAIN YOGURT	75	4.5 gms	137 mg	2.4 mg	3.5 gms	6.5 gms

How do the yogurts, frozen tofu, and ice cream stack up nutritionally? At first glance, ice cream looks like a good caloric and nutritional choice. But, a whopping dose of fat and cholesterol spoils the image. While frozen tofu—a lactose-free product—is high in fat, polyunsaturated fats make it cholesterol-free. (Watch for new, sugar-reduced frozen tofu with fewer calories.) Winning numbers: the low calories and fat, high calcium and protein of plain yogurt, followed by a close second, frozen yogurt.

lactose intolerance

An estimated 30 million Americans are unable to digest the enzyme lactose found in milk

"Most of us have a certain degree of lactose intolerance," said Robert S. Fisher, M.D., professor of medicine, director of the functional gastrointestinal disease center at Temple University. "Some people can't have any milk or milk products without experiencing abdominal pain, bloating, gas, and diarrhea. Others can have cream in their coffee but can't digest a glass of milk; while others can drink one glass but not two, and so on. The degree of lactose intolerance depends on the level of lactase in the lining of the intestinal tract, which tends to diminish with age."

For people with severe lactose intolerance, ruling out milk and milk products was the only solution. But because for many that is unappealing, and because it eliminates the richest source of calcium from the diet, manufacturers have come up with lactose-reduced milk, cottage cheese, cream cheese, and American cheese, each with the same caloric and nutritional value as their lactose-intact counterparts.

A new tablet, from LactAid, enables most lactose intolerance sufferers to drink untreated milk and cheese without side effects, a real benefit when eating out. And cultured yogurt was recently found "safe": its bacteria break down lactose before it's consumed.

Dangerous, but worth the risk.

Parfums

Niki de Saint Phalle

As controversial as the artist who created it.

Q&A

Exercise and varicose veins . . . manicure, mercury myths . . . patch tests

Can exercise help to relieve the discomfort of varicose veins and make them less noticeable?

"I think the best treatment in the world for varicose veins is exercise. Walk, jog, run, do anything but sit still," said Howard C. Baron, M.D., associate professor of surgery at NYU School of Medicine and attending vascular surgeon, Cabrini Medical Center. Dr. Baron feels walking is the best exercise—and "the more the better." But a minimum of even several blocks daily can help ease symptoms such as leg aches, ankle swelling, and unsightliness, as well as prevent complications such as phlebitis. Other excellent exercises: biking, swimming, dancing.

A varicose vein is one in which the vein walls have become stretched, so that the vein becomes swollen and visible. The reason for swelling is that the valves in the veins which aid in moving blood upward, back to the heart and lungs, do not function properly, allowing the blood to pool or flow backwards exerting pressure on the vein.

Exercise helps because "when leg muscles contract, they act as an auxiliary pump that compresses the deep veins in the leg, aiding the returning flow of blood to the heart," explained Dr. Baron. A Mayo Clinic study noted that walking lowers the pressure in the veins to about a third of the standing pressure. Good muscle tone in the legs also helps maintain a good blood flow.

About one in four women is affected by varicose veins, and three-fourths of these cases are probably inherited. Life style, however, does contribute—which is why Dr. Baron dubs this "the sitting disease." Those who stand on their feet for long hours are also more likely to get them. There is increasing evidence that regular exercise can help to delay the development of varicose veins, even in those with a hereditary tendency to them.

If you have symptoms of varicose veins, consult a physician, as early detection and treatment can prevent more serious problems.

My nails seem to be growing faster since I began getting regular professional manicures. Does a manicure improve nail health?

"While a manicure can certainly improve the

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pull moisture away

New Freedom has a complete line with Funnel-Dot™ dryness—from super maxis to liners. Every pad has hundreds of tiny dots that funnel moisture away from you down into the pad. So you feel drier. That's a nice feeling, whatever size you choose.

look of your nails, any claims that it affects nail health are false,'' said Robert Auerbach, M.D., clinical associate professor of dermatology, NYU School of Medicine.

The reason: the only living portion of a nail is hidden under the skin, where it would be impossible for creams or lotions applied externally to provide ''nourishment.'' Keeping a coat of polish on nails, however, can produce a shield that helps to prevent breakage—the reason many women mistakenly associate manicures with the growth of longer or stronger nails.

When a manicure can do more harm than good, cautioned Dr. Auerbach: When it is too vigorous or repeated too often. ''Pushing back the cuticles, while generally harmless, does increase the potential for infection by creating a vulnerable space between the sides of the nail and the overlying skin. It is much safer simply to snip away ragged cuticles with small scissors designed for this purpose.''

Nail problems that signal the need for a dermatologist's help: pitting (a common symptom of psoriasis); tender, inflamed cuticles or yellow or greenish discoloration of nail edges (all signs of infection).

I have heard that the mercury used in dental fillings can be poisonous. Is this true? Should I have my fillings changed?

Mercury—an ingredient in dental fillings since the early 1800s—has been in the news lately owing to claims made by individual dentists that they had cured health problems ranging from headaches to neurological disorders simply by removing supposedly toxic mercury-containing fillings from their patients' mouths. In response to growing concern surrounding these claims, the National Institute of Dental Research sponsored a workshop this past summer on the safety of metals used in dentistry.

The workshop's conclusion: that there is no scientific evidence that the use of mercury in dental fillings should be discontinued, or that there is a great need to remove fillings currently in place. ''While a very small percentage of the population is allergic to mercury, the amount that is released from dental fillings during chewing is infinitesimally small. Our bodies absorb a similar amount of mercury every day through the air we breathe and the food and water we take in,'' noted Jack Mitchem, D.M.D., member of the American Dental Association's Council on Dental Materials, Instruments and Equipment. ''At this point, there is simply no proof that dental amalgam has been the culprit in any adverse reactions.''

What if you know that you are allergic to mercury or other metals? Consult an allergist or dermatologist, who can perform a patch test to help determine if the amount of mercury contained in fillings would be likely to cause a reaction. Be wary of dentists claiming to diagnose such allergies, experts advise. If a physician advises avoiding mercury-based fillings, gold-based alloys could be substituted.

I've colored my hair before without a problem. Must I repeat my patch test every time I color it?

Yes, say the authors of *The American Medical Association Book of Skin and Hair Care*. A lack of reaction to a single patch test indicates only that a woman is not sensitive to the ingredients of a particular coloring product *at that time;* subsequent colorings may involve slightly different ingredients, or a change in their proportions, which could cause irritation. In addition, allergy is defined as a reaction to *repeated* exposures to an offending substance, so a woman must repeat patch tests to check for allergy. Scalp irritation owing to skin disease or prior chemical treatments both increase the allergy risk.

The one exception to the patch test rule: the use of vegetable-based dyes. These rarely cause reactions and may be acceptable—although temporary—solutions for women who cannot use chemical dyes (but do check with a dermatologist first).

How a patch test is done: a small amount of dye is applied behind the ear or to the inside of the arm; leave skin uncovered and check for a reaction in twenty-four to forty-eight hours. If you can't get to the salon a day or two before your dye appointment, the test may be done a week ahead. ▽

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Your Well-Being

By Barbara Lang Stern

When you're troubled or unsure, often you can find value in viewing your situation from a totally different perspective. Consider the widely practiced Japanese psychotherapy developed by Dr. Shōma Morita, a contemporary of Freud's. Morita is built upon the concept of a lifeway you travel on with a sense of participation with the world around you—"with this sidewalk, with those abandoned tires, with that geranium. It is me as part of this scene..." writes David K. Reynolds, Ph.D., in *Playing Ball on Running Water* (Quill/William Morrow). "This attitude contrasts with the notion that the world out there is performing for me. The traffic signals don't change for my frustration or joy; my favorite ...team doesn't win for my elation."

In Western culture, we tend toward this latter perspective, which divides the world into that out there, and me in here, with my all-important desires and hopes. We then feel alienated. The Moritist view sees another's joy as part of the moment and the setting, and therefore as part of my joy and yours, as we participate in the moment. In Moritist thinking, you become one with your environment; you fit yourself into reality.

To gain new perspectives on a troubled world, try some Japanese points of view

Morita therapy emphasizes action, rather than self-analysis. Its goal is not to understand the distant historical source of troubling emotions, and through insight possibly to find relief and release but rather to make the changes in *behavior* that are necessary to produce changed feelings and an improved concept of yourself.

When life seems too unfair and the world fails to respond to your efforts and your goodness with goodness, you may become disillusioned, passive, paralyzed. A Morita assignment given to a woman who similarly felt totally helpless and victimized was to "reflect upon the ways in which she is 'one-who-destroys.' That is, she has killed others' dreams, she has killed their time and her own, she has wasted her parents' money, and so forth." It's difficult to see ways in which you're an active agent of harm in everyday life and not solely a victim. But gaining this more complete view of yourself in relation to the world can restore your sense of power and perspective. You've taken the first step toward changing, toward establishing a purpose so you can "do what needs to be done," as Morita urges.

You may find valuable perspective in another Japanese philosophy/religion/therapy called Naikan. It asks you to evaluate what you have taken from the world, and what you have returned to it. "I have come to realize how continually I'm being given to," says Dr. Reynolds. "People define for me who I am by listening to me and talking with me, and looking in my direction while I speak."

When you "do" Naikan, you meditate on your debts (psychic, social, and physical) to parents, spouse, friends, employer, employees, and all the others who have helped you over the years. Often you'll feel a liberating sense of gratitude welling up; a comforting consciousness of being cared for. At the same time, since the balance usually favors how much others have given you, you may feel some guilt. Dr. Reynolds suggests this is a valuable emotion because it motivates you to start working toward righting the balance. And once you act in ways that serve others, you feel better about yourself.

Doing Naikan has proved its practical value in Japan, where juvenile delinquents may be given Naikan assignments if they want to return to school, and where Naikan is used in some penal institutions. Closer to home, you sometimes can change feelings of resentment on the spot if you do Naikan about a parent you're visiting, or about anyone who seems unreasonably demanding and difficult, suggests Dr. Reynolds, leading Western authority on Naikan and Morita, and author of *Naikan Psychotherapy* (University of Chicago Press).

"In Naikan, we're aware of how much we receive even from objects that keep serving us, like cars," says Dr. Reynolds. "I worked with a businessman who came in feeling lonely and isolated: he was a one-man office and felt nobody cared or helped. *One* of the things I asked him to do was to bow to his typewriter in the morning, and apologize to paper before cutting it. Of course he felt foolish at first, but your actions influence your feelings. In time he began to see that he was surrounded by a support system of equipment, supplies and people, cooperating with him in his business venture, and he felt less isolated and alone." ▽

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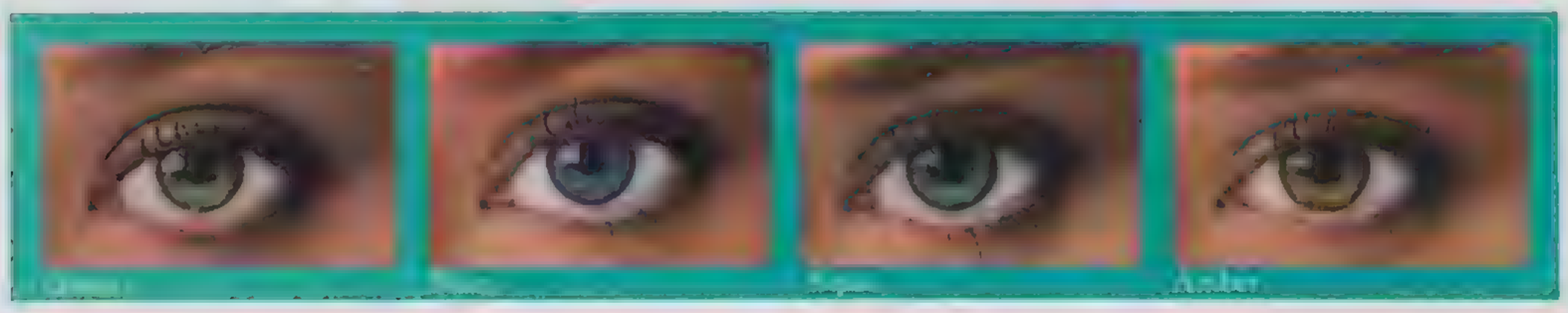

european spas

(Continued from page 324)

Bachmair has a huge health complex—where mountain water, warmed to body temperature, is used for underwater "massage," exercise.

In Badgastein, Austria, a picture-book Alpine village, waters from thermal springs are piped directly into hotel treatment centers throughout the surrounding area. Here, too, are the *stollens*, unique hot-spring vapor "healing" tunnels cut deep into the mountainside, where a gas is said to improve circulation and regenerate.

In Italy, the twelve-day program at the great Terme di Montecatini spa (thirty miles from Florence and Pisa) involves three-day periods of "taking the waters" with one day of rest in-between—necessary because the waters are purgative, ranging from the anti-toxic, tranquilizing Tettuccio water to the much stronger Tamerici.

In common with other grand European spas, Vichy, in the center of France, has a centuries-old reputation for natural mineral water "cures." Like Baden-Baden with its modern addition of the Lancaster Beauty Farm, Vichy, in 1977, moved toward attracting a younger, more fitness-oriented guest by opening the Louison Bobet Institute; there, exercise plays an important part, and the mineral waters are used in de-stressing bubbling massage baths and for massage "by jet."

It was, in fact, Louison Bobet, a Tour de France bicycle champion, who pioneered a more modern spa in Europe, opening thalassotherapy resorts—*thalassa* meaning the sea; *therapy*, treatment—using seawater treatments, first in Quiberon, Brittany, then in Biarritz.

People used to go to Eugénie-les-Bains outside Bordeaux to drink and soak up the thermal waters which come bubbling out of the earth from three sources at the rate of two hundred and twenty thousand gallons a day. Now, Michel Guerard's kitchen there, the home of *minceur* cooking—labeled in France as *dietetique gastronomique*—is attracting a more varied clientele, including those who want to get thin fast but don't want to suffer while doing it.

Despite the addition, in the last few years, of varied exercise and diet programs to many European spas, only in Great Britain can you really find spas that resemble the fully equipped, carefully monitored spas of the U.S.A., where improved fitness—and not "cures" for medical problems—is the goal.

Three of the best in Britain are Champneys at Tring, Hertfordshire (a pleasant thirty-three-mile drive from London); Shrubland Hall Health Clinic, a magnificent 1740 country house in Suffolk; and Forest Mere, Hampshire. At all three, the emphasis is on teaching guests how to lead a more self-caring, *healthful* way of life.

Champneys (which also operates the magnificent Stobo Castle spa in Scotland) was the first health resort in England. In the last ten years, following a study of all the best aspects of the leading American and European spas, several million dollars have been spent on new facilities, which means, today, Champneys offers a perfect combination of European comfort and American expertise and equipment.

After a medical consultation, programs are planned individually—with emphasis on tennis, badminton, cycling, golf, gliding, riding, fishing, table tennis. One point of difference: after a medical okay, fasting is encouraged for the first three days, followed by a five-hundred-calorie menu, building up to a 1000-calorie-a-day diet for those who wish to lose weight.

Shrubland Hall Health Clinic occupies one of the most beautiful estates in England, with a celebrated garden. The house has been in the de Saumarez family for generations; and the present Lady de Saumarez runs the clinic with a highly trained, experienced staff. On arrival, a pertinent cross examination establishes bad eating/living habits—and proceeding to break them is very much the thrust of the week or two-week stay.

At Forest Mere, an important objective is to instruct guests on "preventive medicine"—to preclude stress, prolong life. Antifasting, the spa works on an individual basis to introduce guests to a nutritionally balanced, "adequate and socially acceptable" regime that can become a *permanent* part of life. Forest Mere is also known for its physiotherapy department under the supervision of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapists. It is superbly equipped with infrared, ultrasonic, shortwave diathermy, hydrotherapy, and many other modern appliances.

Among the goals at every spa today: a sense of letting go—of pressures, of stressful habits—that means real relaxation and renewal. ▽

five pounds off

(Continued from page 371)

BREAKFAST
½ cup whole-grain cereal with
8 ounces skimmed milk
1 piece melon
Coffee or tea (you may add some of the milk and 1 teaspoon sugar)

LUNCH
½ cup steamed broccoli or other heavy green vegetable
2 ounces cottage cheese or brown rice
Bowl of clear soup
1 piece of fruit (or ten cherries or grapes)
8 ounces skimmed milk

SNACK
Bowl of vegetable soup (not creamed)
1 piece fruit

DINNER
3 ounces fish (or chicken if you prefer)
½ cup vegetable
1 cup salad (½ tablespoon vinegar and oil)
½ cup Jello or sherbet
8 ounces skimmed milk

Dr. Blackburn stresses that the skimmed milk is important because it provides calcium and protein, and "it keeps the stomach calm, not growly. It helps you make it through the day."

If you decide to continue on this diet beyond the two weeks in order to lose more fat, Dr. Blackburn recommends taking a multi-vitamin supplement each day. If you do not want to continue this diet, but do not wish to gain back those five pounds, stick to these same food groups by eating a primarily vegetarian diet, but eat larger portions or additional portions between meals.

Another approach, for those who do not wish to change the type of food they're eating and who are not in too big a hurry, was suggested by Dr. Katzeff. You get rid of mostly fat if you lose the five pounds over a month: you simply halve your caloric intake (1000 to 1200 calories for most women) by eating the same foods you usually eat, but *half* the usual amount. If you normally eat a dish of ice cream each afternoon, you don't have to give it all up, just half of it. Not only are you less likely to regain the weight because you will be losing mostly fat, but by *not* depriving yourself of the foods you love, you will be less likely to overindulge once the weight is off.

If you *absolutely must* lose five pounds in a hurry, while she does not personally recommend it, Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis, said you can do so in less than a week by going on a 600- to 800-calorie-a-day diet *for no more than five days*. And she stressed that you should do this only if you're in excellent health. Dr. Stern suggested using prepared diet formulas for breakfast and lunch, eating a salad for dinner. "If you're determined to lose weight rapidly, using balanced diet-formula drinks is as good a way as any," she explained. "They have added vitamins and minerals, they're easy to bring to work, and they're better than skipping breakfast or lunch. But it isn't a healthful way to eat, and you'll rebound because at least half of the weight loss will be water."

Suppose you do regain the lost weight—is there any harm in trying to lose it again? There is some evidence that frequent weight fluctuations—or yo-yo syndrome—can endanger your health, especially when it's the result of binge/purge behavior. "However, it's hard to demonstrate much of a health risk with small amounts of weight gain or loss," said Dr. Rivlin, "as long as the person is in good health and does not lose the weight by crash dieting, laxatives, diuretics, or fasting." Dr. Blackburn adds that rapid weight loss followed by rapid gain, if done too often, may undermine the body's metabolism, so it may ultimately become even easier to put on weight, but "down and up five in the same range—there's nothing wrong with that."

How to maintain your lower weight? Dr. Short suggests starting each meal with a glass of water or unsweetened non-alcoholic drink to help fill you up. Also, drinking a lot of water throughout the day can help to contain your hunger. "Many people think they're hungry when in fact they're thirsty," said Dr. Blackburn, who advises against artificially sweetened drinks because they tend to increase your appetite.

Dr. Rivlin recommends keeping a food diary to help you find and avoid "hidden sources of calories" such as alcohol and snacks. Dr. Stern suggests that meals and snacks be well planned and eaten at a regular time. She also recommends that you consume most of your calories for breakfast and lunch, instead of at your evening meal, because you burn off calories more efficiently during the day. ▽

weight tables

(Continued from page 371)

result of his findings, Dr. Andres is devising new tables of his own, to be published sometime next year, in which, aside from providing different desirable weight ranges for various stages of life, he has eliminated any reference to small,medium, large body frames. "There was never any scientific documentation of what these categories were supposed to mean," he noted, "nor is there any proven method of adjusting desirable weight according to frame size. It's an idea that *sounds* logical but has never been proven."

MYTH: LONGEVITY MEANS HEALTH

Other experts criticize the Metropolitan Life tables for indicating that these are weights at which a certain group of people stayed alive but were not necessarily in the absolute peak of health. "In an age when it is most women's goal not merely to grow old but to stay active, energetic, we need to refine our sense of what an 'ideal' body is," said Theodore B. Van Itallie, M.D., director of the Obesity Research Center, St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center, NYC.

"It seems to me that what most women want now is to do as much as they can to stay as healthy and attractive as possible. Recent data from the Framingham Study and elsewhere show that being as little as 20 percent above desirable weight can have adverse long-term health effects, even if it does not threaten your life. The older tables seem more in keeping with current research than the 1983 numbers."

MYTH: THIN IS ALWAYS BETTER

What more and more research is revealing: that there are real health dangers to being underweight. In a study conducted by the American Cancer Society, being more than 20 percent *below* the average weight for her height was shown to multiply a woman's risk of death from cerebrovascular or digestive diseases by 20 percent, and to be even more dangerous for men.

"For years, physicians advised men and women to stay at the same body weight that they had at age twenty-five throughout the rest of their lives," noted Dr. Andres. "What we are learning now is that this may be dangerous advice. While being lean is healthy in young adulthood, staying so when you're older may increase the risk of succumbing to such diseases as influenza or pneumonia. Numerous studies have also proven beyond a doubt that being thin and a smoker is the most lethal combination of all."

MYTH: WOMEN ARE LIGHTER THAN MEN

One of the findings that has surprised many of the experts the most: that, contrary to the weight tables we've all been consulting, men and women of the same height should have roughly the same weight—it's fat distribution, i.e., their shapes, that are anatomically different.

"At the same height and weight, a woman carries more body fat and less muscle than a man," explained Dr. Van Itallie. "Even when a man and a woman seem to have the same degree of overweight, the woman's risk of ill health remains lower than the man's, which may help to explain why women's life expectancies continue to be greater than men's."

MYTH: ALL WEIGHT GAIN IS THE SAME

What all of these new discoveries are *not* is a license to become obese. In fact, there is growing evidence that a little extra weight is okay—provided it is in the right places. Studies done in Sweden on men and on fifteen thousand women at the Medical College of Wisconsin showed that the way body fat is distributed greatly affects its health implications: "Women with upper-body obesity—who put on most of their weight gain in the waist, neck, shoulder, and arm areas—seem to be at greater risk for diseases such as diabetes, hypertension, and heart disease; while women who are prone to big thighs and buttocks, who have a much harder time taking weight off, don't seem to have as much of a health danger," said Ahmed Kissebah, M.D., professor of medicine and director, Clinical Research Center, Medical College of Wisconsin.

MYTH: YOU CAN DIET—OR EXERCISE—INTO A NEW BODY TYPE

Why are more women prone to being "pear-shaped" than men? While their research is still somewhat preliminary, Dr. Kissebah and his colleagues found that while upper-body weight is gained by pushing more fat molecules into already-existing fat cells, lower-body weight is the result of adding new fat cells, increasing their number as well as their size. While men lose the ability to increase the number of fat cells in their bodies after the first four years or so of life, women's hormonal profiles make them vulnerable to increasing their fat-cell counts at puberty and pregnancy as well—and these new fat cells are very difficult to lose.

"There is also some suggestion," added Dr. Kissebah, "that our body shapes may be programmed genetically at birth. This may help explain why even though a woman with big hips may lose a considerable amount of weight, her shape doesn't seem to change, and the most she can reduce her pants size is about an inch. Rather than being endlessly frustrated and going on crash diets or frenetic exercise routines, a woman with a natural pear shape simply may have to accept that this is the shape she is genetically programmed to be. The fact that, if you are not severely overweight, this body shape is not a health risk should also be heartening."

MYTH: WEIGHT IS ALL THAT MATTERS

Which brings us to another essential point: that body weight is not an independent determinant of health or longevity. Desirable weight tables were all formulated as guidelines for healthy individuals, free of personal or family history of diseases—in fact, the tables excluded whole groups of individuals who were turned down for or did not have life insurance.

"If you have a personal or family tendency to heart disease, diabetes, high blood pressure or high cholesterol," Dr. Andres said, "this makes it more risky to be either very much over- or underweight. Likewise, extreme thinness or fatness only compounds the health dangers of cigarette smoking, a high-fat diet, or heavy alcohol consumption. What is needed is a sense of perspective. If, for example, the only way a woman can quit smoking is by gaining five or ten pounds, in the majority of cases, in the long run, that weight gain is going to be less of a health danger than continuing to smoke." ▽

"ideal" weight

(Continued from page 370)

for every woman. A female distance runner who is in training has as her goal 10 to 15 percent body fat; but for most women, a goal of 20 to 25 percent is reasonable. A relative body fat of 25 or 30 percent is considered "marginal"; anything above 30 percent is overfat.

Some flexibility also must be allowed for differences in body type, body composition, and the way fat is patterned on the body. Two women of the same weight and height may have different ideal weights—*by as much as 20 pounds or more*. A lean woman with a large bust, for example, is allowed a higher percentage of body fat than is a lean woman with a small bust. Ideal weight is also determined on the basis of present body composition; the woman with more lean weight will have *higher* ideal weight, because muscle weighs more than fat.

How do you determine your relative body fat? There are several techniques; none is as simple as your bathroom scale. Two laboratory methods: underwater weighing or a pair of special calipers that gauge fat pinched between skinfolds at various body points. (To estimate your relative body fat, see chart on page 370.)

DETERMINING IDEAL WEIGHT

Note: Don't be put off by the arithmetic that follows. Until a simpler formula is found, this is the only reliable way to estimate ideal weight yourself. To keep it easy, we've chosen an "overfat" 100-pound woman as our example.

1. *To find your absolute body fat:* Multiply your relative body fat, found on the chart, by your body weight. *Example:* A 100-pound woman with 32 percent body fat has 32 pounds of fat (100 pounds x 0.32 = 32 pounds).

2. *To find lean body weight:* Subtract absolute body fat from total body weight. In this example: the 100-pound woman has 68 pounds of lean body weight (100 – 32 = 68 pounds).

3. *Ideal weight* is calculated by dividing your actual lean weight by the percentage of your total weight that you *want* to be lean. A goal of 20 to 25 percent body fat is equivalent to 75 to 80 percent lean body weight. For our 100-pound woman with 32 percent fat, her *ideal weight at 20 percent fat* would be 85 pounds (68 pounds of lean weight divided by 0.80 equals 85 pounds). *Ideal weight at 25 percent fat* would be 91 pounds (68 pounds of lean weight divided by 0.75 equals 91 pounds).

Our woman would have to lose 9 pounds of fat to achieve a relative body fat of 25 percent (91 pounds); 15 pounds to achieve a relative body fat of 20 percent (85 pounds). Estimates of ideal weight are based on the assumption that *lean* weight remains stable. *(Continued on page 400)*

"ideal weight"

(Continued from page 399)

If exercise is part of your weight-loss program—and it should be—don't be surprised if you actually *gain* lean weight.

ACHIEVING IDEAL BODY WEIGHT

Once you know your ideal weight, how best to lose excess pounds? Most diets and diet aids are popular because they offer "rapid" weight loss; claims of seven-to-fourteen-pound losses per week are not uncommon. But do they work? It's important to understand why they *don't*, for most women don't realize that weight loss can occur *without* the loss of body fat. (More on losing weight, see "5 Lbs. Off," page 371.)

When weight is lost, it's important to know its *composition*. For example, two hours of heavy exercise in the heat can result in a weight loss of two or four pounds or more. However, this is almost entirely water; less than a quarter pound of this loss is body fat.

Weight losses of seven to fourteen pounds per week are possible, depending on the weight at which one starts dieting; but in a typical seven-pound weight loss, 4 to 5 pounds are water and protein loss; only 2 to 3 pounds are fat loss.

"Very low-calorie, protein-sparing diets have been shown to damage the heart muscle itself. This may result from the fact that muscle tissue has been lost throughout the body, and in the heart as well," says Dr. Zohman.

In addition to unhealthful side effects, after a substantial loss of lean tissue from dieting, weight—fat, not lean—is usually regained shortly after completing the diet, which is why most people who diet off weight "yo-yo" up and down. Since the goal of weight loss is to lose *body-fat weight*, it's important to select a weight-loss program that maximizes fat loss and minimizes lean tissue loss.

A successful weight-loss program almost always combines *moderate reductions* in food intake with *moderate increases* in physical activity. Studies have consistently shown that fat losses are greater and lean tissue is maintained—or even increased—when *exercise is combined with a moderate reduction in caloric intake*. Reducing food intake by 500 calories per day and increasing physical activity to 500 calories per day result in a deficit of 1000 calories per day, or a loss of *one pound of body fat every three to four* days. (A pound of fat has the energy equivalent of approximately 3500 calories.)

The average woman needs 1800 to 2500 calories per day to meet her energy needs. At 25 to 45 years of age, this amounts to a reduction in her average daily food intake of 20 to 25 percent, and an increase in exercise to a daily equivalent of 60 to 75 minutes of brisk walking (about 4 to 5 miles). A more gradual approach: a one-pound loss of body fat per week could be accomplished by reducing food intake by 250 calories per day and walking for 30 to 40 minutes per day.

Critical to the success of any weight-loss program is the establishment of *realistic goals*. A weekly goal of one to two pounds of fat loss appears to be the most sensible. (For women who diet regularly, this goal may seem very conservative. However, it not only results in a 26-to-52 pound weight loss over six months, but the weight loss is primarily fat, which reduces chances of regaining weight.)

Much has been said about the health dangers of fasting; but women who fast to lose weight quickly actually lose fat more slowly than they think, losing instead lean tissue—primarily water and protein.

Fasting for two days results in a deficit of 4000 to 5000 calories, or the equivalent loss of 1 to 1.5 pounds of fat. However, when you fast, the body responds to the drastic reduction in fuel by slowing your metabolic rate. The number of calories needed to balance energy expenditure *decreases* to 1500 to 1800 calories per day, resulting in *less than a pound of body fat loss* for every two days of fasting. So you cannot expect to lose more than about two pounds of body fat per week.

STARTING YOUR PROGRAM

Three never-to-be-broken rules:

1. Always consult first with your physician, and review with him or her your weight-loss plan.
2. After checking with your doctor, seek the advice of a nutritionist or dietitian to help you determine a reasonable dieting approach.
3. Exercise should be undertaken with some caution. Brisk walking is an excellent form of exercise for weight-loss purposes. Select an activity that you enjoy; exercise at an intensity that leaves you feeling "comfortably tired" after thirty to sixty minutes. ▽

VOGUE

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A. Total No. Copies printed	1,450,320	1,618,873
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1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	719,375	945,000
2. Mail subscriptions	418,575	422,764
C. Total Paid Circulation	1,137,950	1,367,764
D. Free Distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies	25,694	24,048
E. Total Distribution	1,163,644	1,391,812
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	12,593	17,061
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7. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) Richard A. Shortway, Publisher

baron thyssen

(Continued from page 346)

excited about a new toy as the Baron was about his latest prized possession.

Barbara Rose: *Is it true many paintings in the Villa Favorita gallery will not travel again?*

Baron Thyssen: Yes, because for one reason or another they are too fragile. For example, we are very lucky to have two paintings by Hans Baldung. One is the "Adam and Eve" and the other is the "Portrait of a Lady." She was sent over to the United States, but I'm not sending her anymore. Both paintings are on panel, and paintings on wood do not travel well. Of course, they suffer from being four hundred years old as well.

BR: *Are there other works that will never leave Lugano?*

BT: Like panel paintings, very large pictures also pose a problem. There is a big Frans Hals ("Family Group with Negro Servant, in a Landscape")—an enormous canvas, very heavy, still on the original lining, which is rare for a work of that size and date. There's a much bigger picture in the collection of course: Tintoretto's sketch for the "Paradise." I did send that to London for the Venetian exhibition. It is about six meters long. I bought it relatively recently.

BR: *What was its appeal for you?*

BT: My idea was that my collection, or my father's collection, consisted mainly of smaller paintings. There's one big Giambattista Tiepolo ("The Death of Hyacinthus"), the big Frans Hals, and of course the Caravaggio ("St. Catherine of Alexandria"). But otherwise, they are all smaller paintings. I thought it was very good to have a monumental picture in the collection. Tintoretto has always been my personal favorite because he was very violent. I read his life story. He was a very opinionated guy, an independent character.

BR: *What forged your personal taste? Are there just subjects you like, areas you're attracted to, specific artists?*

BT: As you know, I am as attracted to a Mondrian as to a Van Eyck. They are far apart—nothing to compare them, but I bought one of each. They come from the same country, but there's nothing to link them. Yet I'm basically attracted in the same way to both of them. Basically, I respond to quality. Mondrian in my opinion is a very great artist. If you don't understand the work, it looks like nothing. I didn't understand him at all for thirty years. The last ten years, I understand him. Appreciation comes like that. Sometimes it is a slow process—looking and reading, and trying to understand.

BR: *I have a feeling there is a psychological motive in your reconstructing your family collection, which was dispersed after your father's death: you put it back together, and you have made it greater. Why?*

BT: My father appointed me the only trustee of the family foundation. It was stipulated that my father's collection should stay together, and that it should never leave Lugano. But my sisters and

my brother attacked this foundation, and they won their case. So the collection was divided into four parts. I inherited the biggest part. I tried to buy pictures back from my sisters and at the same time bought other pictures, Old Masters.

BR: *Why do you collect? What drives you to possess these things?*

BT: I really don't know. A sense of rarity and conservation. Art tells you something about a period, a time in history, a personality. Art is what remains of history. It's like a human being I can talk with—it's like a relationship with a human being—a conversation.

BR: *You're the best docent of your collection, I notice.*

BT: *(laughing):* Thank you. I like to share my art with everybody for several reasons. The pictures were not painted for me personally, they were painted for everyone. I think a gallery that is open to the public is much more alive. It is a living experience, a growing experience—for me as well.

BR: *How much of your time do you spend involved with your art collection?*

BT: I would say about 50 percent.

BR: *That's a lot. Do you experience collecting as a kind of obsession or a passion?*

BT: It's a passion. A collector, no matter how great his collection, always misses something. I would like to have a very good Rembrandt, which we don't have at the moment. We have one, but I want something greater. Leonardo, I won't mention because it doesn't exist. A Vermeer is more or less the same case, unobtainable. There are still things that I'm missing.

BR: *What is the field you're collecting most in now?*

BT: Nineteenth-century American art. I collect painters from the South, from the West. You know, it's not only the Hudson River school. I think the American collection can be improved, but I cannot enlarge it. Twentieth-century pictures can go on forever. There are so many artists, so many schools. [A survey of the Baron's American art holdings, from Copley to Estes, is currently at the Detroit Institute of Arts, through January 20.] I'm mostly fascinated now by the Russian abstract pictures, Constructivist paintings. And I still like German Expressionism, I started out collecting twentieth-century German Expressionism but it is more and more difficult now to find masterpieces.

BR: *Of course, the connoisseurship reaches a certain level, then the market shrinks. Did you ever collect in a field where it's still kind of "iffy," where there is still a chance of being wrong, where the returns are not in?*

BT: Oh, the market is so sophisticated. Anything fine is already overpriced. I try to find a good price, but basically I buy what I want. Like that little Goya. For years, I've wanted a Goya sketch for one of the tapestries he designed for the Spanish court. I waited until I found one, and now you see I am quite pleased. I have it hanging here because I want to study it for a while before I hang it permanently. ▽

Here's my favorite before and after story.

Damiano, 1980

Damiano, 1984

"Look what an incredible difference my sponsorship has made in this little boy's life. His name is Damiano. He lives in a desperately impoverished East African country. And since 1980 I've sponsored him through Christian Children's Fund.

"In the beginning, he was a poor, sad-eyed boy, suffering from one of the very worst kinds of malnutrition. But thanks to CCF and my sponsorship, there's been a dramatic improvement—one that makes my heart swell with pride. Now, not only does Damiano get medical checkups and nutritious food—he also has school clothes and books. The big, healthy smile in the picture on the right tells the rest of the story.

"Now I want you to see for yourself just how far a little love can go. Only $18 a month, just 60¢ a day, can give a youngster like Damiano what he needs to grow and learn. So send in the coupon today—and soon you'll be able to tell a happy before and after story of your own."

Sally Struthers, National Chairperson

Send Your Love Around The World.

Dr. James MacCracken, Executive Director, Christian Children's Fund, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, VA 23261

☐ I wish to sponsor any child who needs my help.
☐ I prefer to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl ☐ either in the country checked below:

☐ Bolivia ☐ Colombia ☐ Honduras ☐ Indonesia ☐ Mexico ☐ Thailand ☐ Zambia
☐ Brazil ☐ Guatemala ☐ India ☐ Kenya ☐ Philippines ☐ Uganda

(If you would like to sponsor more than one child, please specify the number in box[es] of your choice.)

PLEASE SEND MY INFORMATION PACKAGE TODAY.

☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $18 within 10 days. Or I'll return the material so you can ask someone else to help.

☐ I prefer to send my first monthly payment now; enclosed is $18 for each child.

☐ I cannot sponsor a child but I'll give $_____ to the Christian Children's Fund Growth Fund (provides expansion of services in a hungry world)

Mr. Miss
Mrs. Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

IN THE U.S.: CCF, Box 26511, Richmond, VA 23261
Gifts are tax deductible. Statement of income and expenses available upon request.

OVOGD0

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

myth america

(Continued from page 349)

interesting character in *Red Dawn* is a Cuban *comandante* who believes in insurrection against imperialism of both the American and Soviet varieties. In fact, we find out that both the First and Second Worlds are at fault for the war: it's the Third one that is victimized, and resists.

There is a disparity here of figure against ground, of sense and symbol, meaning and metaphor. It is as if the movies were made in one language and shown to an audience that speaks another—with no subtitles to bridge the gap. The vocabulary of patriotism, valor, and good feeling is being spoken to a crowd that is still cynical, suspicious, and convinced of its guilt. Robert Redford's big leaguer goes out in a blaze of glory in the last slow-motion inning of *The Natural*, and baseball, of course, must be taken to stand for the myth of America. But this is an unnatural ending, out of character with the rest of the film; the hero has been corrupted, shamed, and wounded beyond earthly redemption. Salvation—for us as well as for him—is not only out of the park; it's out of this world.

The family is in the same kind of fix as the state. Economic upheaval, sexual conflict, and social convulsion have changed the old models forever; but before new relationships are drawn and stabilized, the movies take us to yesteryear and the hereafter for comfort and redemption. *Places in the Heart*, for instance, constructs a good old day when true grit and fervent prayer were enough to conquer social adversity and natural calamity. What's more, the family unit that wins that day is organized by Mother alone, a form that prefigures the modern single-parent syndrome. In a more contemporary setting, last year's *Terms of Endearment* juggled the same elements—a mother and child against unspeakable acts of unworthy men and a vengeful God.

In both cases, family struggle is not its own reward. Salvation has to wait for Heaven, or death. This is a strange and twisted message to be transmitting to a country that still hopes for more mundane solutions to the problems of divorce, day care, and mortgage rates. It's also a far cry from the Metrocolor family fantasies of the 1950s, when the burning issues were appliances that exploded and dogs that bit the postman.

The long way around the insoluble problems of atrophied suburbs and impossible cities is a retreat to the mythical American heartland, the pre-industrial, pre-technological country where we may look for our roots. *Places in the Heart* makes the great leap backward in time as well as geography; *Country* and *The River* are set in modern times but a rural location. Nostalgia, after all, is a universal balm, and Hollywood has made a major investment this year in that latest remedy for the national malaise.

Countrification is supposed to serve as an antidote for an audience that is hip-deep in gentrification, and struggling for higher ground. But what's a body to do? *Places in the Heart* advertises religion; *Country* counsels community organization. Both suggest that some variant of populism is bound to stop the banks from foreclosing and preserve the old neighborhood. In a way, that is the substance of the liberal response to the current conservative prescription of a shrunken government and a magical marketplace. The problem is that Hollywood can't make it work, or at least make it credible. Agribusiness will take over family farms whether or not Jessica Lange stands up to the foreclosers, and the changing job market makes racial integration and neighborhood economics problematic at best, no matter what Sally Field may do.

In the new Hollywood, it's fine for both those actresses to have juicy roles as strong women, but the movies have not been clear about what they are supposed to do with their exalted positions. One devotes all her energies to keeping the family together; the other becomes a political activist. Everyone is genuinely confused about the men in (and out) of their lives. Husbands are either physically or emotionally absent; lovers are unreliable, destructive, or unnecessary.

The dizzying trajectory of feminism from curiosity to conventional wisdom in just a bit more than a decade has created a mess in Hollywood's treatment of women—and men. The girls in *Red Dawn* start out as mascots for the boys on the team, but by the end of their adventure the feminine contingent is the violent vanguard. John Milius, like most men who make Hollywood's movies, is still stuck on sexual stereotypes. Women may be getting prominent parts, but for the moment they are characterized in extremes: virgin or virago, mother or whore, seductress or redeemer.

As the locations move out from the cities, the masculine types migrate with them. Patriotic and rural themes require rugged and lean men to express them, and the likes of Sam Shepard and Clint Eastwood are perfect for the parts. But wait; the men must inhabit the same worlds as the strong, struggling new women, and the signals start getting short-circuited again. Shepard, in *Country*, is tough and silent all right, but he loses to Lange's commanding feminism and turns to drink, family abuse, and self-pity. Eastwood, who bit bullets and spit out the shrapnel in all the *Dirty Harry* movies, finds in *Tightrope* that he has some serious sexual dysfunctions and a need for loving connection.

Hollywood's simplistic definitions of sexual roles are less interesting than the cultural confusion that they suggest. This is a time of transition, when the old sexual molds have been broken but new ones have not been formed; when the old family values have disappeared and new personal and communal forms are not yet developed; when the old, rural America is long gone but the new post-modern nation is still being born. As it always does, Hollywood knows how to size up the situation, even if it will not tell us how to proceed.

Andrew Kopkind *is an associate editor and the film critic for "The Nation."*

my life becomes reel life

(Continued from page 355)

half years hiding his identity—the Khmer Rouge were executing the educated and the Westernized—and trying to stay alive amidst terrible starvation and disease. Like everyone else, he ate insects and rats. One day, they beat and nearly killed him for taking an unauthorized handful of rice. I spent those years—with Cambodia closed to the outside world—searching fruitlessly for him and feeling guilty.

When Pran escaped into Thailand in October 1979 and I flew there instantly to bring him to America and his family, I experienced a euphoria I don't believe anyone can get on drugs. "Can you forgive me?" I asked him. "It's not like that," he said. "Nothing to forgive. We both made a decision to stay. I was never angry at you. I always missed you; sometimes I cry in the forest, thinking of you. I tell myself, if I die, I die with my eyes well closed, because I know you will always take care of my family. I trust you 100 percent. We both have the same blood."

So I was emotionally high when David Puttnam, the gifted British producer, approached me with his proposal to make a film about these experiences and about the agony of Cambodia. (To be based on a long cover story I had done for *The New York Times Magazine* in January 1980—shortly after Pran's emergence.) Yet it was never the piece of cake I imagined when I signed that agreement in 1980.

In the end, viewing the movie, I had to struggle to suspend my umbilical attachment to historical exactitude and simply to let the story on the screen touch me as an esthetic creation that captures the spirit of truth.

Where the divergence between actual and filmic becomes important to me is not with chronology or dialogue (for everything in the film did happen at some time and in some form during those years in Cambodia) but rather with the inner truths about Pran and me, both as individuals and as partners in a deep relationship.

The film, for instance, shows almost nothing of the soft side of our relationship, the times when the pecking order was laid aside and we were just two friends. (I do understand that probably nothing these very fine filmmakers could have done about such shaded complexities would have satisfied me, the actual subject.)

Another illustration: In the film, for dramatic contrast and to set the stage for my survivor's siege of responsibility and guilt, Pran's decision to stay in Phnom Penh with me, instead of joining his wife and four children on a helicopter when the American embassy evacuated on April 12, 1975, is painted as something less than his own decision. It is portrayed, instead, as an outgrowth of his devotion to serving and pleasing me as guide and interpreter and companion during the war years, a result of being swayed by the unspoken knowledge that I wanted to remain in the capital and that therefore he would let me down and be less of a journalist should he depart.

In the real world, such a configuration would make Pran nothing but an adjunct of me and would rob him of his actuality as a sentient man who made—and makes—his own decisions. It does not diminish him in the unavoidably simplified compression of a film, but in life it would—for he is no one's puppet.

Still, it gets even more complex. One of the factors behind the film's depiction of Pran as my servitor, lacking in true free choice, is that in real life, during the years when he was missing and I

searched frenziedly and futilely for news of him from that sealed-off country, I had used that very depiction to berate myself, to take the total responsibility for his decision to remain with me. As he was enslaved under the Khmer Rouge, so I enslaved myself with irrational guilt. The survivor had a neurotic need to inflict self-blame.

I no longer have that need. Pran's escape in 1979 was not only his deliverance but mine, for with our reunion came a wider truth. Part of that truth is that Pran needed me as much as I needed him in those final days and that his decision to stay was as independently made as mine. Another part of the same truth is that we were both tormented over the agonies of the Cambodians, obsessed with telling that story as journalists, driven to witness what we thought would be the end of the killing. We had these obsessions together.

Our relationship is stronger and healthier now. It's because there are fewer illusions and less need to fantasize about each other, to describe each other in heroic couplets. We're back to earth and while each of us occasionally lets his mind slide into a gauzy, romantic remembrance of those war-coverage days, we know that where we stand now is solider territory.

The film, in a sense, helped get us there—for me it helped make possible the exorcism. Digging out diaries, photographs, memorabilia again and again during the film's preparation—first for the producer, then for the screenwriter (Bruce Robinson), then again for the director, and finally, one last time, for the actor who plays me (Sam Waterston)—created the conditions for catharsis.

There were discussions, disagreements, even adult arguments over the details of the film. On virtually every issue important to me, these un-Hollywood people whom I came to feel good about made the appropriate changes. I did not have veto power; we had a trusting connection instead.

Amid the agonizing, there was the nice part—the making of friends. Sam Waterston is one of them. He had perhaps the hardest job of anyone in the cast, because we had spent long days together and there was a mutual spirit and he wanted to please me. But how to portray a living person authentically—do you copy his mannerisms and speech mechanically or do you seek essence instead? How to be authentic, that was Sam's dilemma and challenge.

He wrote to me from Thailand: "I've been driven to notice in spite of starry hopes how different I am from you. I hope you won't be disappointed if there are no cosmic revelations for you about your essential self. When you see it (the film), remember, you're the guy in the beard who works for *The Times*, who looks like me." And he signed off: "Meanwhile, this is Sam and Syd, reminding you to hang by your thumbs."

I wrote back: "I know you have wrestled with your feeling of responsibility to represent the essential me. But since that was always impossible in the fundamental sense, being the best of you will be the achievement." And that *was* the achievement. ▽

Sydney H. Schanberg *is a columnist for "The New York Times." He won a Pulitzer Prize in 1976 for his coverage of the fall of Cambodia.*

conan meets onan

(Continued from page 355)

are not only taking up the time once devoted to couplings, they're becoming erotic surrogates. *Flashdance* is a crude and obvious example. Sexual tension is its *raison d'être;* our heroine, when she's not dancing lewdly in taverns, even tells another woman that she's "fucking the brains out of" the woman's ex-husband. Yet because of some inexplicable attempt at tastefulness, *Flashdance* doesn't, as the adolescents say, show anything. Instead, the film's audience comes streaming out of the multi-plex charged up by the scene in which Jennifer Beals works out alone in her loft, aerobicizing as the camera hugs her glutei maximi (actually Marine Jahan's) like a pair of new Sergio's. This is more than the dancer observed. This is lechery.

Nudity is not at issue. Naked men and women, more plentiful than ever, are taken for granted in film today. Breasts, those staples of cinematic imagery, flash by with predictable frequency, usually for no apparent reason other than their own self-worth; like competent lighting or nice sets, a quota of nudity has become just one more production value. The expected is rarely erotic.

Meanwhile, the trend toward stimulating workouts promises to bear overripe fruit this summer when John Travolta will play an ace journalist exploring the swingin' health-club scene in *Perfect* (loosely based on writer Aaron Latham's experiences while researching an article for *Rolling Stone* entitled "Looking for Mr. Goodbody"). The film's climax? It's reported to be a full-blown production number with Travolta's stylized body going through its workout paces, aided by instructor/dominatrix Jamie Lee Curtis, in a blaze of narcissistic glory. Conan meets Onan.

You could argue that this proliferation of slick skin and straining muscle is meant only as an innocent, Spartan celebration of the well-proportioned person but classical virtues don't sell tickets. American films aren't any less lewd than they used to be, they're just sublimating. ▽

alexander the great

(Continued from page 356)

him except perhaps his *port de bras*.

His intensity seems deliberate, like a determined fight for credibility. His piercing azure eyes complete the delivery of his message. They don't look. They level. He is to be taken seriously. He's known to fancy vodka but right now chooses espresso. He leans heavily, intently on the table before him, arms crossed. Hard not to get his message.

And after it's gotten, one does not merely depart from meeting him. One recovers.

His seeming preference for older women he also leaves unexplained with the emphatic and curt: "Older women. It sounds like seventy years old. I like to live with who I love to. That's all. I never thought about ages." *Conclusive*.

His experiences in Russia left their mark as did his sudden and cold firing from the American Ballet Theatre by fellow defector and supposed friend Mikhail Baryshnikov. Godunov has said that he had trouble finding friends he could trust. But things are looking up. "The point was that in Russia it's hard to trust people because a lot of people betray each other. I'm not talking about all of them, but the system of living keeps you aware to be open for even friends. I'm now almost out of those thoughts. I feel comfortable, free to express [myself], say what I want or free to not say anything without being pushed."

But what turns him on is not spoken of freely. Perhaps only his director knows for sure. He is apparently more free in front of a camera than in the presence of a tape recorder. *Cautious*. Peter Weir goes as far as calling him a "natural" in front of the camera. Weir also credits him with an engaging quality along with an impish charm. *Impish?*

The less personal question of the value of the discipline of dance for life and movies gets a direct: "Of course. No question about it." *Succinct*. When he compares the difference in art forms, he comes up with a new discipline, breathing. "In ballet, you keep your mouth shut and breathe through the nose. In acting, you have to breathe through your mouth and keep your mouth relaxed. Even that is different." *Meticulous*.

Weir also noted that Godunov was so dedicated to his new endeavor that he came down to location weeks before he was needed to absorb the environs. "And he would quietly take me aside and suddenly inquire about the filmmaking process itself." *Curious*.

And Godunov explains that he showed up early on location in Pennsylvania to learn and to eradicate any unnecessary discomforts. "I was there observing. It helped me a lot. It helps to meet people and not be in front of new eyes. To not just jump into it where you see eyes and you don't know how to react, I think it's helpful," he says. A man who keeps his bishops covered by his pawns.

His impression of his Australian director? "He's wonderful. I felt absolutely covered and safe with him because besides being talented, he's a very wonderful person as a human being, and you feel absolutely comfortable." *Sensitive*. The word gets a rise out of him. "Who told you I was sensitive?" he playfully questions with a slight defensive ring. The teasing reply, "Baryshnikov," then gets a laugh out of him.

And something else he finds amusing. The film being made in Russia about his wife and his famous defection. Most Russian defectors are wiped off the map as if they never existed. But not Godunov. His strange life and history keep coming back to him. He may very well be the first defector to be immortalized on film in the Soviet Union. "I wonder who will play me?" he queries with a curious glee that is, well, impish. ▽

Veronica Visser, *a.k.a. "Tinkerbell", is a New York City based reporter whose work has appeared in the magazine "Interview" and on syndicated television.*

me sheena, you wimp

(Continued from page 353)

the farmer husband of Jessica Lange. Their farm is taken over by a government loan agency and, in one of the more dramatic examples of instant emasculation, he turns into a falling-down drunk. Why the foreclosure should be a reflection of his capabilities as a farmer, and as a man, is something of a mystery, but seems of a piece with the reactionary, rugged-individualist romanticism of this ostensibly liberal film.

Still, the power shift is classic. A man, through some crisis or accident, feels diminished, robbed of whatever it is that gives him his sexual identity, leading in turn to the familiar no-win situation: if the woman doesn't step in and take charge, they both go down the tubes; if she does, she incurs his resentment and he feels further emasculated, losing his "aura" and her love in the bargain. *Country* patches up a conflict that in real life would end in rupture.

So does the romantic comedy *Irreconcilable Differences*, in which a child has to bring her divorced screenwriter parents, (Ryan O'Neal and Shelley Long) together again. When Long's on top, O'Neal hits the skids, but he's allowed to retain enough sex appeal so that they may be reunited in the end.

As a corollary to the wounded man, the strong woman takes on mythical proportions. She delivers the mortal insult by virtue of her strength. There are plenty of powerful women on the screen, but far from the arena where working men and women clash. On one horizon is the unglamorous, down-home heroine—Field in *Places in the Heart*, Spacek in *The River*, Lange in *Country*. On another are the California-body perfect Amazons: Tanya Roberts as *Sheena*, Daryl Hannah in *Splash*, Helen Slater in *Supergirl*, women whose comic-book powers are a threat to no one. It is not to deny the exhilarating fortitude of Field's Edna or Lange's Jewell to suggest that it is easier to applaud these distant paragons than the educated, articulate urban woman, ridiculed (when she is shown at all) in such movies as *Mr. Mom* and *Terms of Endearment*.

Meanwhile, the men martyred by talky and aggressive dames have a whole catalogue of new roles to play: nurturing daddies, jilted lovers, shadow patriarchs. The opportunities for pathos are unlimited, so much so that the question then arises: Do wounded men want to put themselves back together, or would they rather just have their grievances? ▽

acting out

(Continued from page 350)

to the Isak Dinesen role in *Out of Africa*—Grosbard says, "I am awestruck, I don't know how she does it."

Falling in Love concerns two settled married people, both commuters from Westchester, who bump into each other while Christmas shopping at Rizzoli's, the Fifth Avenue bookstore, accidentally meet again, and then reluctantly start meeting deliberately. "They don't need it, they don't want it," says Grosbard, "but it happens." The backdrop for this tale of escalating passion is New York—not the gritty, documentary New York of such Scorsese/De Niro films as *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull* but "a heightened, romantic" New York designed by Santo Loquasto and filmed by Peter Suchitzky, whose last movie was *The Empire Strikes Back*. The film's story is propelled by a series of narrowly missed and just-caught trains, pulling in, pulling out, rushing past; and the central romance is conducted in transit on steaming platforms and among rushing hordes in midtown gridlocks and soaring construction. Saks Fifth Avenue is in it; so is the South Street Seaport. But mostly what is in it, according to Grosbard, are De Niro and Streep, with an intellectual compatibility in the craft of acting and a sexual and emotional chemistry on-screen that led Grosbard to comment: "Most of the time, what I tried to do was just stay out of the way and let them do their work."

Susan Dworkin *is a freelance writer. She has just published "Double De Palma" (Newmarket Press), a book about the controversial director.*

movie/monkey business

(Continued from page 351)

he's wearing boxing gloves.

Sometimes an "element" effectively loses his luster—this happens most frequently with directors—as in when one has been involved with two duds in a row. Then the gorilla becomes merely another monkey, peddling his wares around town, who must try to sell the kinds of movies that the studios have decided will "work." Such weighty decisions are made through the insidious process known as research, or the equally insidious process called executive whim. (This is also called Instinct—or Luck.)

To make an idea a "go-picture," the producer off the street (a former studio head once called a producer "a dog with a makable script between his teeth"), the rank-and-file agent, aspiring writer or director must be attached to a concept the studio finds irresistible. Depending on the box-office results of the most recent crop of releases, the notion of irresistibility changes (though not for Warren Beatty). The idea is either "high concept" (meaning it can be explained by the head of marketing in a simple sentence), or obviously derivative of an undeniable hit. The most popular "hit ideas" to pitch (this week) include high-school movies, "F movies" (after *Flashdance* and *Footloose*), which are MTV-inspired dance musicals, and special-effect comedies. These "hit ideas" are the stepchildren of movies that have grossed upwards of $60 million.

But what is really *fun* about Hollywood is that all rules are sometimes broken, by fiat. This is the process known (to me, at least) as "excellence through mistake." Most recently, *Terms of Endearment*, *The Big Chill*, *Purple Rain*, and *Places in the Heart* were finally made after each had suffered a series of rejections. They were "green-lighted" only when a group of executives were pushed up against the wall of their own indecision and one of them finally held his nose and jumped. Before these movies are released, the offending executive is often rumored to be on the way out—until the picture's triumph, at which point he or she is promoted.

But Art? What concern is there for Art? One former studio head (they're *all* former studio heads), recently told me when I asked him this question, "I have no idea what art is." The smug acceptance of this kind of thinking is endemic, because the modern breed of Hollywood executives is responsible not to the critics but to the almighty "bottom line"; for this, only past performance at the box office is predictive.

I learned this lesson quickly. On my first day, my new boss reminded me sagely, "This is called movie *business*, not movie *movie*."

"Then, tell me, how can I get this wonderful story told," I pleaded, "which this starving and brilliant writer just pitched me?"

"Get an element," he answered, "preferably a star, but an 'A-list' director will do. Then the studio will *have* to make it because, like Mother Nature, *nobody* says 'no' to a five-hundred-pound gorilla."

Lynda Rosen Obst *is creative head of The Geffen Film Company.*

bridled passion

(Continued from page 358)

"There is no room for eccentricity in this world," she says as her searing red nails clash against air in her red living room.

"And if you're looking for *chic*, turnout is the acme of perfection. But there is absolutely no room for incorrectness. Anywhere! And when is the last time you've seen something totally straight? That's what this world stands for. I adore the maintenance of this world. Elegance is maintenance.

"I feel maintenance is the stem of a solid organization in life. The originality in the show is the idea of integrity, integrity of man with the beautiful beast God created. The sensuality and sensibility of the field; men and women, boys and girls, out frolicking, at the Races, all and everything for pleasure and sport."

In tribute to her childhood remembrances, she will include in this show what she calls "just a touch of the Wild West." An embroidered bearskin, gauntlets, a hat and a coat of Buffalo Bill's will be part of what Mrs. Vreeland feels is the showmanship side of *Man and The Horse*.

"Buffalo Bill exploited the West. When my sister and I were sent to Wyoming to escape the plague of infantile paralysis one year, we were given little ponies by Colonel Cody. I just took riding around with Buffalo Bill for granted.

"Of course, there was no one else around. At the end of the month, all these cowboys would come to town, with a hundred bucks. That was a month's salary for them, a gold-mine. They would come to drink and go for broke gambling. Since there weren't enough girls to go around, Buffalo Bill would take us into the saloons. Just two little innocent girls in normal breeches and shirts, which we wore all day.

"Luxury stands for nothing in the world of the horse. When you are a part of a hunt, the morning is alive. The day is alive. These people are the most *alive!* Out cubbing with a pack, you first have respect for the horse, the others in the field, and especially for the correctness of it all."

Mrs. Vreeland's fondness for the swells, the smart set in any period of history, has influenced her choices of rich stuffs for her show. In the perfect horse world, accoutrement is as important as complete riding clothes.

"Accoutrement is everything!" she announces as she begins an inventory of some of the outstanding items: Empress Eugenie's nineteenth-century tricorn hunting hat, with its original plumes; an exquisite sled fashioned like a lion, from the eighteenth century in France; a royal saddle of blue velvet from the Louis XV period—a staggeringly elegant thingamajig by today's standards—has the girth of a modern-day office desk.

There are sidesaddle riding habits—known as *amazone*—chiseled riding jackets made for the tailored lady in a heated hunting charge. There's a black silk velvet embroidered habit made in 1905 for Queen Alexandra, who used to take the air in a pony trap.

What, for Mrs. Vreeland, is the ideal outfit for a horsewoman? "One is most suitably dressed—that's the important thing when one is on a horse—with an exquisitely tailored shirt, jacket, custom-made boots, hat. This perfect suitability isn't an art or a science. It is a wonderful way to be for two to eight hours or more a day, to enjoy life. At the turn of the century, Busvines, a tailoring firm in England and France, was a household word. It was the top of the world."

From the Paris branch of Busvines, Mrs. Vreeland has culled their *ne plus ultra* habit made for Princess Joachim Murat in 1900: a stag-hunting turnout of navy-blue broadcloth trimmed with red velvet and a hunting tricorn with a hole in the brim for a monocle.

In Vreeland's own special, imaginary universe, the one horsewoman she would leap across fields with would be Elizabeth of Austria, the Sporting Empress. "Realize that I never saw her, but I do like her legend, her madness. She would be beautifully dressed. Had I been a pal of hers, for a formal hunt I would have worn steel grey. Nothing wrong with my tailoring, my top hat and veil, my boots. Then I would do something wrong. I would put on earrings, gold gypsy coins."

For Mrs. Vreeland, noble equestrian equipment does not evoke merely a glorious fashion but a spiritual or moral attitude, a certain vision of life that surpasses esthetics to become a code of rigorous discipline.

To stretch her point, Mrs. Vreeland has gathered from international museums important paintings and *rampant* court portraits where the subject is on a rearing horse. From Versailles, she has Louis XV by Jean-Baptiste Van Loo with the horse by Charles Parrocel, and Marie Antoinette posed by Louis-Auguste Brun. "Winston Churchill said historical figures mounted on horses are the best place they'll ever be," Mrs. Vreeland quotes.

For the rough, military side of life, there are ten-pound French postilion boots from the seventeenth century, which give a look of a frigate to the human foot.

Though she could not convince the Tate Gallery in London to lend Sargent's 1902 portrait of Lord Ribblesdale, Vreeland uses this painting as an ideal of taste for the men in her show. Lord Ribblesdale is credited with launching the ornate school of *dressage* in England. Mrs. Vreeland avoids what she calls the balletic school of *dressage*. "I can't stand the piquant, tap, tap school. I do not want," she says, "to see what a man has taught a horse. I like to see what horse has taught man.

"I did write to Gene Autry for his gold leather saddle. And, of course, someone suggested to me Trigger, the famous horse of Roy Rogers, but I am not interested in that.

"Everyone thinks I put great effort into these shows, into my book. I do not put great effort into anything. I just have an idea. Then I go! That's all I've ever done in my life. This show is not about chic from the fashion angle. It's about dash. It is about a style of life, witticism, tradition, and high society. It gets you away from the urban rot!" ▽

fashion and illustration information

Page 28: Wig manufactured by Phyllis. At Charivari, NYC. Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman; M&J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. **34:** Hat, Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field's. Earrings, Henri Bendel; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. **118:** Sunglasses at Fiorucci, NYC. **189:** Saint Laurent Rive Gauche wool jacket, $970. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. Bracelet, Dennis Higgins. Artwear, NYC. Gloves, Yves Saint Laurent. Ring, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman. **250:** Sharp QT-50, $99.95, Quasar color TV, about $319, Sharp QT-70, $149.95, all Crazy Eddie. Epson Elf color TV, $500, Saks Fifth Avenue. Sony Watchman, $199.95, Bloomingdale's. All stores, NYC. **252:** *Photo, top:* Alpha X phone, $550, Phone Boutique. Desk clock, $125, Museum of Modern Art. Krone phone, $165, Sointu. Travel alarm clock, $30, Lee Bailey at Henri Bendel. *Middle:* Pitchers, $18 each; teapot with silver plated spout, $14; espresso cup, $13; four-piece table setting, $80; cheese knife, $28; orange peeler, $15, all D.F. Sanders. Japanese teapot, $175, Bloomingdale's. Stainless-steel plate, $12, Lee Bailey at Henri Bendel. *Bottom:* Espresso cup, $13, D.F. Sanders. Tape block, $64, Ritronic 2, $120, both Museum of Modern Art. Calculator, $175, lighter, $75, Lamy fountain pen, $20, thermometer, $30, all Sointu. Blue pen, $5.95, rubber pen, $9.95, both Ad Hoc Housewares. Striped pens, $15.50 and $25.50, Columbia desk organizer, $110, all Conran's. All stores, NYC. **327:** Lace fabric by Marescot. Earrings, Yves Saint Laurent Couture. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. I. Miller, NYC. **328:** Coat velvet by Leonard; panne velvet by Gandini. All jewelry, Chanel. **329:** Lace by Jakob Schlaepfer. All accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **331:** Dress, Stephen Sprouse. **332:** Earrings, Leo Wills. Bergdorf Goodman; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; I. Magnin. **333:** Earrings, Bates/Evans for Terrafirma. Soleimani, NYC; Freya's, Baton Rouge LA; Butch Blum, Seattle. Bracelet, Jessica Rose. Artwear, NYC; Body Sculpture, Boston; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. **336:** Rayon/nylon lace available at 40th Street Trim/Sposabella Lace, NYC; International Silks & Woolens, Los Angeles; Britex Fabrics, San Francisco. Silk charmeuse bra, $47. OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC. Belt, Ruza Creations. Altman's; Esther Wolf, Houston. **337:** Rayon/nylon lace. For stores, see information page 336. Sweater, $220. All Burberrys stores. Headwrap used as scarf, Isabel Canovas. Necklace, Mark Spirito. The Yellow Door, Brooklyn NY. **338:** Silk jacquard dress. $3140. To order at Martha. Earrings, Roxanne. Henri Bendel. Carlos Falchi gloves. **339:** Necklace, Stephen Dweck. To order at Altman's. Gloves, Stephen de Pietri for LaCrasia. Barneys New York; Lou Lattimore. **356:** Hair and makeup, David Frank Ray. **357:** Palette and Champagne glass by Petrossian. **359:** "Hunters...Jockey pages...Lord Daresbury... Sidesaddle exhaustion": courtesy Simon Blow from his book *Fields Elysian*, available at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, NYC. "Lady Worsley": courtesy Earl of Harewood. "Boots" courtesy Musée de la Chaussure, Romans-sur-Isère, France. "Flying Childers...": Christie's, London. "Sir Roger Burgoyne": courtesy Yale Center for British Art, New Haven; collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon. "Lord Ribblesdale": courtesy The Tate Gallery, London. "The Bouviers": Bettmann Archive/UPI. "Amazone": illustration from "Le Journal des Dames et des Modes", 1800; courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art, NYC. **360:** Hat, Paul Stuart, NYC. Earrings at Fortunoff, NYC; Westbury NY; Paramus and Wayne NJ. **361:** Nylon/Lycra/polyester/viscose pants, $158. Shirt, $220. Both at OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC; New York West, San Francisco. Bracelets, David Spada Jewelry Designs. Henri Bendel; Commander Salamander, Washington DC. Belt, OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC. Shoes, Helene Arpels, NYC. **362:** Stephen Sprouse Lycra pants, $60; top, $250. Turnout at Henri Bendel. Top at Hattie; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Pants at Burdines, Mayfair FL. Watch, Coro Design Group. Bergdorf Goodman. Sunglasses, Franel. 10/10 Optics, NYC. **363:** Dress of Lycra/chiffon. Barneys New York; Hattie; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. Bracelets, David Spada Jewelry Designs. For stores, see information page 361. **372:** Swimsuit at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 742. Swimcap, Speedo America. Fabric used as scarf, Gilbert Frank, NYC. **373:** Swimsuit at Bonwit Teller, Dept. 077; Bullock's, Dept. 384. Swimcap, The Anne Cole Collection. Fabric around neck, Gilbert Frank, NYC. **374:** Swimsuit at Macy's, Dept. 659; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 28. Also at Schwartz's Intimate Apparel, Chicago. **375:** Swimsuit, Lurex/cotton/Antron/Lycra. Fabric used as scarf. **376:** Swimcap and goggles, Speedo America. Richard's Aqua Lung, NYC. **377:** Swimsuit at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 387; I. Magnin, Dept. 219; Swimcap, Speedo America. **378:** Turnout at Gianfranco Ferre, a Torie Steele Boutique, Beverly Hills. Pantsuit at Ruth Shaw, Baltimore MD. Shoes, Maud Frizon. **379:** Satin-backed worsted wool gabardine dress. Fabric by Corisia. At Sara Fredericks at Bonwit Teller, Boston; Mary V's, Tyler TX; Colbert's, Amarillo TX; Carrick's, Denver CO. Hat, Madcaps. Altman's; Halls, Kansas City MO. Belt, Calvin Klein. Bracelet, Robin Kahn. Altman's; Knit Wit, Philadelphia. Bag, Bally. Crouch & Fitzgerald, NYC. Panty stockings, Norma Kamali for Camp. OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **380:** Outfit at Ultimo, Chicago; Mary V's, Tyler TX; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Sweater at Nan Duskin; Montaldo's, Dept. 01. Hat, Phillip Cantrell. J. Antonio, NYC; Twigs, Birmingham MI; City, Chicago. Watch available at Macy's; John Wanamaker; Marshall Field's; Frost Bros.; Bullock's; Nordstrom, Washington and Alaska. Panty stockings used as gloves, Legs Fever. **381:** Also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami. Watch, Coro Design Group. Bergdorf Goodman. Evan Picone Hosiery. Lord & Taylor; Bullock's. Shoes, Joan & David Couture. Ann Taylor. **382:** Large photo: Silk crepe de Chine outfit. Also at Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN; Swansons on the Plaza; The Denver, Denver CO. Calvin Klein Scarves. Bloomingdale's, NYC; Dayton's. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Los Angeles. I. Magnin. Inset: Turnout also at Greta, Beverly Hills. Jacket at Dayton's. Bag, Fendi. Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. **383:** Outfit at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 56; Bullock's, Dept. 336. Also at Gus Mayer, New Orleans LA; Nordstrom. Padded silk jacket, about $280. Henry Lehr, NYC; Theodore, Beverly Hills. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Leslie Knaster. Bergdorf Goodman; Debra Fine Yohai. Laura Vogel. Dina Tevas. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. **384:** Fur also at Kriegsman Furs, Greensboro NC; Max Zeller Furs, Springfield MA; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City MO; Edwards-Lowell, Beverly Hills. Wool/nylon sweater and wool/polyurethane pants by Matsuda. Sweater, $335. Pants, $195. Both at Matsuda Boutique, NYC. Hat, Hat Attack. Sils Mara, NYC; Handle with Care, Chicago. Boots, David & Joan. **385:** Wool/nylon shirt, Woolrich, $55. Kreeger & Sons, NYC. Hat, Hat Attack. Charivari, NYC; Gorsuch, Vail CO. **386:** Shirt and pants, both photos, Matsuda. Boutique, NYC. **387:** Boots, Fratelli Rossetti, NYC. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

baden baden

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Page 301: Joan Vass sweater. Robe de Chambre-Comme des Garçons top. **303:** All jewelry by Yves Saint Laurent Couture. **305:** Wool flannel fabric by Besson. All accessories, Yves Saint Laurent Couture. **307:** Hat, Norma Kamali at OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Feather, Wendy Gell Jewelry. **308:** Norma Kamali top, $30; pants, $34. Turnout at OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC. Hat, Norma Kamali. Bloomingdale's, NYC. Belt, Norma Kamali. Socks, Norma Kamali for Camp. OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC. Shoes, Norma Kamali. **309:** Calvin Klein sweater, $320; pants, $160. Turnout at Lord & Taylor Dept. 104; Rich's; Marissa Collection, Naples FL; Jacobson's; Bullock's, Dept. 335. Shoes, Helene Arpels, NYC. **310:** Calvin Klein shirt. Sunglasses, Tura. Clairmont-Nichols, NYC; Saul Lampert, Philadelphia; Doolin-Shaw Optical, Wichita KS. **311:** Calvin Klein jacket, $290. Shirt, $140. Shorts, $130. All at Bonwit Teller, Dept. 152; Kaufmann's, Dept. 859; Saks-Jandel; Barbara Jean, Little Rock AR; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Dayton's, Dept. 394; Sanger Harris, Dallas; Alion, Honolulu HI. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Los Angeles; I. Magnin. **312:** Cotton top, $70. Lord & Taylor; The Broadway, Los Angeles. Cotton pants, $60. Barneys New York; London Workout, Philadelphia; Avant-Garde Leotard, Coral Gables FL; Dance France Bodywear, Los Angeles. Hat, George G. Graham Galleries. Bag, Networks. Blanket, Zoran. Brown boots, L'Emporio for Mario Rapagnani. **313:** Viscose shirt, $98. Pants, $84. Both at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 290; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 204; Theodore, Beverly Hills; Bullock's, Dept. 401. Towel, Luxor Pima by Martex. **314:** Calvin Klein dress, $380. Coat, $390. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, Dept. 315; John Wanamaker, Dept. 4715; Hudson's, Dept. 361; Lazarus, Columbus OH; Famous-Barr, Dept. 136; Frost Bros., Dept. 560; Rutledge's, Colorado Springs CO; Macy's, San Francisco, Dept. 165. Sunglasses, Ocean Pacific. Brave New World, Point Pleasant NJ. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Calvin Klein belt. Panty stockings, Leglooks by Burlington. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Los Angeles; I. Magnin. **315:** Coat, $398. January at Henri Bendel; Leslie & Co., Houston. Jewelry, Yves Saint Laurent Couture. Panty stockings, Leglooks by Burlington. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Los Angeles; I. Magnin. **316:** Jumpsuit, $98. Jacket, $152. Macy's; Burdines; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Handbag, Lynn Stuart/Jill Stuart. Panty stockings, Maya. Shoes, Capezio by Ballet Makers. At all Capezio stores. **317:** Shirt, $190. Pants, $198. Shirt and pants at Bonwit Teller NYC, Dept. 156; Dayton's, Dept. 361; Polo/Ralph Lauren at Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Shirt at Filene's, Chestnut Hill MA, Dept. 351; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Washington DC; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Fort Lauderdale FL. Calvin Klein belt. Watch, Corum Watch Corporation. Bag, Carlos Falchi. Shoes, Biarritz. Big Sky Shops, Miami. **318:** Shirt, $220. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. Pants, $70. H. Kauffman & Son Saddlery, NYC. Belt, Omega. Boots, H. Kauffman & Son Saddlery, NYC. **319:** Silk velvet fabric by Moreau. Embroidery by Lesage. Earrings, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Camille, Coconut Grove FL. **320:** Norma Kamali top, $25; skirt, $32. Turnout at Bergdorf Goodman; Liberty House of Hawaii, Dept. 398. Skirt at Bisquie, Palm Beach FL; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills, Dept. 277. Top at Rich's; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 195. Belt, Norma Kamali. Boots, G.H. Bass. Bamberger's, Newark NJ. **321:** Zoran sweater, $700; pants, $400. Turnout at Zoran, NYC; Washington DC; Los Angeles; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis MN; Nordstrom, San Diego. **322:** Norma Kamali nightgown, $300. OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. **325:** Necklace, Jan Yager. Swan Galleries, Philadelphia. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

a spa idyll

(Continued from page 306)

that will appeal more to Americans.

For most of us, daily hikes and two-hour anti-stress "cures" of soaks, steam, scrubs, and massage—at either Brenner's own thermal spa or the ornate, arcaded Friedrichsbad—are "just what the doctor ordered," as are the gently restorative facials, manicures, massage, and makeup at the Lancaster Beauty Farm, right in Brenner's Park so you can comfortably slip over there in your robe. . . .

Calories can be counted or ignored. Sample dinner, if you're counting: newborn salad, small steak and fluffy rice, fresh raspberries and Champagne sorbet. Ignoring? Don't miss the pastries at the Konditorei König . . .

Because, like work, all cure and no play make for dullness, there are outlets . . . from the active—riding, golf, tennis, skiing, swimming (in Brenner's Park's glorious, glass-walled indoor pool)—to passive pleasures such as the opera, theater, art exhibitions. There's also superb shopping on the Lichtentaler Allee and a variety of sightseeing excursions: Würzburg, the bishops palace; Vierzehnheiligen, the church of the fourteen holy saints by Johann Balthasar Neumann; the staircase at the Pommersfelden Castle—all are worth the drive; and nearby is a ravishing little folly, the Favorite Castle, where you must don slippers so as not to scuff the inlaid floors, delicate as Chinese paintings.

Then there's the delight of driving through the Black Forest at night to wonderful small restaurants. At the Schloss Neuweiser restaurant, in some of Europe's best hunting country, the ham, the game—quail, pheasant, venison—are sensational; the trout, caught that afternoon; the goat cheese and peasant bread, still warm. Notable year-round, the food may peak to match the height of the season: late summer brings chanterelles, exquisite fresh peaches, nectarines, figs—and new wine carried in pitchers from the vineyards.

For excitement, there's gaming at the two-hundred-year-old Casino (claimed to be even prettier than Monte Carlo's) and at the track; in May and again in high season—the end of August—the world's fastest Thoroughbreds are brought together on a track originally organized by the Paris Jockey Club.

At night, cars pull up to Brenner's Park with drivers and ladies' maids who come away from hotel safes with little leather boxes. In the car, with curtains drawn, the jewels are put on. This is the crowd likely to use its own silver service in the voluptuous rose-and-gold hotel dining room. It seems that everyone has a dog, a little weightless dog, or more than one dog.

One of the secrets of this well-tended, well-ordered world, one soon realizes, is care. Care of you, care for you. Comfort and luxury offer a genuine respite, true escape from the rush and stresses of modern life. The other secret is time. Here, one has time, one takes time. Baden-Baden's most magical element may well be its different, perfect, measured pace. ▽

vogue patterns *Back views, yardages, details of pages 336-337*

Shirt: Vogue Pattern #9192. Sizes 8-18. $4.50. Canada, $5.00. View A. Size 10: 4 yards of 36" fabric.

9192

Skirt: Vogue Pattern #9148. Sizes 6-16. $4.50. Canada, $5.00. View A. Size 10: 10 yards of 36" fabric.

9148

Sewing Tips: *Shirt.* Eliminate left front pocket. *Skirt.* Use a double layer of fabric.

BENSON & HEDGES

Lights

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